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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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VOLUME TWENTIETH.  
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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '55.

W. H. L. BARNES,

W. T. WILSON,

E. MULFORD,

S. T. WOODWARD,

H. A. YARDLEY.

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Our Literary Societies.

To any one who considers the course of things in College, it will be evident that our Literary Societies no longer possess that influence over us which they deserve to exert; and which, until three or four years past, they have always exercised. By the majority of students they are neglected entirely; or at best receive only those spasmodic attentions which annual elections or the prize debates extort. And this state of things has continued so long, that we deem all obligations discharged when we have paid our taxes, and the benefits of the Societies exhausted when our names are printed in their respective Catalogues. Now we believe there are other obligations resting on us, and higher and more lasting benefits than these; and in accordance with this conviction, we bring the Literary Societies before the College mind, hoping, that among the stock of good resolutions which students are supposed to lay in at this season as regularly as they do the Treasurer's coal for the winter's comfort, there may be commenced a reform which shall arouse our sluggish souls and awaken the interest which so important a branch of education demands at our hands.

Of the general character of our Literary Societies we need say little



here. They are, as famous as Yale College itself, are identified with its history, and contribute more than all else to give it the distinctive character it bears. The first organizations of their kind in this country, they have been regarded with peculiar veneration and have found imitators in every Institution of Learning in the land. And we venture to assert that they have done more towards making *men* than all the rest of College training put together. They were framed with the aim of giving a practical tone to the routine of abstract study, and to furnish a field for the exercise of those powers of mind which Greek, Latin, Mathematics and Metaphysics are supposed, by the superstitious, to awake. They bring the young man from the cloistered retirement of scholastic toil to that great world lying beyond College precincts of which we think so little now. They are the schools which train him best for the practicalities of that world; for they take him from the musty relics of past ages, and launch him into the active sympathies of life, into the contested questions of Literature and Politics that are agitating the race now,—sympathies and questions of which he would otherwise be ignorant or regardless. The age is an active and moving one; it will not pause, and he who lags now will be left behind forever. Each day brings with it its burden of necessary facts, and they must be garnered now and their lessons taught now or never. We would not be understood as throwing distrust upon the course of academical instruction or as advising its neglect; but simply as calling attention to the fact that there are other things than those it teaches, which should be comprehended in our educational processes;—that there are other powers than those which lexicons and black-boards develop, and which can find no higher sphere of preparation than in these Literary Societies. The study of the volumes of Antiquity to which we are apprenticed for the major portion of our four years here, is like the antiquary's contemplation of those dingy, blurred, and rusted medals and coins which have withstood the wear and tear of Time—curious and interesting; while that of the experience of our own age in literature, arts and politics, is like the current coin of our own times, and has a practical use in life. The former we love to look at; we dream over them. By the latter we live.

Perhaps it seems that we are ascribing too much importance to these Societies, and claiming for them more than they deserve. It may be so. Yet we write, remembering the oft declared opinions of the many great men who have graduated from the Institution. Reapers from the fruitful fields of life, laden with the heavy sheaves of experience, they have scattered from their gathered glories many a truth for us who glean by

the wayside. And they have endeavored to impress on us the important uses of this portion of our College education. They have told us that to these Societies they are indebted for the training which made them successful men ; that in them they learned to think for themselves and say what they thought ; that in them they found immediate contact with other men, and received that more perfect polish which such attrition alone can give ; that in them lies a plain practical usefulness not to be neglected and shunned, but cherished and sought after. "I *may* owe one half of my success to College studies," said William H. Seward, "but I *know* the rest is due to my Literary Society." He but expressed the feeling which pervades all graduates of Yale ; and any one who has been present at a single Annual Meeting of either Society, can testify to its universality among them. Go to that beautiful structure, reared at so much expense, and with so much trouble, by the graduates of Yale College for these Societies which we so entirely neglect, and see in it if you can, anything but a thankful, willing tribute to associations which have done so much for them, and a desire to perpetuate for all time, those blessings for others. Why does the rigor of College discipline abate to give place for the exercises of our Societies ? Because it is most desirable that they should be made the centres of College attraction—the grand mental gymnasia where the gifted may display his powers, where the weak and timid may strengthen their confidence, where all may grow together into the true manhood of symmetrical intellect.

All this has been done for us. Halls, libraries, and abundant time given for our use ; and what use does College make of them, or any of them ? There may be a few who do faithfully and profitably employ all their means of improvement ; but by far the greater portion of Students never show themselves in the Society halls, never participate in the debates, never use the libraries for anything connected with a useful purpose ; and, in short, act as if there existed no such institutions among us. Of course there can be no intellectual benefit resulting from them, and the *weekly* meetings are such in more senses than one. There was a time when to be chosen as orator or poet was considered an honor ; was largely sought for, and the honor was carefully bestowed, as a testimonial to worth. In these days no one cares to accept such a dubious compliment, and hardly takes the trouble to decline it. And if undeclined, its fulfillment forms no part of the individual's plan, or he performs his task with about the same degree of care that he would employ in addressing a Hottentot Kraal, and his hearers, if there are any, treat him with a corresponding courtesy. All the zeal of the Societies is held in

abeyance for the periodic elections; all their intellectual resources reserved for the prodigious struggle of a prize debate: two ingredients in our social system, which, as long as they continue in their present spirit, will produce their legitimate effect—the lamentable condition of affairs which we now behold.

In our opinion, then, “College politics” and “prize debates” have caused all the difficulties of which we complain;—and we specify them here, as the sources of the disease among us, with the intention of suggesting a means of cure at some future time. The term “college politics” is but another name for secret society influence;—it is an underhanded wire-pulling system, which, grown alarmingly of late, has turned the literary societies into so many arenas for the display of cunning, and made elections valuable only as a means of obtaining a short lived partisan triumph. We might suppose that the good of the societies was in a measure consulted, and their offices bestowed not on a party but on *men*,—that offices are gained not by coalitions, taxpaying, and all the wiles of the world’s low politician, but by steady and constant toil, by zeal and industry in their service. But “college politics” won’t permit such a course. Individuals are nominated by secret societies, electioneered for and carried into office on what are facetiously termed “society grounds,”—while the interests of the literary societies are entirely overlooked. And finally, the successful and suffering competitor, after the struggle is over, and the smoke cleared away, finds himself

“Perked up in a glistening grief,—  
Wearing a golden sorrow!”

For “college politics” follow him still;—the defeated societies quit the halls headed by their general, and are never seen again till the next election gives a chance for retaliation; or they resort to the noble expedient of hampering the business, wearing the patience of the Officers; and, in short, render themselves exceedingly disagreeable to every one not engaged in like exalted pursuits. The result of it all is that the happy (?) office-holder is left as “alone in his glory” as was that other hero, “with his martial cloak around him.” Thus, in any event, the societies suffer. The victorious party is thankless, and the defeated party is malignant. There is but one way to remedy these evils—to elevate the characters of our Societies from the contempt and disuse into which they have so unworthily fallen. Let secret societies—their gains, their triumphs, their squabbles, their enmities be kept outside of our larger associations. Let them serve, if they can, and as they were designed, to aid the cause of

mental progress while binding still closer the bonds of sympathy and kindred feeling which our relations as students tend to weave among us. In this way only can they be useful or respectable here and elsewhere. But while to college politics we can charge much of our disorganized and crippled condition, there is another bad element at work, which is the more insidious because it wears the guise of usefulness, and the more strongly rooted because it addresses itself to vanity and ambition. We refer to the system of prize debates,—which, though of comparatively recent origin, has done more than anything else to create that universal neglect of the regular and legitimate objects of our Literary Societies, and produce the languor and indifference which pervade everything connected with them. The originator of the plan believed, doubtless, that the interests of the Society to which he made his magnificent donation would be furthered by it, and by the incitement to effort and the reward to industry which it offered, an additional charm and zest would surround those debates for which both Societies mainly exist. It made a great stir in College and great results were expected from it. It was not long before each Society had its prize debates; each has now given them a fair trial; and the results are equally to be lamented in both associations.

It will be remembered by some of us, that prior to the establishment of prize debates, the meetings of the Societies were regularly and fully attended, and there was evident a general and steady desire for improvement. Reputation for debating power was eagerly sought after, and was gained with pains and trouble, after repeated ever-ready display. The places of disputants were always at a premium, and careful and thorough preparation was always apparent. No one ever attended a Meeting without a sense of solid satisfaction and honest pride that he had made a perceptible advance in practical knowledge, and had added to his stock of useful ideas. This state of affairs continued no longer than the birth of prize debates. It ceased when they began to live. The reason is obvious. It was no longer necessary for the ambitious of office or reputation to participate in the regular debates; they needed only to make effort at the great occasion; and when the prize was gained, they had only to retire to the Olympus whence they had swooped on the prey, and lie off in majestic repose on the garlands they had won. As the calm follows the storm, so when the prize debates had passed away, when the eloquence and brilliant imagery and profound thought of our leading men had come and gone no one knew whither, the Societies were left in stillness and sadness, like one who wandering in darkness, sees his path

illuminated by a lightning flash, and then, blinded and bewildered more than ever, gropes along his way with trembling step and outstretched hand. All the naturalness and simplicity of the old time vanished; all the seeking for knowledge and improvement for its own sake, which had so preëminently marked the past, were gone; and in their place stood the art and stiff formality of College Essays, polished and hammered to the very death, divided and subdivided into all their infinitesimal logical divisions; and men stood up as declaimers rather than speakers, and declaimed for prizes, not with the design to improve themselves or any one else. College taste has thus become vitiated, and no one will speak unless he has his speech written out, safely deposited in his coat pocket, with the gestures appropriate to the sentiments carefully marked by himself or some sympathizing friend. Few find time for such preparation, and, consequently, the great body neglect our Societies altogether; and it is not to be wondered at. No wonder that our assembling together is the "humbug" it is called and believed to be, when the life, the spirit, the soul of debate, has no existence, or is stifled if it dare to breathe. No wonder that Wednesday evening in our Societies is stupid and dull, when those who can lead our thinking, and enliven the hard struggle after proficiency, stay away, and sneer at everything but prize debates. No wonder, in fine, that our Literary Societies exist for us only in name.

We have written bluntly and honestly of the state of things among us; simply to say what we feel should be said. The cures for these evils are in our own hands. Shall we not use them?

---

### Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE poetry of Mrs. Browning is not calculated to win a speedy popularity. For her faults are prominent and evident to the meanest critic, while her extraordinary merits, to be *fully* appreciated, require considerable literary cultivation, as well as a careful study of her poems. Hence, as we might expect, she has suffered the twofold misfortune of meeting with bitter and contemptuous criticism on the one hand, and indiscriminate praise on the other. Yet her reputation is rising, slowly indeed,

but surely, and ere the close of this century, she will no doubt be acknowledged and crowned as the queen of all that bright sisterhood, the female poets of England.

There is a genuineness in her writings; to use her own words, "they have her heart and life in them, they are not empty shells." This is sustained by abundant internal evidence. We see that they are but the reflection of the deep heart and cultivated intellect of the accomplished authoress. As its fragrance reveals the flower, as her bearing betrays the princess, though in disguise, so do Mrs. Browning's poems reveal to us the leading features of her life and character.

Little is known of her life. We are told that she was for years confined to her room by sickness, often passing weeks in total darkness, shut out from all the sights and sounds of external life, which she loved so ardently, and secluded even from her friends. Having afterwards married a man and a poet, worthy of her, she is living quietly in the old palace of Casa Guidi, at Florence.

Few have been privileged with seeing or corresponding with her. Probably less is known of her than of any other living author. During her seclusion, and in spite of her long continued illness, she has made attainments, perhaps unparalleled by any one of her sex, which take us back in fancy to the times of Lady Jane Grey, and Sir Roger Ascham. The whole circle of modern literature has been traversed by her, while a vivid and accurate translation of the *Prometheus Vincit*, and learned papers on the Greek poetry of the primitive Church, attest her scholarship. She pleasantly alludes to her Grecian studies, in a poem entitled "*Wine of Cyprus*," addressed to her former instructor. The leading characteristics of her poetry harmonize perfectly with what we know of her life.

Her poetry is pervaded by a profound religious feeling, and seems to be haunted by a life-long sorrow. We feel that we are reading the writings of one who has felt and suffered deeply, of one to whose mind the awful mysteries that brood over life and death are ever present realities. She seems fond of dwelling on the view of our Saviour as the *man* suffering and dying, and to be peculiarly alive to the oriental beauty of the Gospels. It was feelings like these that inspired the painters whose works adorned the Cathedrals of the Middle Ages. Her mind, indeed, resembles one of those wonderful structures, with its "dim religious light," and "long drawn aisles," with the emblems of Christ's Passion and Resurrection, that meet the eye on every side, while crosses, and mounting arches, and soaring spires all point heavenward. Such feelings

we would expect of one who had undergone much sorrow, and who by long sickness had been accustomed to the thought of death.

Her genius is essentially tragic. No attempt at anything like comedy is to be found in any of her poems. The ideas of human weakness, human guilt, and human dependence are prominent throughout. The poem entitled "The Cry of the Human," is, as has been remarked, but a commentary on the prayer, "God be merciful to us sinners." The same feelings are strikingly expressed in the "Romaunt of Margaret," and the verses called "A Valediction."

Mrs. Browning's writings, as we might expect, abound in the most passionate and delicate pathos. The ballad, "Bertha in the Lane," is the most exquisite picture of a broken heart that ever drew tears from the eye of man or woman. The "Cry of the Children" is as eloquent a plea for the factory children, as was the "Song of the Shirt" for the poor seamstresses of London. There are many passages in these poems which none but a woman, and one of rare sensibilities, could have written. No man could have written "Bertha in the Lane," or the sonnet entitled "Comfort." Besides, it is rare for a man to unite to intellect such as hers, a faith so pure and so unwavering. Here we see the marked difference between her and the author of "In Memoriam." The latter, though a reflective, earnest poet, has evidently been harassed by doubts, which seem never to have cast even a passing shadow across the mind of the former. For faith, as the greatest minds acknowledge, is a matter of the heart. We accept the mysteries of revelation, "believing where we cannot prove." When our weak reason becomes bewildered, the heart can yet witness to what it has felt. And woman, being far more a creature of feeling than man, being endowed with a nicer intuition and finer sensibilities, has clearer perceptions of duty, and a more unwavering faith.

Mrs. Browning's poetry is characterized by a rich and radiant imagination. What a glowing yet ethereal fancy is displayed in the "Lay of the Brown Rosarie," or the "Romaunt of Margaret." No one can fail to be struck by the many apt and beautiful images which sparkle on every page of her writings. She often shows a deep "psychological insight," derived, probably, from a long cultivated habit of watching her own consciousness. It is natural for the mind in solitude to recoil on itself, and to turn from the study of the outer to that of the inner world. This peculiarity of our authoress is exemplified in some of her sonnets, in the poem entitled "The Four-fold Aspect," in the ballad "Bertha in the Lane," etc. Some may sneer at such passages as exhibitions of a "morbid fancy," but there are others who feel their depth and truth.

An ignorance of mankind and the world is betrayed in her writings, owing, no doubt, to her long seclusion from them. This deficiency especially shows itself in her dramatic efforts. Take the characters in her "Drama of Exile." Lucifer is a "milk and water fiend," a weak, metaphysical prater. Adam and Eve make no distinct impression on us; they are mere mouth pieces for the authoress; quite destitute of individuality. As for the Earth Spirits, Flower Spirits, etc., they are the most intangible abstractions. Yet there are passages in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and elsewhere, which show considerable skill in *drawing* character, a different thing, however, from *developing* it.

Her poems are characterized by a singularity, a recklessness, as it were, of expression, which also we are inclined to ascribe to her long seclusion. This peculiarity becomes at times a serious fault. There is an obtrusive, but we hope, unconscious display of learning. There is a profusion of words that were never seen in poetry before, such as "nympholeptic," "oenomei," "hyaline," etc. Every one notices her employment of adjectives as nouns. Thus we find the phrases "Cry of the Human," "Melt not yet to its divine," "Falling off from your Created," etc. The word "divine" is used in this way, ad nauseam. Few of Mrs. Browning's poems possess that unity of effect, that harmony, and that finish, which belong to the works of a great artist. They are remarkably unequal. We sometimes seem to be reading the "raw material" of poetry. Her versification is often harsh. Besides, she employs the most wretched apologies for rhyme, *e. g.*, "eagles" and "vigils," "poems" and "interflowings," "branch" and "grange," &c. She is one who much oftener sacrifices sound to sense, than the contrary. This is owing less, we think, to a defective ear than to negligence, or a want of command of our language; for her verse is occasionally very musical, as in the "Brown Rosarie," or particularly in the conclusion of the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."

It is a little remarkable that nothing has been written on the resemblance between this conclusion and Poe's "Raven." This resemblance is so striking as to render it absolutely certain that one poem was suggested by the other. Poe's "Raven" appeared in the *American Whig Review*, in Feb. 1845, while Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" was published in England the year before. The peculiar metre, the employment of double rhyme, and of alliteration, and the quaint repetitions, were probably suggested to the author of the "Raven" by this poem. There are other points of resemblance. Both poems describe a student in his lonely chamber at night, addressing with somewhat of awe a mys-



terious intruder. This intruder is in the one case a "ghastly, grim, and ancient raven;" in the other "a vision of a lady," that "'twixt the purple lattice curtains" "standeth still and pale." Again, one line has been reproduced almost exactly by the author of the "Raven," though we think unconsciously; for a writer is apt to mistake some vague reminiscence floating in his mind, for a conception of his own.

Mrs. Browning's poem reads as follows:

*"With a rushing stir, uncertain, in the air, the purple curtain  
Swelleth in and swelleth out, around her motionless pale brows."*

E. A. Poe's as follows:

*"And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,  
Thrilled me, filled me, with fantastic terrors never felt before."*

The whole of this poem (Lady Geraldine's Courtship) is one that none who read it once will soon forget. It reminds one of Locksley Hall. The versification is the same, with an additional syllable at the end of every alternate line. The line "Oh the dreary, dreary moorlands," &c., is echoed by the passage in Mrs. B's poem, commencing, "O the blessed woods of Sussex." The plot of the poem is superior, but the execution falls below that of Tennyson in condensation and in sustained power; at the same time there are passages in it which surpass in brilliancy anything in Locksley Hall. The conclusion, too, is much more satisfactory, for Locksley Hall ends in the same tone of despairing regret with which it began.

For all that has been said of Mrs. Browning's harsh rhymes and uncouth phrases, her faults are those of expression merely. In comparison with her merits they are like spots on the sun, and they might be erased with a little labor. In her happier moments she seems to throw them off entirely in the hurry of her inspiration.

*"As a strong runner straining for his life,  
Unclasps a mantle to the hungry winds."*

In reading her poems, we are impressed by a reach of thought and a depth of feeling which excite our admiration and reverence. She has nobly vindicated the higher instincts of the heart. The devotion to Truth and Beauty, the dignity and true mission of poetry—the dignity and the true mission of woman—she has fully recognized and nobly illustrated. Religion with her is not a sentiment, nor is it a metaphysical problem which every one is to solve in his own way, but it is the great

fact of the Universe, in which she believes with as firm a faith as in her own existence, or in that of the objects of sense that surround her. With those solemn questions that lie at the base of all others, she deals fearlessly and profoundly.

Her poetical creed seems to be contained in the following lines from the "Vision of Poets :—

" In my large joy of sight and touch,  
Beyond what others count for such,  
I am content to suffer much.

" I know—is all the mourner saith—  
Knowledge by suffering entereth ;  
And life is perfected by death !"

A.

### Stanzas.

WE have given the following lines a place in the Magazine, although, strictly speaking, they have no right here. They were written by a girl of thirteen years old, during the delivery of a lecture on Anatomy, before a public school of which she was a member. She had never before seen a skeleton, and the strange and (to a sensitive child) fearful spectacle inspired these verses ; which while remarkable for their beauty of thought and naturalness of expression, will also recall to the mind of any one who in earlier years had looked for the first time upon one of these bleached memorials of a vanished life, those strange feelings which then overwhelmed him, as they seem to have swept through the soul of this child.

[Ed.]

To think ! my God, my God ! to think—  
That withered, bleaching frame within,  
A spirit dwelt—a soul like mine,  
Fettered and chained in bonds of sin !

To think ! to think ! it lived—it moved,  
Among the busy scenes of earth ;  
It joyed, it wept, it felt, it loved ;  
Now crushed by grief, now filled with mirth.

To think ! to think ! what spirit dwelt  
Within that silent, voiceless frame ;  
Was it a spirit pure and meek,  
That lived to love its Saviour's name ?

Was it a spirit mad with rage,  
 That hot with haste, for vengeance burned?  
 Was it a spirit sunk or chained  
 By earth's proud beings scorned and spurned?

Was it a spirit dark and dim,  
 O'er whom delirium ever hung?  
 Or was it one all bright and gay,  
 That everywhere with gladness sung?

To think! to think! where is it now—  
 On what far distant shore, oh! where?  
 Is it in heaven, on Jesus' breast,  
 Or in a world of dark despair?

To think! my Lord, my God, to think!  
 That soon will still these earthly tones;  
 That all of me that's left will be  
 A frame of lifeless, whitening bones!



### A Few Thoughts on Know-Nothingism.

AMERICAN politics, like the American character, are of an order which has come to be known as *fast*; that they are, on the whole, *progressive* we are not prepared to affirm. Political Economy has, in all its essential features, made few advances or added many modern improvements, since the day of Jefferson, of Hamilton, or of Jackson. We of course speak not of any lack of novelty in the phenomena of the political sky, as far as regards a multiplicity of theories, or an abundance of proposed social and general reforms. No period of our history has been more productive of such fruit than the present. But we speak of Political Economy as an enlarged system, and a practical science. Upon the fundamental ideas of such a science parties very early in our history were formed, and have since continued. But at the present day, we see party organizations in our midst, whose vitality in nowise depends upon such ideas, and the avowed purposes of which, judged by old standards, defy classification.

An organization of this latter class is the party, or society, which, with more originality than taste, has christened itself the "Know-Nothing." The more readily to address itself to the favor of the American people, it has invoked the charm of *secrecy*, and while its principles are publicly

promulgated, its action is always in the dark. And this fact alone renders it a pernicious influence in our politics, aside from any evil to be feared from the results which it proposes to accomplish. Never so much as when we are called upon to disregard precedents, to revolutionize existing systems, or new cast the framework of society, do we need the light of fair and open dealing. Under no circumstances is it just to designate as reform, any movement in politics or morals which relies for its success upon that mystery which captivates the fancy, while it blinds the judgment of men. And this truth is strengthened and approved in a degree directly proportionate to the importance and magnitude of the object which it is proposed to accomplish. How palpable should it be, therefore, when applied to the case of an organization which aims not merely at reforming, but at destroying; which would not only amend the constitution of our body politic, but would even ignore the principles on which that constitution depends? By all means let us have light! Without it truth may suffer; with it, error must.

But our objections to this new organization are not all founded on the manner and the means which it employs. The *end* to be attained commends itself neither to our humanity nor our reason. This end is to *Americanize* more completely our whole system of government, whether Federal or Municipal. To accomplish this purpose, another principle is introduced into the creed of the new party, and that is to *Protestantize* the government, by applying a religious test to qualification for office. It is unnecessary to notice in detail the more unimportant and incidental factors which compose the creed of this party. They are all reducible to these general terms, and are fairly stated by them.

Now in the necessity, which it is claimed exists, for a character more largely American in our country and government, we are no believers. That such a necessity will ever exist, we see no competent reason to anticipate; but that it is a present reality, statistics and common sense conspire to disprove. Notwithstanding the vast immigration of Celtic, Teutonic, and other bloods in this country, three-fourths of the population may still be regarded as Anglo-Saxon. The *character* of the population is even more Anglo-Saxon than its *blood*. Not only the constitutions and laws of the various States, with the single exception of Louisiana, are eminently such, but also the social life, the manners, and the general opinions of the inhabitants. To this system of things the immigrating population soon learn to conform. Even where strong national sympathies are not immediately overcome in the immigrants during the first generation, the children of those immigrants growing up

amid the influences of American educational and social life, become Anglo-Saxons in the second ; if not in blood, at least in character. Again, the positive advantages to the general interests of the country from this extensive immigration, are of no slight importance. The wealth brought into the United States by immigrants amounts to several millions annually. In addition to this, millions more are earned by American ship-owners in passenger and freight money. The pioneers of our western civilization are foreigners, who although they carry thither few of the refinements and none of the elegancies of life, nevertheless open with their stalwart arms a way for them. The useful ever precedes the ornamental in the civilizing process, and while we admire the art which ministers to the one, let us not forget the energy which furnishes the other.

This new party will find by reference to facts, that the crusade which it has volunteered in behalf of American interests, is, at least, uncalled for. It has appeared an age too early, and will die by suicide, unless it shall select as the recipient of its philanthropy some more needy cause.

But not content with Americanizing the government, the new party proposes also to Protestantize it. To accomplish this, no Roman Catholic is to be eligible to office, and all present naturalization laws are to be repealed, and more severe ones substituted in their place.

The same objections which we have urged against the Americanizing mission of the Know-Nothings, are just as applicable here. There is no *necessity* demanding of us such a change in the organization of our governmental system, and all restrictions upon the rights of man, which are not necessary, are oppressive. The civil discords, the riots, the bloodshed, and the broils which, from time to time, have disgraced our cities, have as often been referable to anti-Catholic as Catholic influence. In no case, that we know of, has it ever been pretended that Roman Catholic influence, in official stations, has had anything to do with them. Many of the high places of our government have been occupied and adorned by Roman Catholics, eminent alike for devotion to their religion and to the interests and welfare of their country. The highest judicial station in our country has, for years, been filled by a man who, though a foreigner by descent, and a Catholic, is beyond reproach in respect either to capacity or integrity. How tremendous ought that necessity to be, which should induce us to ignore transcendent talent, unquestioned integrity, and great moral worth, because it is associated with a religious faith which differs from our own !

But the principles of the new party are not only objectionable because their application is unnecessary. They are inherently pernicious, and as

hostile to the spirit and constitution of our government, as could well be imagined. We commend to the perusal of any one who contemplates joining this most modern party, the following extracts from a certain instrument of which they may, or may not, have heard. The 6th Article, Section 3d of the Constitution of the United States, reads as follows:—"No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." Still another Article, as follows:—"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Whatever claims to our sympathy and support the doctrines of this party may possess, it certainly offers none which appeal to our regard for the Constitution and its obligations. Indeed, in all the political nostrums which ambitious men, of our day, vend under the name of "Reforms," we detect a systematic disregard for that instrument, which might be mischievous were it more shrewdly concealed. In former times, parties were formed on broader principles, and for more substantial purposes. Questions were constantly arising which were to be decided by a reference to the common standard of the Constitution. It was not to be expected that, in reference to an instrument by no means *absolute* in its provisions, all should think alike. Accordingly, upon differences, not so much of principle as of opinion, parties were organized. All were patriotic, and all pursued one common object, the welfare of the country and the perpetuity of her institutions. But now, men rally under one idea, as if there were no other worthy of their attention. They charge valiantly against some gigantic evil, which their own imaginations have furnished them, very much as Don Quixote charged the windmills, and often with the same disastrous consequences to themselves. There have been false prophets in all ages: men whose own ambition is never so satisfactorily ministered to, as when successful in detecting lurking danger in apparent safety. The masses of men are tranquil by nature, and must be disturbed by artifice. We recognize in many of the Reform organizations of our day, the influence of this artifice; applied, too, in most cases, with much shrewdness. Just enough truth is interwoven with every such movement as to disguise the error which pervades it. The founders of the Know-Nothing party find in the history of Roman Catholicism many vulnerable points, and to these they point men, while they hope, under the cover of a disinterested philanthropy, to subserve, in some way, their own ambitious purposes.

The modern crusade against our foreign population and their religion, is as ungenerous as it is unjust. We furnish them with a refuge from persecution in one form but to renew it in another. We invite them to

a participation in the advantages of a free government, and then offer an organized resistance to such participation. We insure to them the largest toleration in matters of opinion, whether moral or political, and then insist that, in both, they shall conform to our own. To such an inconsistent position, as a nation and a government, will we have come when this new party, not inaptly called the "Know-Nothing," shall have acquired the supremacy which it seeks.

## Archibald Braxton.

### CHAPTER II.

"Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul  
When the long-promis'd hour of joy draws near!  
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!  
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!"

TIGHE.

"TICKETS for New Haven! Tickets! Tickets, gentlemen!" cried the Conductor as he passed our friends, withdrawing for a moment their attention from the distant scene. The train was just whirling round the bend, whence in the far off vista rose the white spires and the roof-tops from their emerald setting. Blending with the misty clouds beyond them, frowned the dark Rocks on the "fair Elm city"—spreading in calm quietude before it was the silver bay, scarcely a ripple shivering its polished surface. Rolling a gorgeous coronet around it, hovered the dark-blue, and the purple clouds fringed with the golden grandeur of a setting sun. "How magnificent!" Percival almost involuntarily exclaimed.

"You should see the city in mid-summer, or in one of our glorious sunsets from the Rock, sir," said a voice from behind them.

"We shall probably have opportunity for both," said Percival, turning to see the speaker—"we intend remaining there some time."

"About entering our College there I hope?—Glad to make your acquaintance, gentlemen! My friend Mr. Watson,—have just one year the start of you, I presume, or shall we be fortunate enough to have you also among us?"

"No, I believe we're in for four years, are we not, Archie? By the way, Mr. ———, Mr. ———,"

"Ledyard," said that gentleman, producing from his pocket, in company with what seemed a list of names, tobacco-box, and "Traveling Companion," a card case, from which he drew forth the following card :

*Aug. Dowlas Ledyard, K. Z. O.,*

Yale College.

"Mr. Ledyard,—Mr. ———; my name you will find is Percival, sir," said Ned, handing at the same time his card.

Mr. Aug. Dowlas Ledyard was a tall young man of about one and twenty, dressed in cut-and-easy style, turned down collar, and a hugely careless tie, sporting moustache, long hair, and a "Banger;" bearing in spite however of his Sophomoric ease, the stamp indefinable of polished manner and an educated mind. For description of George Watson, vide Ledyard,—minus three years and moustache, plus spectacles and seal ring.

For the further information of our readers, we would state that they composed the "Electioneering Committee" of the Linonian Society, stationed between Bridgeport and New Haven, to prevent the "gobbling" of Freshmen by those unprincipled young men, Messrs. King and Page, similar "Committee of the Brothers." Messrs. King and Page, on their part, protesting that *their* only object was the protection of "gobbled Freshmen" from the ruthless clutches of the Linonian Committee. Doubtless they would have stated this fact to our friends, had they not been at the time zealously engaged tending three carpet-bags and a valise, the property apparent of three aforesaid endangered Freshmen.

Messrs. King and Page, not being able to save all, had magnanimously resolved to save whom they could. Messrs. Ledyard and Watson, on the Linonian side, grieving over the sad misfortune of the others, prepared all *their* energies for the preservation of our friends.

"Perhaps, sir, if you are a stranger, you had better take my arm," said Ledyard, as with a shrill whistle the train dashed through the dark underground apartment of the Dépôt. "The fact is, there is one unpardonable custom here, exceedingly annoying to all strangers; the Brothers Society, sir, reduced by circumstances, have been obliged absolutely from year to year to recruit their numbers by stationing Committees at



the cars for the express purpose of inducing gentlemen who enter College to join also in their ranks."

"That is so! sir, by gad, that is so!" emphatically responded Mr. Watson.

"Of course," continued Mr. Ledyard, "they would never think of forcing *you*, but there *are* many that they humbug in this style, and if you 'll just follow us and pay no attention to the crowd, you 'll save much annoyance."

Thanking them for the attention, our friends taking their advice and proffered arms, worked their way out upon the platform.

Here they were met by an unexpected, almost an indescribable scene; the entire landing, with the small exception of the part allotted to the hackmen, was thronged by students crowding to the cars. The appearance of our friends and their attendants seemed the signal for a general rush.

"Here, Miller! Jackson! carriage!" shouted Ledyard, and at the same time nodding to the crowd, the whole party were surrounded and shoved gradually toward the stairs, thence by some mysterious process taken up them, and placed safely in a carriage.

"Tontine, Miller!" and before they had recovered fully from amazement, Percival and D—— found themselves whirled rapidly along a busy street.

"Well done, nicked 'em that time anyhow," said Watson, as he threw himself back upon the cushions, indulging in a hearty burst of laughter.

"Why do the Society resort to these means?" inquired Archy, vague suspicions flashing on his mind as he remembered the apparent unity which had actuated their self-constituted escort at the Dépôt.

"Why, you see they thus prevent the Linonians"—

"Linonians!"

"Oh, perhaps I forgot to mention to you," said Ledyard, "that there are *two* societies in College,—the Linonian and Brothers; but the fact is, there's so little doubt of your connecting yourself with Linonia, after fair comparison, that I'd quite neglected to electioneer you; to-morrow will be time enough for that, however," continued he, as the carriage stopped before the Tontine, "to-night we'll improve the opportunity, discussing what we need most—videlicet—the good things and the creature comforts of the earth."

College surely must divide its time between the cars and hotels, thought our friends, as registering their names, they entered a large reading-room, thronged with students, laughing, chatting, or puffing with

the most imperturbable *sang froid*, thick, white clouds of smoke into their very faces. Passing through these, with here and there a significant look, word, or nod, their new friends motioned Percival and Braxton to vacated seats upon the sofa, from which they were soon summoned by the rolling gong, glad to be relieved from the annoying gaze bent unblushingly upon them from all quarters of the room.

"I tell you what, Braxton," said Ledyard, as they entered the dining-hall, "if Watson 'll just get the 'dumbies,' we'll cram you and Mr. Percival on examination points this evening; no trouble, give us both great pleasure," seeing the latter attempting to refuse the offer. "Wat, you meet us then at No. 45—that's your number, I believe?—with the needfuls; just bring along some good cigars—you smoke, of course, Braxton?—and we'll manage to post you all up." And having given his orders with the freedom of a magnate, Mr. Aug. Dowlas Ledyard seated himself with very much the air of one who had accomplished all things to the satisfaction of himself and friends. This was however unnoticed, in Braxton and Percie's gratitude for what seemed disinterested kindness. Disinterested!—oh, ye unsophisticated Freshmen!—perchance it is better for you that no contact with a rough world hath made evident how rare the jewel is; perchance it is better, for the culture of heart-feelings, that experience draws late the truth-hiding veil of human selfishness! The expression of George Watson's face, as he left the room, would have formed a study for a painter; could you have seen *this*, could you have known the thoughts there passing in the breast of your companion, or could you have realized that their only object was, in hampering you in No. 45, to prevent your making the acquaintance of some over-anxious "Brother;" perhaps *then*, this grand scheming of Sophomoric manufacture would have failed; perhaps *then*, disgusted with the fallacy of College kindness, two most polite electioneerers would have found themselves and books outside the door. But most luckily for them, and we doubt not for our friends too, the latter, though educated and born gentlemen, were as unsuspecting as most young men at the first essay of the world. The service was received then in all frankness; nor, after an evening spent in mastering the passages proclaimed "Prof. Blink's favorites," or cramming up the rules "Tutor Jolt was sure to call for," had Percival or Braxton any idea that on bidding them good night, Ledyard's handkerchief was between his jaws, halfway down the staircase, or that Watson's first ejaculation was, that most astounding phrase, "My eyes, how fresh!" Who was it that said once,—"*Man finds his greatest pleasure in his expectation?*" Elia? or was it not our

would-be sager friend old Andrew M——? Ah, Andrew, Andrew, be more careful of thy language, or thy jesting enemies will term thee but a *Merry Andrew*, for most men dispute this; surely thou wert never an example, a Sub-Freshman, looking towards prospective immolation! Surely thou wert never in that quandary of expectation, when Yale's ominous Professors were in frowning cogitation—were profoundly “in consideration of your case!”

Percival and Braxton, passing anxiously the night, saw but little pleasure in anticipation of the morning trial, and it was a positive relief when the waiter announced early that “two gentlemen were waiting down stairs for them.”

“Thought we'd take a bird's-eye of New Haven,” remarked the Committee, for on their descent it was those indefatigable worthies who were present. “You're not up for the examination until nine, you know, and we'd like to show you round a little.”

Percival assenting, the whole party crossed the Green toward Elm street, sauntering slowly through the Lover's Walk, under that majestic arcade where the gray elms interlace their branches in the grandeur of old nature's gothic, as, stretched far beyond them in a broad continued tracery of leafwork, bough after bough bent their strong arms, till they clasped above. In a moment more they stood beside the plain white monument which marks the last earthly restingplace of Cromwell's friends, the exiled, perhaps too stern, Regicides.

Passing onward, by the guidance of their friends, they were made acquainted in succession with the beauty and the scenery of Whitney and of Hillhouse Avenues, second to none in elegance of nature and magnificence of plan. The Cemetery, and appropriately near “*Collegia Medicorum*,” place of dry bones and lampsmoked skulls, of Senior lectures and of Freshman horrors, were next visited as worthy their attention.

“By the way,” remarked Watson, after they had contemplated these peculiar institutions, “we have time enough, and suppose we look you up some rooms; here's Mrs. Grind now—*rooms to let*—good rooms, but the dowager's a blister.”

“Well, we'll see them anyhow,” said Braxton, as their ring was answered by a dirty little barefoot urchin. “Wish to see Mrs. Grind about some rooms.”

“Good morning, Mrs. Grind.”

“Good mo-o-orning, gentlemen.”

Mrs. Grind, a slim, weazenfaced old lady, arrayed—as who ever saw a

veritable grass-widow not arrayed, in a memorable suit of black—rejoiced in the possession of a simper which displayed her white teeth to perfection, a front of exceedingly brown hair, and a look of eternal conscientiousness; Mrs. Grind, in fact, relict of the senior Grind, in the firm Grind, Grind & Graball, “Popular Mourners and Undertakers,” had acquired the look from a previous connection with the trade, being *then* accustomed to do up the religious; from her natural powers becoming quite expert, it required but little effort in a woman of her genius to turn this to material advantage in her present occupation, and her skill in winning Freshman confidence was now only equaled by her ease in “coming the maternal.” Yet there was something quite peculiar in the look of the maternal relict—in fact something, somewhat pinched. The black dress sat too closely even for unity with her corpselike cap, the brown front was drawn down too tightly, and the white teeth were too sharp and fierce in their expression; even the gold spectacles clung to the hatchet nose with a tenacity which appeared to stop her breathing, and produce the snuffled whining utterance. Mrs. Grind was, in short, a veritable prototype of one species of the Harpies who prey ever on the unsuspecting “gentlemen who enter College.”

“Walk up stairs, gentlemen, we’ve two bea-u-tiful rooms, recently vacated by a young man in the Sophomore class, who has been unfortunately taken ill, of the ‘cacoe:hes bibendi,’ I think he to-old me; *never* would have left me otherwise, poor dear fellow, and so moral. I hope you’ve moral certificates, young gentleman, for I never take any but those highly recommended, make it an invar-i-a-ble rule; this makes a bea-u-tiful study, we always endeavor to make *our* young men comfortable—so convenient for books—and wish them to come to us as to a mother—such a view;” though opening the window as she said this, Mrs. Grind undoubtedly referred to the maternal view, since there was no prospect from the former, save that of a grassplot, woodhouse, well, and hencoop, all else being hidden by a high brick wall adjoining. The rooms suiting, being quite convenient in their situation, were engaged at once, notwithstanding the aforesaid declaration of George Watson, deleterious to the character of Mrs. Grind, that the relict was in fact “a blister;” and the hour for regular examination rapidly approaching, further business or pleasure was postponed until after the important crisis.

(To be continued.)

## The Home and Foreign Policy of Oliver Cromwell, during the Protectorate.

ENGLAND had reached the zenith of her glory, through the brilliant genius of her Plantagenets and Tudors, when the Princess Elisabeth suddenly expired. From this moment, the splendor of England's power began to fade. Her commerce, which under the late administration, had bound the world together with a golden chain of wealth, commenced now to crumble away. The success of her arms abroad had been forgotten in her dissensions at home. The glory of Cressy and of Agincourt had been buried in the disgrace of Cadiz and of Rochelle. The Star-Chamber and the High Commission had usurped the prerogatives of Westminster Hall, and the Chapels of St. George and New College had been deserted for the Churches of Rome.

Such was the condition of England, when that great Revolution commenced, which finally restored to her constitution all of those ancient rights and guarantees, which so suddenly it had lost. But the first fruits of liberty are not the rewards, but the price of revolutions. The worst governments rather immediately follow, than precede a nation's struggle for freedom. It is not until the scattered elements of truth begin to coalesce, and a system of order and justice to arise from the chaos of hostile theories and opinions, that wisdom, moderation and mercy—the permanent fruits of liberty—are realized and enjoyed. Thus, Athens had her Oligarchy before her Democracy; Rome her Decemvirates before her Republic; England her Commonwealth before her Protectorate.

To judge correctly, therefore, of the administration of that man who, in the short space of four years, raised the English nation from an indifferent forgetfulness of all that was glorious in the past, to the contemplation of the most magnificent prospects in the future, demands a careful analysis of the different elements of his government.

The home policy of the Protectorate was composed of two parts—an organizing and an administrative policy. It is our purpose, in the first place, to speak of the organizing policy of the Protector.

The Revolution had left the English nation in a far worse condition than it had found it. A spirit of anarchy, of contention, and of violence had been engendered throughout the land. Parties of different political principles and sects of different religious beliefs were violently struggling for the ascendancy. In the State, three parties successively arose. Upon the first, the light of freedom had broken, as the light of the sun breaks

upon prisoners long in chains. Its effect, at first, upon the political vision of its leaders was dazzling and bewildering. Half blinded by their long imprisonment, they preferred to linger for awhile in the shadow of the walls of monarchy, rather than to pass out through the open gates into the full light of truth and of liberty. If they gained new strength and additional vigor, by their continuance in the open air of freedom, they had not acquired a sufficient endurance to bear the full blaze of the sun. If they desired to receive the goddess of liberty at all, they preferred to wait till she had put off the frightful garb of her violence and excess, and assumed her after mantle of beauty, in the day of her grandeur and of her glory. When, at length, the party was obliged to go forth, or be crushed under the crumbling fabric of despotism, it went not as a radical, but as a reforming party. While it execrated the illegal acts of the king, and denounced the excessive encroachments of his power, it still believed in the divine right of his supremacy. It was willing to acknowledge the absolute power of the sovereign, unshared either by the parliament or the people, provided that power could be exercised within the limits guaranteed by the Magna Charta. It desired no new rights—asked for no further securities—demanded no additional restraints. Such were the political principle of the conservative party.

Violently opposed to the Conservative, now arose the Limited Monarchical party. It had no principles in common with the first. It believed in no divine right of kings—acknowledged no absolute power—placed no confidence in the sufficiency of ancient restraints and established guarantees. If the rights and the liberty of the nation were to be restored at all, it believed it must be effected by the power of a king, limited by a parliament of a people. It was, in fact, a revolutionary party, but revolutionary only so far as it might destroy the absolute will of the sovereign, and place the greater power in the hands of the people. But as the first party had given way to the second, so now the second was destined in turn to yield to the third.

The Republican party, unlike either of the others, laid no claim to moderation in its policy. It believed that the government rested on a foundation, radically at variance with the first principles of true freedom. It had no confidence in that transition-state of government, which lingers between freedom and tyranny. It looked with equal distrust upon any system of reform, which left either the appearance or the spirit of monarchy remaining in the government. It saw nothing in the course of the Conservative party but a temporizing policy—nothing in the measures of the Limited Monarchical, but weakness and inconsistency

It felt, in a word, as if there was no national glory in the past, worthy of remembrance, if that recollection was joined with the thoughts of present tyranny—no hope of liberty in the future, if that anticipation was associated with the considerations of present despotism. It, therefore, declared openly for a revolution—a revolution which should not only completely change the entire system of public administration, but which also should sweep away forever the whole social system of the past. Such was the political creed of the Republican party.

In the Church, the conflict between the different sects and persuasions was not less hostile, than the political contest between the different parties in the State. The High Church party was earnestly struggling to retain its ecclesiastical institutions as a part of the State Government. The Presbyterians were contending for a system of Church Government emanating from the people, yet ruled over by delegated power. The Independents were advocating liberty of conscience and religious toleration, as the dearest and most important of all natural rights. Behind these great divisions in the Church, there followed a medley of religious enthusiasts and fanatics. The Levelers were demanding an equal distribution of property as the will of God; the Freethinkers were insisting upon universal freedom of thought both in the Church and State; while the Fifth-monarchy men were shouting for the reign of Christ Jesus, and the speedy coming of His kingdom on the earth.

It was now, amid all of this civil and moral anarchy, that the inefficient government of the Commonwealth gave way, from its own weakness, to the Protectorate. To unite all of these conflicting and discordant parties into one efficient body, which should be at the same time subservient to the best interests of the State, and to the highest good of the Church, demanded the genius of the greatest man of that age—and that man was Cromwell.

Believing that he was called of God to effect a thorough civil and ecclesiastical regeneration of the nation, the Protector entered upon his mission with holy fervor and zeal. Without the coöperation of the Church, he plainly saw there could be no organization of the State. But the Church itself was floundering in the chaos of hostile dogmas and conflicting opinions. His first efforts, therefore, were for the regeneration and organization of the Church. To accomplish this required not only the wise discernment of a statesman, but also the patient love of a Christian. Cromwell fortunately possessed both, and the Church was united. From the acknowledged flower of Puritanism he selected a Supreme Commission for the trial and approval of public ministers.

That this Commission might tend to unite the different political parties, it was composed of no one denomination ; that it might have its due influence in the after organization of the State, it was made up of both the clergy and the laity. Thus Cromwell sifted and winnowed the ministry ; thus he separated the chaff from the wheat, and garnered up the latter forever, as the fruitful seed of the Church.

But the renovating and organizing genius of the Protector stopped not with the Church. It had already entered the State. In uniting the religious sects, he had allayed, to a great degree, the fierce contentions between the different political parties. From each he had selected the ablest and most influential men for his Commission ; from each he had composed his Parliament. He had thus satisfied, or at least contented the great body of the nation. Only two parties now remained disaffected towards the Protectorate—the Royalists and the Ultra-republicans. The two extremes met. They possessed not a principle—not a sentiment in unison, yet their hostility to the existing government made them allies to each other. Towards both, Cromwell for a while exercised forbearance, but a spirit of mildness and indulgence rather fostered than quieted their disaffection. He, therefore, had recourse to a wiser policy. In the ranks of the Ultra-republicans he created dissensions ; he set one faction against another, and thus ruined the influence of all. On the other hand, with the Royalists, he exercised authority, and destroyed those by his power, whom he could not make submissive by his word. Thus harmony was restored to the nation. The Church had yielded to the wisdom of the Protector—the State had now submitted to his power.

It is here, at this point, in the history of the policy of Cromwell, that we pause, and look with admiration at the beauty and magnificence of that structure of government, which we can never realize only from the grandeur of its ruins. It has long since passed away ; its dome has fallen—its arches have given way—and its ashler stones have crumbled one by one, but its foundation still remains, as an everlasting monument to the wisdom and genius of its architect.

Such was the organizing policy of the Protector. It rested for its support upon two distinct principles ; the one passive, the other active in its nature ; the one made up of moral, the other of temporal power. On the one hand, he led the Church from the chaos of sectarianism, by his forbearance ; on the other forced the State from its anarchy by his authority. The true expression for this policy was *union*—union of the political parties for the preservation of the State ; union of the religious sects for the



safety of the Church. Its immediate results were harmony at home, and glory abroad. Its final fruits are now ripening on that tree of civil and religious liberty, whose roots, to-day, are everywhere striking deeper and deeper beneath the ruins of despotism, and whose branches are fast shadowing forever the crumbling fabrics of tyranny all over the world.

The policy of the Protector in the administration of the government differed essentially from his policy in its organization. It was no longer lenient, no longer flexible. The government of elements, once so varied, now so lately cemented, required a policy firm and inflexible—a policy without indulgence, without forbearance. Cromwell, therefore, abandoned the moral element, which in part constituted his organizing policy, and commenced at once to govern the Church and the State by temporal power alone. In every department of government he corrected abuses and introduced reforms. Everywhere was his vigilance and wisdom made manifest. The Court of Chancery—the Augean stable of corruption, the Tower—the Charnel-house of patriots, the Universities—the Babels of jesuitical knowledge, were at once either abolished or reformed. In the Church, purity and morality were insisted upon, with the same vigor of authority as reform and economy in the State; in the Camp, virtue took the place of immorality; in the Court, dissemblance gave way to honor and to truth. Thus the government of Cromwell became both political and religious in its nature. To him both the Church and the State were divine institutions, emanating alike from God, yet ruled over by human power. He believed that the evils of each were to be restrained—the glory of each to be attained by the same form of government. He therefore united both under one system of administration—a system, whose power should be at the same time both political and religious.

It is not to be denied that the official alliance of Protestantism, at this time, with the State power, was detrimental to the cause of vital Christianity. Whenever religion becomes subservient to civil authority it loses in a great measure its true spirit; it substitutes the narrowness of mannerism for the expansion of liberty; exchanges the essence for the form of Christianity. Thus the administration of Cromwell, for a time, was injurious to religion. But the evils to which it gave birth were but transitory. On the other hand, the benefits which arose were permanent and invaluable. It gave life and strength to a spirit of liberty and truth, of which the world before was ignorant. The civil and religious institutions of all lands are the monuments of its glory—monuments around whose summits the eternal light of truth will ever linger, and against

whose foundations the ceaseless waves of error will forever beat and dash their anger in vain.

Like the home, so the foreign policy of Cromwell was composed of two elements; the one political, the other religious. The motive for the political element was conquest; not conquest for the purpose of the increase and consolidation of dominion, but an extension of territory for the safety and security of Great Britain. The motive for the religious element was the protection of the Church against the persecutions of Rome. With the Protector, the eternal interests of the Church always took the precedence of the temporal welfare of the State. He recognized all power as coming directly from the King of kings, and thought that power unjustly exercised if it tended not to advance and hasten His kingdom on the earth. Thus, if he made war upon Spain, it was a war against Rome; if he humbled Austria, it was to give life and strength to the Protestant cause in Poland; if he conquered Jamaica—if his armies were victorious in Flanders, it was not that the flag of St. George might wave over wider possessions, but that holy banners, in the name of Christ Jesus, might be set up in every land. Thus the foreign policy of Cromwell resolved the greatest problem of that age, and of all ages to come—a problem no less than whether the world should finally be all Papist or all Protestant—whether the thunders from the thrones of the Escurial and the Vatican should be the eternal indications of power, or the audible manifestations of that ruin out of which civil and religious liberty should spring up and flourish forever.

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### An Episode.

ONN eve of beauty, when the sun  
Was on the stream of Guadalquivir,  
To gold converting one by one,  
The ripples of that mighty river;  
Beneath me, on the bank was seated  
A Seville girl, with auburn hair,  
And eyes that might the world have cheated,  
A bright, wild, wicked, diamond pair!

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,  
Just as the loving sun was going,  
With such a soft small shining hand,  
I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing!

Her words were three, and not one more :  
 What could Diana's motto be ?  
 The syren wrote upon the shore,  
 " Death, not inconstancy !"

And then her two large languid eyes  
 So turned on mine, that, D—I take me !  
 I set the air on fire with sighs,  
 And was the fool she chose to make me.  
 St. Francis would have been deceived  
 With such an eye, and such a hand ;  
 But one week more, and I believed  
 As much the woman as the sand !

### Vacation Locomotion.

ALL a-b-o-a-r-d—with the last syllable protracted, until we wonder at its tenacity—a pandemoniacal confusion, under the exclusive direction of porters, baggage owners and brakemen, assisted "for a short time only" by the spluttering, hissing monster just in with the connecting train—and we are safely in the cars. With a punctuality worthy of imitation by those who desire to cultivate the "cardinals," we move off, while our monster gives utterance to an unearthly bellowing, as if in exultation over its wayworn brother. It is a maintainable theory we think, that most men love to retire within themselves while they travel. "Thirty miles an hour including stoppages," especially seems to effect a busy working of the mind, superficial indeed, but of uncommon rapidity and acuteness of perception. For instance, this idea itself was one of a thousand fancies which came crowding upon us before the Aladdin lamp-looking buildings of the first station—an in-express-ibly small one—formed a discolored line across our field of view. Thoughts of College, then only a day or two in the background, of South Middle, of examinations generally and biennial specially, of the entomological specimen on the dress opposite, of the pretty gaitered foot beneath it, of the parched grass outside, and the dust inside, made up but a small part of the mental kaleidoscope. How the wheels rattle, and as we pass a town which we remember to be catalogued as the abiding place of one of the vocalists of the class, seem to be humming Shule, shule *ad infinitum*. Then as the orchard of some thrifty farmer glides into sight, it changes to "a little more cider too," with two sharps on the last note of that inspiring chorus, as some ill-matched joint passes beneath us. In short, any tune

we choose to call for, is produced with master-like promptness, until we find ourselves applauding by stamping lustily—perhaps, however, only to get the numbness out of our legs.

Of course our fellow travelers present an interesting study. They always do. Immediately in front sits a lad with hair, according to his mother, auburn, but which the world calls red, evidently returning from boarding school. Our thoughts revert to first presidents and In Unity prospects. A little before him one of the bone and sinew of the land, been down to York on his annual visit to the produce dealers of the metropolis, and returning with a new suit and enlarged experience. We think how this latter will be dealt out to night to his wife and daughters on their comfortable porch. Over there in the corner sits a western bound German, too respectable for the filthy emigrant car, but looking alone among strangers. Over against us, the owner of the pretty foot aforementioned. She is of the order plain but pretty; and with liquid eyes, into whose depths it seems as if we *must* gaze, and gazing become utterly oblivious that ours ever hunted after roots of the Greek. She quietly allows it—not a bit of Chapel St. about it—but with an air which tells that no encroachment upon modest dignity will find encouragement—“no admission except on business” to the inner portals of her heart of hearts. A strapping youth, answering to “one from the country preferred,” who sits some distance in front, seems to think with us, and wrenches uneasily on the dusty plush in his attempts to get a view of the pretty face. And so the cars rattle merrily onward, now over high embankments which tell of toiling, sweating sons of Erin, now through deep cuts and natural valleys, along waving fields, over bridges and cross roads, until at last we slacken up, the brakes creak until our teeth are on edge, and amid a crowd of bustling people who seem to have sprung from the ground ready-made at our approach—perhaps from teeth which our drag-on may have scattered under the dépôt shed—our progress is arrested. The red-headed boy goes forward to the platform, the foreigner yawns listlessly and looks out of the window, while the farmer barter with an urchin tradesman for his last pint of pop-corn. The speaking eyes, to our regret unutterable, retire without so much as a parting glance, and still the rustic youth is of the same way of thinking with us, for his sigh seems laden with,

Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hours,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,  
I never rolled a barrel of flour,  
But the staves were sure to give away.

I never in a railroad car  
Did take my seat to ride,  
But the prettiest girl aboard the train,  
Was always sure to slide.

Although the delay is but momentary—men, women and babies, become more restless than did travelers of the ante-railroad period in coaches, with stoppages at every pump handle, and change of horses at every inn. One would think that our whole country had received the injunction so often thundered into the ears of little Joe “down in Tom all alone’s” to *move on*.

Evening finds us rusty, dusty and dry, out of the cars and on board one of those magnificent lake steamers which so completely typify present American energy. We love to look at them, with their perfect arrangement in every detail, from the ponderous engine down. A single rise and fall of the massive beam seems enough to fill one with exultation for the present and hope for the future—enough to tell us all, Sons of Yale, that every day is advancing us towards life, in times and places where *determined activity*, in whatever pursuit, can alone ensure success.

Weary travelers stretch themselves upon the deck-stools and whiff their cigars in contented forgetfulness of the noisy railway, while listening to the surging of the waters about the wheels. There is music in the cabin too, where real sable harmonists elicit picayunes and plaudits from an appreciating audience. It gradually dwindles away however, and the saloons and decks become deserted for the state-rooms and berths, until nothing is heard but the thorough sounding thump of the engine. Sleep rests on all but the firemen—princes of the infernal—below, and the steersman above. For the pilot of one of these modern leviathans we are always disposed to feel, so to speak, a respectful sympathy. There seems to be something almost ennobling, something to make one a man, connected with his office. Responsibility doubtless, ever has this tendency. But the fact is not always so strikingly impressed upon our mind, by circumstances. Perched aloft so as to command the length and breadth of his charge, at one glance, he silently and surely holds her on her way over the waters. Hundreds of his fellow creatures are under his feet, wrapped in the stillness of death—their lives committed to his charge, and he alone, with the stars above and the waves beneath.

The chilly dawn of morning finds many astir, for even modern travel breaks in upon the habits of men, as does a call elsewhere upon this account of a day’s experience of it.

## A College Flirtation.

GENTLE reader, are you of a susceptible temperament? Does every pair of "witching black" or "melting blue" eyes, with lips and locks to match, give you a queer sensation in the region of the heart? If so, you can sympathize with me, for thus it is with your humble servant.

I do not think I am to blame for this failing. It is hereditary. One of my uncles died with it. That is to say, he met a charming lady in the street one day, he fell desperately in love with her, though unknown to him, and died fifteen years afterwards, a bachelor, always having declared he would marry no one but the fair unknown. He never was able to find her through all the fifteen years, and so his friends averred that he died of a broken heart,—though some basely insinuated he brought on his death by over-eating of lobster salad and cucumbers.

Therefore you see my susceptibility is hereditary. I should have left it behind when I came to College, but I did not. From hence sprung the events I am about to relate, and which I write down as a warning to others.

I escaped very well all attacks during the two first terms of my Freshman year. I was busy with my lessons, studying day and night to take a high rank in my class. It is true now and then as I walked down Chapel St., on my way to the Post, I would meet the flashing gaze of some eye, and feel a slight twinge, but by the time I had reached my room and had gone through the task of digging out a few Greek roots for Professor H——, I would perceive that all my symptoms had disappeared.

Matters went on thus until the third term. Occasional twinges but no settled disease. And then—!

I went to the Wooden Spoon Exhibition. When I procured my ticket, the manager said to me,

"L., it isn't customary to give Freshmen tickets admitting more than one person. But as you're a pretty good looking fellow, I suppose you will wish to take a lady."

"Of course," I replied, not wishing to deny the "soft impeachment," though I had not a single lady acquaintance in town. So he gave me a ticket admitting myself and lady.

I went home feeling slightly ashamed that I had been in College nearly a year, and yet could boast of no lady acquaintance whom I

would invite to accompany me to the approaching Exhibition. Feeling thus I met R.

"Why, L." said he, clapping me on the back, "what makes you so down-hearted. You look as if you had lost every friend you had in the world, or had just received notice of forty-seven marks."

"Worse than that," I replied; "I want one friend more."

"Well, I'm just going up to see J." he answered, "I'll introduce you. You can make a friend of him."

"But I want a female friend." And I briefly unfolded to him my situation.

"You're just the man I want to see," said he, "I've got a cousin who has just arrived here on a visit; I'll introduce you, and she will go with you. I intended to take her myself, but I can spare her. I have two others."

"Is she pretty?" I asked.

"Charming. Blue eyes, auburn hair, small white hands, and all the *et ceteras*."

"I'm your man, or rather her man," replied I, and we parted.

The next night was an eventful one in the hitherto even course of my college life. I dressed myself with the greatest care and nicety. I don't think there was a blacker pair of boots in college, and my neck-tie was perfectly unapproachable. As my friend R. remarked—he is fond of quoting French—I was perfectly *comme il faut*.

I believe that was the remark he made, though I cannot be positive, as he said it just before I entered the room, where I was introduced to the loveliest girl I had ever seen. I was done for! As Mark Meddle says in the play, "I have no hesitation in saying, and I say it boldly"—I was done for!

The events of that evening are to me a delicious dream. Every one who was there knows of the abominable crowd outside the door. No, I will not call it abominable, it only pressed me more closely to her side and gave me an opportunity of protecting her. I stood all the evening, but I was insensible to fatigue. The speaking was excellent, as every one knows, but it had no charms for me. I was half jealous of the praises she gave to those "handsome speakers," as she termed them.

We had ice-cream at Beecher's and then such a delightful walk home. We talked of friends far away, of home associations yet clinging around our hearts, of books and poetry.

"Who is your favorite poet, Mr. L.?" asked she.

"I don't know," I replied, "I never read much poetry. I like Shakes-

peare pretty well and Milton too." I named these, resolving to be on pretty safe ground.

"Never read much poetry!" exclaimed she, "you don't know what pleasure is in store for you. It is true that Shakespeare and Milton are poets such as the world has never seen, but other bards have sung, since then. Tennyson and Longfellow are two noble examples of living English and American poets. I think a poet the grandest work of God."

She changed the conversation to other matters, but not before she had fixed in me a determination to "read up" on poetry, and if possible to become a poet myself.

"Do you remain in New Haven a long time?" I asked, as I parted from her.

"Until the first of July. I suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing you often," she said in her own bewitching manner.

"Thank you," and "good evening," was all I could say. But I went home with the disease of which my uncle died, fastened upon me in full vigor. I "laid out" for three days, and read nothing but poetry. I made a few attempts at writing some verses myself, but succeeded no farther than this,

"O maiden, with the fair blue eyes,"

But although I could make no farther progress in the poetical way, it did not hinder me from cultivating the acquaintance of this "maiden with the fair blue eyes." In fact, I was so much enraptured with her, that I could not possibly have relinquished her society altogether. One evening we had been talking over our favorite authors, when she said,

"Mr. L., I believe I never asked you if you wrote poetry. I think you must, you have so perfect an appreciation of what is beautiful."

"I sometimes attempt it," I replied, fearful of losing favor if denied all ability to write verses.

"Well, I have some music," said she, "which I like very much, but I do not like the words. I wish you would write some new ones. It is a serenade. Will you?"

How could I refuse? I asked her to sing over the words, (she was a beautiful singer and excellent pianist,) so that I could learn the spirit of the piece, and muttered something about being only too happy to fulfill her wishes, but wishing her serenade at the bottom of the Red Sea all the while.

I went home in despair. How was I to comply with her request! I blamed my foolish vanity which had led me to pass myself off for a poet. Finally a plan entered my mind, which I immediately put into



execution. My old friend and quondam chum at the academy, Harry G., was a poet. I had not seen or heard from him for two or three years, but I knew his old address, and I indited a letter to him, beseeching him to write me one or two verses in a certain measure, and everlastingly oblige me.

By return of mail the verses came. I thought them good, and she pronounced them excellent, so I transcribe them for the benefit of the reader:

Lady, good night!  
When in the evening skies,  
The stars unclothe their eyes,  
Trembling with light,  
Then, going to thy dreams,  
Sleep sweet till morning beams  
Upon thy sight.

Lady, good night!  
O'er thee may angels keep  
Their watch while thou dost sleep,  
With gentle might!  
With one so good and pure,  
We ever may be sure  
It is good night.

As I said, she thought them excellent, and they were the means of advancing me considerably in her favor. We grew quite intimate. We walked out to East Rock. We took a moonlight sail on the bay, in which I am sorry to say, we got lost in a fog, and I blistered my hands with rowing. But then she pitied me so sweetly, and took my hand in her own so kindly as she looked at the blisters, that I would have rowed to Double Beach and back again for the same reward.

But such bliss could not last forever. Her visit came to a close, and she left New Haven. Can I describe the anguish which rent my heart at parting? I was going to tell her all, but I could not see her alone. Her friends were so confoundedly officious.

"Good bye, L." said she; "I shall think of you when I sing your song."

"At no other time?" I asked.

"Perhaps so," replied she.

And it was all over.

I let my beard grow. I went round gloomier than any Sophomore in Biennial. I had all the marks of Skakspeare's lover. "A lean cheek;"

"a blue eye and sunken;" "a beard neglected," and everything about me "demonstrating a careless desolation."

At last I could bear this torture of my feelings no longer. I determined to write and end the suspense; to know if she loved, or if I was doomed to have wasted the love of my young heart on one who could not requite it. [I had only fallen in love thirteen times previously.]

I wrote; and *such* a letter! It would have drawn tears from the most obdurate eyes, and sighs from the most unsympathetic heart. I pictured to her the beginning of my love; with what trembling joy and fearful hope it filled me the first night we met; with what sweet delight I had perceived my passion increase beneath the light of her eyes; how, now that she was absent, all was dreary, and my loneliness was insupportable; and I closed with the following moving appeal:

"Now, dearest —, you know how madly, fondly, devotedly, I love you. I know that I cannot always enjoy your sweet presence. But do not debar me from the privilege of hearing from you. Write and tell me that you love me; that you are mine ever, as I am yours. Do not crush the love of my young heart, which gushes with its tender fulness toward you, my life, my all. You alone can decide the fate of D. L."

I was more constant at the Post Office that week than if I had been writing for a remittance of money. I was there at the arrival of every mail, and watched the peculiarly slow distribution of papers with a longing eye. At last there came a letter and a paper for my box. I seized the letter. It was not from her, but from my old friend, Harry G. It ran thus:

"Dear L.—My *wife* wishes me to reply to your kind letter, stating that previous engagements will prevent her from answering your affectionate epistle. You will see our marriage in the paper I send you.

"I am a lawyer just established here. \* \* \* I chanced to be at home when I received your letter, requesting those verses. I little thought for whom I was writing them. We shall be pleased to see you at any time. Believe me,

"Yours, in the height of felicity,

"HARRY G."

I opened the paper and read:

"Married, at —, July 20th, Henry G—, Esq., of —, to Miss —, of this town."

I am not naturally given to depreciation of myself; I have a pretty good opinion of my own worth; but at that time I would have sold myself for six and a quarter cents, and considered it a good bargain.

Rushing towards my room, with the open letter in my hand, I met R——.

"Why, in the name of all that's decent," I exclaimed, "didn't you tell me your cousin was engaged?"

"I thought you knew that all the time," replied he. "Why, what's the matter?"

"I've made a fool of myself," said I.

"Is that all?" answered he.

That was all. But seven weeks' vacation, the White Mountains, and Newport, have barely restored me to my former condition. I have written this as a warning to the new-comers of this year. In poetical language, girls

"Can both false and fickle be,  
Take care!"

P.S. Since writing the above, I have seen one who as far exceeds — as the moon does the stars. I see constancy in her eyes. I met her in the street. Like my uncle, I met her I now love, but unlike my uncle, I will find her out. If I do you shall hear from me again. Till then, as R—— would say, *au revoir*.

D. L.

## Memorabilia Valensia.

### THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1854

Was celebrated after the usual style. There was the same crash, disorder and bad management at the door of the Church; the galleries held their usual complement of beautiful faces and sympathizing hearts; the sweet strains of Dodworth's Band were breathed with their wonted inspiration; and the speakers, as a whole, acquitted themselves with more than ordinary credit. The subjects seemed well adapted to the tastes and feelings of the speakers. There was less of that aiming at philosophical disquisition,—of that struggling to extort new ideas on the most hackneyed of political and ethical subjects, which have made our Commencements the objects of so much ridicule; and as a consequence, the thoughts were natural and new; they found an intelligent response in the mind of the audience, and there was less gaping and fewer sleepy faces than we have ever contemplated in our varied and painful experience of College Commencements.

The Oration on "The Graves of the Regicide," was a particularly happy effort. Replete with all of thought and felicity of expression that could gratify

an audience, and delivered with much grace, it will not soon be forgotten by those who listened to it. We append, in accordance with custom, the list of Commencement exercises.

## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

## FORENOON.

1. PRAYER by the President.
2. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by GEORGE DE FOREST LORD, *New York City*.
3. Dissertation, "Speculative Views of Life corrected by Earnest Action," by BENNET JASON BRISTOL, *Naugatuck*.
4. Oration, "Purpose," by CHARLES HENRY BARRETT, *Rutland, Vt.*
5. Dissertation, "Two Eras in Moslem Power," by LEWIS WILLIAM GIBSON, *Wellsboro', Pa.*
6. Oration, "The Significance of the Greek Mythology," by WILLIAM REED EASTMAN, *New York City*.
7. Oration, "The Known and the Unknown," by ELIZUR WOLOCOTT, *Tallmadge, Ohio*.
8. Dissertation, "The Column of Luxor," by HENRY ELIAS HOWLAND, *Walpole, N. H.*
9. Dissertation, "The Ancient Civilizations of the Mediterranean," by FRANCIS HENRY SLADE, *New York City*.
10. Dissertation, "The Unhistoric," by HENRY LYNES HUBBELL, *Wilton*.
11. Essay in French, "Les deux Napoléon," by WILLIAM BUCK DWIGHT, *Constantinople, Turkey*.
12. Oration, "The Influence of Poverty on the Student," by ABRAM ELISHA BALDWIN, *West Cornwall*.
13. Dissertation, "A Plea for Amusements," by EDWARD WILBERFORCE LAMBERT, *New York City*.
14. Poem, "De Soto," by JACOB BROWN HARRIS, *Winchendon, Mass.*
15. Dissertation, "When the Execution of Law is a Triumph and when a Defeat," by SAMUEL CHESTER GALE, *Millburg, Mass.*
16. Oration, "Scholastic Retirement," by LEMUEL STOUGHTON POTWIN, *East Windsor*.
17. Philosophical Oration, "Government a Benefactor as well as a Protector," by LEWIS WHITMARSH FORD, *East Cleveland, O.*

## AFTERNOON.

1. Greek Oration, "'Αἰὶνὰ ἐν Ἀποστόλῃς," by THOMAS GARDINER RITCH, *Stanford*.
2. Dissertation, "The Contest between Freedom and Despotism in Europe," by JAMES WILLIAM HUSTED, *Bedford, N. Y.*
3. Oration, "The Essential Conditions of Efficient Laws," by ORSON COWLES SPARROW, *Colchester*.
4. Dissertation, "The Battle of Tours," by ERSKINE NORMAN WHITE, *New York City*.
5. Oration, "Dante and Bunyan," by JOSEPH MORGAN SMITH, *Glastenbury*.

6. Oration, "The Upper Mississippi," by WILLARD CUTTING FLAGG, *Paddock's Grove, Ill.*
7. Dissertation, "The Girondists," by WILLIAM WASHINGTON GORDON, *Savannah, Ga.*
8. Oration, "The New England Mind," by STARR HOYT NICHOLS, *Danbury.*
9. Dissertation, "Enthusiasm the 'Forlorn Hope' of Science," by ALEXANDER STEVENSON TWOMBLY, *Boston, Mass.*
10. Dissertation, "Socrates and Paul looking beyond the Grave," by JOHN WORTHINGTON HOOKER, *New Haven.*
11. Oration, "The Graves of the Regicides," by CHARLES EDWARD TRUMBULL, *Hartford.*
12. Philosophical Oration, "The Ruler," by WILLIAM HENRY FENN, *Charleston, S. C.*
13. Oration, "Tranquillity an Element of Greatness," with the Valedictory Address, by WILLIAM HENRY NORRIS, *New York City.*
14. DEGREES CONFERRED.
15. PRAYER by the President.

#### THE SOCIETY CAMPAIGN

is over. The results have been flaunted in the faces and eyes of the world, by the Yale Banner; and by reference to that statistical sheet, we find that Linonia has enlisted sixty-seven members of the Class of '58—the Brothers in Unity seventy. The war has been carried on with unusual vigor, and for a bloodless contest has been quite exciting.

The ANNUAL STATEMENT OF FACTS transpired Wednesday, Sept. 20, in Brewster's Hall.

The Speakers for the Brothers' Society, were

STANLEY T. WOODWARD, *President.*

W. H. L. BARNES, *Senior Class.*

C. P. NETTLETON, *Junior Class.*

The Speakers for Linonia, were

ALEX. McD. LYON, *President.*

L. M. CHILD, *Senior Class.*

G. E. H. PEASE, *Junior Class.*

#### YALE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

The Library of the late Consistorial-Rath Thilo of Halle, was purchased by Professor Porter, for Yale College Library, during his recent visit to Europe. It consists of more than 4000 volumes, principally in Ecclesiastical History and kindred departments. It cost, delivered in this city, not far from \$2000. It was pronounced by good judges in Germany, to be equal to that of Neander.

The new Halle Gazette of July 11th, 1854, in recording the purchase of this most rare collection of works, says, "Even the *Libraries* of our German scholars seem to be affected with the mania for emigrating to America. \* \* \* \* It includes as worthy of note, many writings which are of high interest for

the Church Historian, so that in this respect its loss to Germany is to be lamented."

In addition to this library, from 1000 to 1500 volumes in various departments of science—chiefly in Theology and Philosophy—were purchased for the College Library by Professor Porter. To him the scholars and divines of America can never be sufficiently thankful for his labors in their behalf.

### Editor's Table.

DEAR READERS,—At length we come, in *propria persona*, to give a decisive reply to the inquiry bawled into our editorial ears for the last ten days, "When is the Yale Lit coming out?" And you will permit us to observe that we are exceedingly happy to "get out" as much on our own account as to gratify you—the anxious "many-headed." We have no desire to repine at our position, nor to chafe under a self-imposed burden, yet still we feel disposed to grumble a little, to awaken your sympathies, and throw a little dust in the eye of your criticisms. And we frankly declare that we have never been so bored in our life of vicissitudes, as during the inception and rise and progress of this quiet and unobtrusive "Maggie." The full force of "Deceitful are appearances," never struck us till our acquaintance with her began. How many Hegiras up and down Chapel street, to printer and contributor, has she given us! How jealously she has hermetically sealed the aperture to our editorial sanctum till her behests were fulfilled! Of how many doubts and misgivings—of what an expenditure of time and *sandals* has she been the cause! And yet demure and quiet as a Quakeress in her brown dress, she would make you believe, dear readers, that she gives no trouble to the family; but don't believe her. Oh! ye Gods! Should any Hercules commit any more improprieties up above there, and be sent below for a second "course of Twelve Lessons on Etiquette," make him an editor of a magazine, and take our word for it, oh! most sublime individuals, you'd give him his chiefest toil. How happy for Ixion that had only a connection with the periphery of a revolving circle; how fortunate for Sisyphus and the Dunaides that the displeasure of divinities fell so gently on their erring heads; how agreeable the condition of Prometheus, that he furnished free of expense to the Eagle race their daily food; how blessed are they all, when they might have been compelled to get out a Greek Literary Magazine, which should fade away when the last number was struck off! Our feelings here overpowering us, we turn to the brighter side of the picture, and go out from the clouds into the sunshine, and warm ourselves in its broad free merry light. The work is over, and the holiday is breaking brightly.

But we are forgetting our apology for being behind hand in our issue. We haven't any very special excuse to offer; and can only observe that we always were lazily inclined, and can't help it. And as we sit here, the memories of

early days come back. Those little checkered innocent days are all restored to us. And we recall our invariable tardiness when we went to schools and on errands, and the diurnal floggings consequent thereon. To tell the plain truth while we're on the topic of whippings, all our early associations are connected with perennial flagellations, and our road to learning lay all the way through forests of birchen switches and rattans. We went through the latin grammar in company with a big black ruler, and six other little boys, as wretched as ourself, and learned *τυπῶ, τυπεις, τυπει*, I strike, Thou strikeest, He strikes, with active exemplifications of the uses of the verb at the hands of our revered Instructor. Heaven bless you, old man that you are now, and soften the pains of your declining years with a gentle hand, and gather you to your fathers' peaceful rest at the last. You have saddened and sobered many a childhood; yet you have trained many youth to usefulness and honor. You used to whip us, and we made fun of you and trouble for you. So we'll call it square!

Gentle Readers, we are done. We didn't mean to write our autobiography—yet it is as much yours as ours. A boy's life and a boy's experience is the same everywhere; and we undertake to say you have summoned back, each for yourselves, just such recollections as these while reading ours. Those were happy times nevertheless for us all; pleasant as the days of April, with clouds and sunshine, falling tears and gushing laughter. May life, so close to us now, with its manifold cares and pains, give us no more bitter sorrows than those of childhood. Good-bye! and a good time to you all.

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## THE PRIZE ESSAY.

### NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The annual Premium of this Magazine is now open for competition. A Gold Medal of the value of twenty-five dollars will be awarded to the author of the best essay sent to this Magazine, under the following conditions. The writer must be an undergraduate member of this Institution, and a subscriber to the Magazine. Every essay designed to compete for the premium must not exceed eight pages of the Magazine in length, and must be sent to the undersigned, through the Post-Office, on or before the fifth Wednesday of next Term, (Oct. 11), accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of the writer, and inscribed by an assumed name. The envelope will be returned unopened except in the case of the successful competitor.

The board of decision consists of two graduates of this College elected by the Editors, and the Chairman of the Board of Editors.

E. MULFORD,  
Chairman of the Board of Editors.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '55.

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Modern Periodical Literature.

THE literary aspect of the present century is truly a remarkable one. Throughout our literature striking indications may be everywhere perceived, of the working of "that something far more deeply interfused"—of that same popular, practical, progressive element which has so revolutionized society. Utility in some of its manifold forms has now become the primary aim of nearly all intellectual effort. Even the Poet begins to think it unworthy to write a poem solely for the poem's sake, and whose single object is the creation of beauty; but has rather attempted to turn Poesy into a vehicle for enforcing philosophical or political speculations. From literature as from life, the glories of old romance, and the gorgeous marvels of superstition have alike departed. Fancy no longer beholds a Naiad in every crystal stream, or hears the breath of Zephyr in the evening's sigh.

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,

The fair humanities of old religion,

\* \* \* All these have vanished!

They live no longer in the faith of reason!"

But we have no disposition, reader, to revel in the "rhetoric of lamen-  
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tation." Indeed, we have little sympathy with those croakers of literature who are forever mourning over what they are pleased to term modern degeneracy—who point us with rapture to the "venerable past," and turn again with lugubrious aspect to snivel over the "ignorant present." There is not, really, any cause for regret in the popular, practical character that literature has assumed. In estimating the actual value of the literature of an age it should be judged not merely by its intrinsic excellence, but also with relation to the peculiar character and wants of that age. Without interweaving literary with civil history, no just appreciation can be gained of either. There is surely, then, reason for satisfaction, nay, even for congratulation in the better adaptation of our own literature to the present state of society. There is, in fact, no more favorable argument for that general progress of the species upon which we all so much love to descant. Nor does it detract from the dignity of literature to view it in this connection; if it thus loses the character of a strictly independent art, it acquires that of a noble instrumentality ever ministering to man's highest good.

These general reflections have been suggested by our more immediate subject to which, indeed, they have an especial applicability, for it is in Modern Periodical Literature that we find, perhaps, the best exponent of our intellectual character. Here all those traits have been most fully developed, and here all those influences are most clearly traced that have given the literary aspect of the century its distinctive features. The value of the system itself—so popular in its character, and springing so directly from the circumstances of the times, can be justly estimated only by the criterion we have named. If it is tried by any other it must lose much of its real significance. Viewed in this light, however, the system assumes no small importance in its relation to both Literature and Life. To review briefly the general nature of this two-fold relation, and notice what we conceive to be some of the benefits resulting from it, is our present purpose.

Periodical Literature dates most of its celebrity from the commencement of the present century. It then first began to assume that character which has since made its influence so widely felt and respected. Previous to this, it is true, periodical works enjoyed some share of public favor, but it was with small deservings. The relish originally given to this kind of writing by Addison, Steele, and their cotemporaries doubtless contributed to make it still pass with the public, even after all its life and spirit had departed. For in the periodicals of the last half of the preceding century, there is certainly little to attract, as any one who has

waded through a few numbers of the old *Monthly Reviews* and *Gentleman's Magazines*, can testify to his cost. The general character of these publications was, with few exceptions, wretched. Weakness, insipidity, and above all, tediousness—that “combination of the seven deadly sins of rhetoric”—were their most distinguishing traits. There was little of that bold, vigorous thought, and forcible expression, which have characterized their successors. Their chief contributors were the “barren rascals of letters,” who rejoiced in elevated residences in the attics of Grub street, where they “scribbled, sinned, and starved” after the most approved fashion. But in the early part of the century, Periodical Literature received a new and powerful impulse. The *Reviews* underwent a total transformation. From being mere repositories of the dregs of literature, or “abstracts and brief chronicles” of passing events, they became works of high literary merit, and have since exercised a predominant influence upon public opinion. Disdaining the humble pretensions of their progenitors, they have extended their range over the whole domain of human thought and knowledge, and have boldly subjected men, institutions, literature, to the most exhaustive analysis. Their writers have generally displayed much ability. Indeed it has been remarked, that many of the strongest minds of the century will leave no other record behind them than these periodical essays. So great and varied, in short, is the talent that has graced this department of literature, that we know not where to turn for finer specimens of profound thought, brilliant wit, or graceful diction, than are scattered with careless ease and prodigality throughout its volumes.

In observing the practical workings of the system, one cannot fail to notice the close connection into which it brings the writer with the public. It furnishes to the thinker one of the most effective forms through which to communicate his thoughts to society. It at times secures even to the veriest scribbler, a hearing that has elsewhere been often denied to some of the noblest intellects of earth. It has thus supplied what has generally been a deficiency in literature. Glance where we will over literary history, we find no other form that has enabled a powerful intellect to appeal so directly to the great public mind and heart. This is all important. Nothing can be so conducive to that general development of mind from which we have so much to hope, as the bringing talents of the highest order into direct and immediate action upon the public. The system is, in many respects, peculiarly adapted to the wants of modern society. The distinguishing feature of the century, is its great intellectual activity. This activity has naturally given rise to many new and important requirements. Every change in the intellectual character re-

quires some corresponding change in the forms of its expression. A literature is therefore needed, which gives free scope to the bold, inquiring, controversial spirit of the day; which brings forcibly home to the public all questions of interest; which subjects all principles to that severest of tests—an enlightened discussion and searching analysis. We need, in short, a literature which perfectly reflects this general activity of mind, and so most effectually supplies the wants which it creates. Periodical Literature has, in a great measure, answered these requirements. As was before remarked, it has not confined itself exclusively to any one department of knowledge, but embraced in its ample field all principles and all systems, from the profoundest questions of philosophy to the most trivial affairs of life. It has, in a manner, even forced upon the public the discussion of every possible subject of interest. The spirit of controversy has nowhere raged so fiercely or so widely. Theories the most wild and chimerical, have here been advocated, and truths the most old and venerable have here been assailed. The reviews have thus been made a sort of literary arena—a common battle ground, in which a constant struggle has been enacting, often calling forth the gladiatorial exercise of intellectual power. The influence of this system has, we think, been highly beneficial. As from all the heat and turmoil of political strife we see the slow evolution of right principles, so from this literary warfare we may trace the gradual rise of a more refined and enlightened public sentiment.

And yet this feature of the system, when considered simply by itself, is strikingly peculiar. As we glance over the periodical literature of the last half century, it is curious to observe the endless variety of thoughts, sentiments, and feelings that are all reflected here in such marked contrast. Instances of this meet us at almost every step. In the same periodical work, and not unfrequently even in the same volume, we find principles the most antagonistic—views the most dissimilar. Here we have thoughts glowing with all saintly sentiment and kindly feeling, and there, with perhaps but a few pages intervening, ideas so selfish and contracted, that they could only have originated from an utter deficiency in both. At one turn we are met by the most noble and elevating speculations on human life and destiny, and at another by the most low and degrading ones. There has scarcely been a great truth proclaimed, but here it has found an echo, and we may add there is scarcely an error so monstrous, but here

“Some sober brow  
Has blessed it, and approved it with a text.”

In no other department of literature is there so much of all that is great and good in human thought, and so much of all that is mean and pernicious, joined in such close proximity. It not inaptly reminds one of the appearance of some crowded city, where the stately Church spires oftentimes stand side by side with scenes of human frailty and sorrow.

Periodicals have naturally played an important part in Politics. They have been used to a great extent as party organs, and been made the charts in which political leaders have sketched not merely the outlines of their course, but developed at length the principles of party policy. The most celebrated of British Reviews, the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, early became identified with the Whigs and Tories respectively. And while their pages have been adorned with the graces, and glowing with the gems of literature, they have never ceased to take an active and prominent part in party struggles and party politics. Our own leading periodicals also, though to a somewhat less extent, have been made the vehicles of communicating to the public elaborate examinations into all our principal political questions. Periodical Literature thus assumes no small practical importance. With a range so very extensive, the influence that it might be made to exert in this direction is truly incalculable. It combines, in an eminent degree, the popular elements of the Press, with those higher excellencies which the Press from its nature can never attain. And although we cannot claim for it the boundless popularity of the latter, yet it equally commands the attention of that body known as the "reading public," which is, after all, the true source and seat of political power. For however great may be the importance of the masses, it is nevertheless a fact, that their action is mostly controlled by that public sentiment, which emanates from the more intelligent and reflective portion of the community.

The political writers in the reviews have mostly been men of extensive and varied acquirements. They have brought to the discussion of practical questions, minds well trained in dialectics, and skilled in all the arts of rhetoric. Masters it would seem of almost every form of composition, they have drawn their weapons from the whole armory of literature. Learning, eloquence, wit, all appear alike at their command. They have displayed equal facility in launching the thunders of invective and pointing the shafts of ridicule; sometimes crushing an opponent with a torrent of fierce denunciation, and sometimes overthrowing an argument with a joke. It is surprising how they have contrived to render the driest and most tedious subjects interesting even to the superficial reader, and throw around topics the most commonplace, an air of new dignity

and beauty. In this way it is true they have often robed sophistry in imperial purple, yet they have also given Truth a keener edge, and clothed it with a purer and more attractive splendor.

The feature we have just noticed, is somewhat peculiar to periodical literature. The attempt has nowhere else been so successfully made, to weave the tissue of politics into the favorite reading of the public. The alliance between Literature and Politics has generally been rather incidental than direct. We have before intimidated our want of sympathy with those who think Literature degraded by such connection. It is with peculiar interest, therefore, that we see in this system indications of a closer alliance between them. The age calls loudly for it, and no reflecting mind can doubt its necessity. Beneath all our absurdities and quakeries, there are lurking many noble ideas, which deserve a better form and expression than they have yet obtained. Amid all the jarring of our innumerable sects and factions—amid all the fiery action of our political elements, there are many majestic and kindling truths, which need only to be embodied in visible forms of grandeur and beauty, to enlist our affections, as well as our reason, in their support. The only way in which institutions can both gain our affections and meet our interests is by uniting in their formation and conduct, the highest possible degree of utility with supreme elegance of intellectual taste. But we pray pardon of the reader for our digression.

Modern Periodicals have mostly been composed of two distinct characters: one, consisting in a series of original essays upon all subjects, whether historical, philosophical, or political—the other, in critical examinations of literary works. If we turn now to this last and more strictly literary point of view, we shall find their influence equally great, though on the whole perhaps not equally beneficial. It cannot be disguised that they have been guilty of many great and irreparable wrongs. The Reviewers have too often suffered personal or party prejudice to influence their decisions, and instill its venom into those feelings that give color to the web of thought. The fierceness and bitterness also, which have so generally characterized their criticism, appear to us wholly uncalled for. Surely a milder and more judicious spirit might equally further the end proposed, without making our literature “rank with all unkindness.” Considerations such as these often compel us to detract much from that praise which we might otherwise award them. But while we are thus ready to play the part of the censor, let us not forget to yield them their due; for in this respect likewise they have many claims to our gratitude. They have done effectual service in purging literature of

much meretricious ornament and sickly sentimentality, and in giving it a more healthy, vigorous character, and a more elevated tone. In the early part of the century, the general character of literature had greatly deteriorated. Ambitious mediocrity had struggled into the place of genius. Poets, who had little else to recommend them than the unlimited quantity of foolscap they had stained with octo-syllabic verse, had contrived to gain for themselves a temporary niche in the Temple of Fame; and wrapped in the mantle of their own conceit, were complacently reposing upon their imaginary laurels. But with the first appearance of the Edinburgh and its contemporaries, "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream." Ah! it was a sad day for them when the Northern Reviewers took up the critical pen. How rudely were they awakened from their bright visions of future immortality, to find themselves mockingly held up to public ridicule and scorn! Even at this day, when the articles that annihilated are all that commemorate them, we feel a sort of compassion for those poor unfortunates, stripped so suddenly of their borrowed plumage, and sent to

"Peep about,  
And find themselves dishonorable graves."

At this period a new spirit was indeed infused into periodical criticism, which has since almost raised it to the dignity of an independent art. The celebrated journal above referred to, adopting as its motto, "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*," applied itself with the greatest zeal to a general and thorough sifting of literature. Others soon followed its lead, and for many years these critical journals have presented a severe ordeal, through which every literary work has been obliged to pass before gaining the favor of the public. But we should be doing great injustice to the Reviews did we limit their services merely to putting down the pretensions of those who have aspired, without just claims, to the honors of genius. They have also done much to keep alive and properly guide our love and admiration for the good and great. They have disclosed to us the hidden sources of beauty, and rendered it visible by a clearer and lovelier radiance than had yet revealed it. To their influence may be directly traced much of that fine appreciation of all intellectual excellence, which is at present so universal. Penetrating into every nook and corner of society they have shed the refining influences of literature over even the most way-worn paths of human existence. They have thus tended greatly to popularize literature and infuse into the public mind an enthusiasm for its beauties. This service cannot be rated

too highly. There is no more favorable index of a people's progress than a refined literary taste. So intimately related is it to their general intellectual character that it often colors even its whole development.

We have thus glanced at the main features of Modern Periodical Literature, and have endeavored to show, however imperfectly, some of the benefits of which the system has been productive. And when we reflect how many there are whose reading is mostly confined to this class of literature, we think we have not overestimated its importance. It has, indeed, been the literature of the million; and while adapting itself to the popular, practical spirit of the age, served greatly to soften and refine it. It has brought philosophy from the retirement of the closet and the library, into the busy haunts of active life, and given to a vast number glimpses of grandeur and beauty, of which they might otherwise ever have lived unconscious. To some periodicals much of what we have said is of course inapplicable. It has been their aim to please rather than instruct, to furnish light attraction for our indolent moods rather than substantial food for our more industrious moments. These have little pretensions to the honors of their more useful and dignified brethren. Yet, even they are not wholly without claims upon our gratitude; if nothing else, they have at least served to lighten many a dull day, and wile away many an idle hour.

Something more we had designed to say relative particularly to the periodical literature of our own country for the last few years, and the causes of its comparative inferiority, but the length to which this article has already been extended, and also a due regard for the patience of our readers, warn us to defer it.

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### The Twin Lakes.

With islets gemmed, by fair shores hemmed  
All rimmed with pebbled paving,  
There side by side, with mingling tide,  
The linked Lakes are waving.

'Mid groups of groves, in rounded coves,  
And winding inlets wreathing,  
A beauty rife with joy, and life,  
The tiny Lakes are breathing.

Come, when the balm of twilight Calm  
Its choicest charm is giving,  
If thou would'st see how lovingly  
The sister Lakes are living!

The hushed waves reach no more the beach,  
Across the smooth sand creeping—  
The hum of day has died away—  
The silent Lakes are sleeping!

Soon, o'er the edge of isle, and ledge,  
The mirrored moon comes gleaming;  
And through the night, in shadowed light,  
The clasped Lakes are dreaming!

Oh, joy! to gaze, as morning rays  
O'er wood, and wave, are breaking,—  
The shores are still, from hill to hill—  
The conscious Lakes are waking!

As glad beams shine 'mid branch and vine,  
The culprit shades exiling,  
Through tresses bright, with links of light,  
The dimpled Lakes are smiling!

On meadow's edge, and lillied sedge,  
Low, mellow music flinging,  
Their tones keep time, in constant chime—  
The syren Lakes are singing!

Not always so the fond hours flow,  
For when the year is dying,  
Their kiss receives the falling leaves,—  
The saddened Lakes are sighing!

Oh! seem there not this fairy spot  
Some gentle spirits haunting,  
Whose long release, in psalms of peace,  
The Sybil Lakes are chanting?

True symbols of twin lives of love  
One common pulse obeying,  
Still, o'er the soul, a strange control,  
Those imaged Lakes are swaying!

For ever still, through good or ill,  
Our homeward heart possessing,  
The troubled breast, with thoughts of rest,  
The calm Twin Lakes are blessing.



### The Religious and Philosophical Opinions of Tacitus.

As the poetical element predominates in the writings of Herodotus and Livy, so the philosophical element is equally conspicuous in Thucydides and Tacitus. And if, from the peculiar direction of his researches, from the broad generalizations which he first introduced into history, and from his profound and ingenious speculations concerning the varied phenomena of human life, if, from these considerations, Tacitus is justly entitled to the preëminence among philosophical historians, it becomes an interesting subject of investigation to ascertain his peculiar views of philosophy and religion, and to trace the influence of these views in determining the character of his works.

It is worthy of notice, that Tacitus, though devoted to Philosophy, with all the zeal which Nature and a systematic education could inspire, yet seldom turns from his narrative to discuss the philosophy or even the religion of his choice. The only evidences which directly indicate the peculiar character of his mind are a few fragments of sentences, and a still smaller number of isolated passages to be gathered from his writings. Of course it is not to be expected that we should arrive with certainty at the complete system of ethics, which Tacitus may have adopted, while we trust only to such incomplete evidence as is left us in his works. Yet, in researches like these, it is frequently possible, from the knowledge of some few essentials of a subject, to infer the general spirit and character of the whole.

Tacitus, as we have already remarked, habitually made his love of Philosophy subservient to the purposes of history; though it is equally evident, that his sense of propriety did not prevent him from dwelling with the interest of a philosopher, upon such questions as History would naturally suggest; whether Free-will be compatible with the laws of Nature, and whether Fate or an overruling providence directs the course of human events, were included among these questions, and were perhaps the most interesting of them all to Tacitus. In *Annals* 6.22, (one of the longest digressions in the whole work, and certainly a very remarkable passage,) our author is in doubt as to which side of the question to adopt, but in *Annals* 3.18, we find him remarking, "when we review what has been doing in the world, is it not evident that in all transactions, whether of ancient or modern date, some strange caprice of fortune turns all human wisdom to a jest?" In much the same spirit, the influ-

ance of Fate is acknowledged in *Annals* 16.5. From these and similar passages, such as *Annals* 6.29, where suicide is declared to be in some cases justifiable, it appears that Tacitus was at heart a Stoic. The more exalted morality which was taught by Zeno and his followers, made an early and lasting impression upon his mind; though on disputed points of philosophy, Tacitus is unable to relieve his system of its manifest inconsistencies. Though a follower of the Stoics, it is clear that he was not confined by the narrow doctrines of the sect. A multitude of passages, such as *Annals* 16.33, 6.6, 15.36, *Hist.* 1.86, 4.26, and many others, are witnesses to the more genial influence of the Platonic Philosophy. In short, the two great elements of the philosophical system of Tacitus, are the teachings of Zeno and of Plato. As a disciple of the one, his sympathies are in unison with whatever may promise a more exalted virtue, and a sterner indifference to the trials of the present life. As a follower of the other, the liberal and comprehensive spirit of his writings is justly owing to the speculations of the Academy. Of all the ancient historians, Tacitus has left the fewest traces of superstition. It is true, that on certain subjects he is somewhat credulous, as in *Annals* 6.28, and also, that he retains a few superstitious notions of Astrology, similar to those taught by the Egyptian and Pythagorean philosophers, as in *Hist.* 5.4. But as an offset to these peculiarities, we find him everywhere condemning the popular superstitions of the age, *Annals* 14.22, 14.12, *Hist.* 1.86, &c.; he maintains, that the people should not be so ready in referring to the intervention of the gods such occurrences as seem unaccountable by a reference to natural causes; and while portraying with heartfelt sorrow the fallen condition of his country, he is not without the hope that a sounder religion and philosophy may yet prevail; *Annals* 3.55. Tacitus' views of government, though decidedly more practical, bear a considerable resemblance to the theories of Plato in his *Republic*. Like Plato, he wanted liberty and concord; but seeing the impossibility of their immediate union, and dreading the consequences of an unrestrained liberty, he assented to the sway of the emperors, as being the best government that the times would allow. The charge brought against him of advocating despotism, is well refuted in *Annals* 4.33.

But Tacitus is the moralist as well as the philosopher. He does not content himself with framing a system of philosophical abstractions, and discussing with the Greek Philosophers the nature of Virtue and Vice, while he withholds the aid of his eloquence and his example from the cause of practical morality. He condemns, but not like Sallust, the dignified morality of whose writings stands in painful contrast to the

shamelessness of his life. He reprove, but not like Xenophon, whose sentiments of piety and virtue are so wavering, that he vacillates between excusing and condemning the wickedness of the times. The impartiality of Tacitus presents an example even to Thucydides, whose love for his country will occasionally render him insensible to the merits of her enemies. But Tacitus is the same stern, impartial judge, whether condemning the vices of the imperial court, or recording for posterity the utter degradation of the Roman people. In one instance, however, our author may justly be convicted of partiality. It has ever been a matter of wonder that Tacitus, on all other occasions, apparently so desirous of ascertaining the truth, and uniformly so little inclined to conjecture, should have given the account that he has, of the origin and character of the Christian Religion. Not to enter into particulars, it may be remarked, that the passage in which we find this account, viz: *Annals* 15.44, most plainly shows that its author had resigned himself entirely to the dictates of a popular prejudice. The same may be said of the account concerning the Jews and their religion in *Hist.* 5.2-6. So little can be urged in defense of either of these accounts, that their exception to the general rule is the more remarkable.

The historical writings of Tacitus hardly contain an allusion to the probabilities of a future state and the immortality of the soul. The only passage in which these doctrines are discussed with anything like confidence and freedom, is to be found in the conclusion of his biography of Agricola. To those who have attentively read this biography, it must appear evident that the death of Agricola was felt to be no ordinary calamity by his friends, and especially so by such a friend as Tacitus. The springs of emotion in that great soul were stirred to their very depths; and in bringing to a close that labor of love which was to associate the name of his friend with one of the brightest ornaments of his country's literature, Tacitus turns for consolation to the ministering spirit of Philosophy, which, he felt, was his only refuge in the hour of trial. Though expressing himself under a somewhat conditional form, it is evident from other than grammatical reasons, that Tacitus relies on the truths he had gathered from the wisest and best of his predecessors. "If," as he says, addressing the departed spirit of Agricola, "if there is any mansion for the souls of the blessed, if, as wise men have thought, great minds are not extinguished with the body, may you rest in peace." And after reminding the circle of those who sorrowed with him, that regret for the loss of Agricola should be united with the desire of emulating his virtues, he adds, "The fashion of the soul is eternal; nor can

you express its form in matter or by the artist's hand ; but in your character alone its resemblance can be traced. Whatever in Agricola we have loved, whatever we have admired, remains and will remain in the minds of men, in the unending lapse of years, and in the records of fame." Such was the consolation that Tacitus shared with his friends, in humbly trusting to the philosophy of even heathen minds.

### American Aristocracy.

"Honors thrive,  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our foregoers."—*All's Well That Ends Well*.

"What different lots our stars accord!  
This babe to be hailed and woo'd as a Lord!  
And that to be shunned like a Leper!  
One to the world's wine, honey and Corn,  
Another like Colchester, native born  
To its vinegar, only, and pepper."—*Tom Hood*.

THERE are three kinds of American Snobs. The *Pedigree* Snob, the *Wealthy* Snob, and the *Literary* Snob.

I know in speaking of the pride of ancestry I am stepping on dangerous ground. There is not one of us who does not pride himself upon an honorable lineage. This feeling is a positive quality in our nature—constitutional. Yet it does not amount to much. So far as it induces a repose of character and reluctance to active, original effort, and quiet reliance upon the merits of our fathers, as claims to personal importance and promotion, it is most disastrous. The baffled aspirant for distinction, at length finds that his life has been a reverie—with all the pleasant illusion of a dream, but without its harmless issues. His energies so long undisturbed by any manly purpose, are now obstinately dormant, and his mind has all that restless impatience which necessarily follows neglect of tuition and severe culture. Better as Cicero to be a *Novus Homo*, than to be beguiled into a would-be-elegant, but in reality disgraceful ease by ideas of noble birth. A certain English Baron present-

ed himself to one of the Georges, as a candidate for the Chancellorship. "What lineage have you to substantiate your pretensions?" asked the king,—when he independently replied, "Sire! Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham and Japhet. I am derived from one of them, but which one, I am unable to determine."

The famous Matthew Prior wrote his own epitaph, and here it is :

Nobles and Heralds, by your leave,  
Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,  
The son of Adam and of Eve,  
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher!

And yet it must be granted an amiable and pardonable weakness in a man, to conduct his friend through the staring array of old family paintings, and expatiate with garrulous fondness upon the virtues of those whom he recalls to life, with a dash of his coatsleeve, from a cloud of dust. For a second, a powdery spray falls from that old wig, the lips move, and the eye shoots a recognition, and then the ancient subsides again into his old, implacable contempt of moderns. By an evident anachronism, our great grandfather of only forty-five, hangs in affectionate proximity to his daughter of three-score. Here, beneath the huge antlers of a stag, and a rusty sword, is some doughty old knight, in half armor, antique ruffles, pointing with brusque, stern dignity, to his crest and motto. But who is this angelic being? Gramercy! It is not true that this young and beautiful girl is the wife of that choleric old blade! History speaks of an unhappy match, contracted by ambitious parents, resulting as usual in a broken heart and early grave. But we have our *historic doubts*, and out of loyal pride we reject the slander upon our lineage.

Sir Guy was knighted by the king's own hand at Agincourt! Sir Guy was rich, and founded our family! What if he did woo with the lion's energy, the beautiful damosel before us, or had an imperious anxiety to form a desirable alliance, or chilled by cruel austerity, sprightly virtues, or crushed buoyant hopes?

Thus in the charity of pride do we overlook the rugged points in the characters of ancestry. We grope our way through this labyrinth of haughty begettings, not so much from historic inclinations as to rake together the desiderata of our snobbish pride—as if by conjuring up from the gloom of centuries, the ghosts of defunct merits or ranks, we could resuscitate our personal imbecilities, or revert by subsidy or stratagem to the full respect and dignity of ancestors whose good qualities alone are now detected.

For through the vista of years they are as mountains dimly eminent and sublime, whose faint line of demarcation is barely traceable along the distant horizon, only because the dying glimmers of sunset, kindly reflect to us their outlines, while rugged cliffs and yawning chasms are concealed by the charity of a restricted vision, and thus the romantic prospect is not marred.

This pride of ancestry is all very well as a sentiment—it is a harmless theory. But it will not do to base on this social distinctions. Republicanism abhors this doctrine of hereditary importance, as nature abhors a vacuum, as did Rousseau the theory of divine right, or as enlightened common sense does an ignorant pedantry.

The first clause of our “Declaration” is a leveler. “All men are born free and equal.” And the Constitution expressly forbids the assumption of titles or insignia by the American plebs. President Pierce’s colored driver in livery, added no emphasis to his dignity, and *certainly did* make him a laughing stock for the Press.

All such apings after the modes of foreign aristocrats, is truly pitiful, and about as ridiculous as that of the tailor of George Third’s time, who hoisted his sign,

JOHN JONES,  
*Breeches Maker to his Majesty.*  
“Sic itur ad astra.”

We can look with more charity upon a certain Count La Tremouville, in the reign of Louis le Grand, who, as we have read somewhere, remarked in the naïve pride of birth, that “God would look twice before he damned him,” when we see that Bossuet and Pelisson could boldly assert that the king could do no wrong, (and actually made him believe it,) that the *ius regum* was ordained of God, and as the people existed for the king who was irresponsible and infallible, so they must revere the nobility in proximate ratio, according as by chance of birth or marriage they are allied to royalty, and partake of its evident divinity.

But in America there are no mitigating circumstances. It will not do for descendants of a John Hancock or a Patrick Henry, to point with lofty air to the family tree, and while people are blinded with its brilliant reflections, to foist their vices into oblivion, and themselves into public estimation. An appeal to blood cannot mitigate just popular prejudices, nor invalidate degeneracy.

It will not do for the Virginian to jostle me rudely on the sidewalk, and if I remonstrate, quite naturally, turn upon me, with "Sir! my Grandfather was Sir Tittlebat Titmouse of Tittlebat Hall! and he came over in the Raleigh expedition, and his ancestor, sir, was under the Duke of Marlborough, and fought at Blenheim and Rameillies, with distinguished courage! Step aside, sir, instant! or I will ventilate you with my rapier!"

"By the ignipotent Vulcan! sir, do you order *me* aside, a man of undervived genius, a self-propelling *ego*, who borrows no suggestions of destiny from my Grandfathers, who only lived and died, as necessary physical preliminaries to my existence? I! sir, who can walk erect as a liberty pole in the anticipated dignity of future eminence—which I intend to carve out by my own original force? Ah, sir, what if your progenitor, Sir Tittlebat, *did* possess a sanguine, energetic character, your's is most obviously lymphatic. The pure blood has long since expended its vitality, in the ramifications of vulgar marriage connections. You are the mere apex to the converging series of degeneracies. 'Sound your tituli' parade ostentatiously your quarterings armorial, for you have long ago foresworn the grace and gentle breeding of your ancestors, *and*, sir, you are overwhelmed with insignificance. Certainly, sir, Lamartine had not the remotest thought of you, when he remarked that '*sometimes* the source of genius *may* be found in ancestry, and the blood of descent be the prophecy of destiny.'"

Genius comes oftener from the cottage than the palace.

That Mother recognizes not her true functions and privilege, whose life is but a circle of fashionable frivolities, who, a slave to artificiality and silly etiquette, by example and precept, makes her sons heartless coxcombs, and her daughters the victims of *ennui* and sickly sentimentality. The son who is destined for College is liberally supplied with dogs, guns, and horses, and told to preach his pedigree and support the family dignity. This is a poor way to inspire manhood, generous purpose, or love of science.

Mothers like Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi, are rare. "Do something, my sons, to distinguish *yourselves* and *me*, for I am tired of being praised as the daughter of Scipio." She regarded her noble lineage as of no consequence.

No scientific man admires Archimedes' theories more, for being told that he was of princely lineage!

On the *second topic*, the *Wealthy Snob*, I shall be brief, for I cannot add much to that inimitable production in Putnam's Monthly, headed "*Our Best Society*."

"*L' argent est un bon serviteur et un méchant maître,*" says *Bouhours*. "Money is a good servant but a bad master," and in this country it has a dire incessant despotism.

A bequest from some miserly old uncle will raise an egregious young scamp from the *gens de peu* to the *gens de condition*, without even the paltry delay of a metaphor. He who was once the cynosure of policemen, accustomed to turn sharp corners and dodge ferocious bills, now takes a rapid position among the 'upper ten,' arouses at once the strategical abilities of mothers anxiously devising marriages for daughters—his imperial ability to select whom he chooses, being rendered perfectly irresistible by the growth of moustaches. Good gracious! In this age of salient thought, deep aversion to theory, an age, fairly persecuting utility in the ardor to be practical—an age strewn with the mutilated, unburied and unpitied wrecks of old dynamic forms of royalty and aristocracy, are we so far to forsake common sense, the primitive features of American society, and the dictates of conscience, as to repose our admiration in No One Nobody, Esq., *fête* him and blow for him the tame whistle, all because his brains are in his purse, and not in his head, while some Samuel Johnson or Oliver Goldsmith, and a host of others, who are really the substratum of Society, whose lightest thoughts are soundest sense, and who give to society its only true etiquette and dignity, are treated with systematic negligence? It is difficult to decide whether pity or indignation should be cherished towards those men, who having "wrung from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash," by their savage phlebotomy, have heaped up a fortune, and by a curious hitch in logic, arrive at the conviction of their superiority in worth and character over quondam friends and assistants.

Such are the persons who establish a livery with outriders, in gold lace and yellow, who ought to adopt for their coat of arms a *horn of plenty*, with themselves crawling in at the little end of it; who like Heliogabalus would feed their horses even on gold oats, who anxiously exploring books of heraldry, to see if great grandfather Butcher was not derived from Sir Somebody Somewhere, by their insufferable egotism fully confirm the truth that

"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps,"

and that, on the contrary, those intelligent but indigent members of society whom they regard *aduncô nasô*, are

"Pyramids in vales;"

above all, their very displays, an unintended but cutting irony, show that



however rich and noble the family line has been anterior to them, it has at length arrived at a syncope, an adieu to merit, an utter extinction. Ye Gods! they seem to deem themselves exceptions to the destiny of the race, never liable to dissolution, and do not think that princes even must pass away, much more themselves, or as Hamlet, that the dust of Alexander may be found stopping a bung-hole:

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,  
Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away."

A few words now on the aristocracy of *literature* and I am done.

Exclusiveness on the part of a man really educated is the worst selfishness, for variety of information is worth nothing, unless acquired for the generous purpose of enlightening others. This is a law of nature, for pride itself prompts us to display our abilities. A man's motive may be to acquire eclat, but yet he does good, *nolens volens*. Aristocratic pretensions in a pedant are pitifully ridiculous. American literati and scientific men chill the young aspirant after knowledge by stately deportment, by spectacles which give them a sapient look,—like the Sybil and with about as much reason, they wave them off to a greater distance, for "it lends enchantment to the view," "*Procul procul este profani.*" "*Odi profanum vulgus,*" &c. We have no sympathy with that "squeamishness of an overweening refinement," as Dr. Chalmers says, which clings to many of our literary men. They cannot associate with an uneducated man, however much common sense he may possess, for an awkward thought or expression may horrify them into an epileptic fit.

They cannot, like Walter Scott or Isaac Newton, learn something from the humblest. They cannot, like them, read human nature or open the floodgates of a cordial sympathy. If they angle, they cannot go without an elegant copy of Izaak Walton in their pocket, and they shudder at the angletworm in place of the patent fly. Men of superficial intellect, who by the generosity of some charitable reviewer have been blown into existence, retire at once from the vulgar gaze and contact in a delectable state of conscious inflation, and studiously devise methods to preserve their *prestige*. Men of real talent should not despise the neophyte in science, for he possesses at least a power of criticism, which sees directly through any flimsy disguises or ornament, and detects true ability, and *appreciates* though he may not *originate*. Hence he is forced to feel contempt for pretensions even in a superior. Humility is an attribute of genius; it was so with Pascal, with Newton. When a man has discovered the ultimate weakness and finiteness of the intellect by his

own prodigious mental struggles, he returns docile as a child, to talk and associate with the humblest, for he cannot but despise the assumptions of those on the road, who have not arrived at the goal with himself, but who cherish all the arrogance of a human omniscience.

We intended a few remarks upon College aristocracy, as well as other topics in connection, but as our space is filled out we reserve them for a future number—perhaps. T.

#### THE "YALE LITERARY" PRIZE COMPOSITION.

### The Love of the Supernatural.

BY CHARLES RAY PALMER, ALBANY, N. Y.

Among the active principles of human nature recognized by philosophers, is a class called instincts. They are said to be general properties of organized life, impelling to certain actions without deliberation, or conception of the end in view. They make their appearance with the first dawn of life, and act down to its last moments, independent of Reason or the Will. They act spontaneously and blindly, but always for the present or future good of the individual, and they furnish in their structure and their operations, one of the richest fields of study within the range of Philosophy.

Among these instincts, we are disposed to place what may be called the love of the Supernatural, or the principle which intimates to us existences superior to our own. We believe that it is generally agreed that such a principle exists, and it appears to us to be one of the most interesting facts in our nature. Although developed in the most fantastic forms in the young and the unenlightened, it is as universal as life itself. It makes the savage idolatrous, the ignorant superstitious, the enlightened religious. Every people named in history has given evidence that it has possessed it, and no class of minds is superior to it. In different minds, however, it develops itself in different forms. While it produces the same result in all, namely, the recognition of superior Being, the attributes of that Being are determined by the mould of individual minds.

The Egyptian mind, for example, was gloomy and sensuous in its cast. It formed no conception of the light, the gay, and the beautiful. It was

attracted only by the grand and the massive. The finer feelings of our nature were in it uncultivated and unrecognized. This peculiarity has left its impress upon the Literature of the Egyptians, and their works of art, more especially their Architecture. Accordingly, the promptings of their Religious instincts were moulded into the same frigid animalism. Their Supernatural conceptions, being only high developments of their own minds, were cold intellections, very like their pyramids, stupendous, eternal, soulless.

The cast of the Greek mind was very different. Under a mild and genial sky, in a land for which Nature had done her utmost, the Greeks grew up a race of noble and refined enthusiasts, warm and susceptible in temperament, cheerful and vivacious in spirit. "Their mental culture was a finished education in the school of nature." As a consequence the love of the beautiful, the graceful, and the imaginative, was a passion with them. They lived and had their being in it, and every product of their minds attests its controlling influence. It would be useless for us to enter into a detail of all the varied forms on which their love of the Supernatural developed itself. They are as countless and complicated as they are beautiful. Heaven and earth, air and ocean, every forest and every mountain, every lake and every river, every glen and every glade, every tree and every fountain, every thing of grace, every thing of beauty, even to the sunset cloud, was a palace of celestials, a home of lively divinity. It is this which gives its true charm to Greece. Not only as the seat of Philosophy, and the stage of eventful History, not only as the school of Eloquence, and the storehouse of Art, do we love and venerate that classic land, but because as the birth-place of Fancy, as the cradle of Imaginative beauty, a halo of enchantment surrounds it.

The Romans, in their Supernatural creations, followed in the footsteps of the Greeks. They gave them the same forms with slightly differing attributes. The peculiarly light and airy character which the Grecian Supernaturals have, we miss in Italy. The Roman ideal was strength. Mars was their boasted ancestor and patron; Jupiter *Tonans* their *Optimus Maximus*.

But it was in the Arabian mind, in the golden days of the Caliphs, that the love of the Supernatural had its most complete development. The vague idea of size and power which guided the Egyptian mind in its creations, was united with the notions of grace and beauty, which we have said formed the ideal of the Greeks, and united in exquisite proportions. The character of their country, their education, and their habits of life, seem to have combined to make the Orientals intensely

imaginative, more so, if possible, than even the Greeks. Poetry and minstrelsy were their chief delight, and the Poet was their ideal of humanity. Under such circumstances, and among such a people, the love of the Supernatural might be expected to take its wildest flights, and this we find to have been the case. The Orientals peopled the Universe with races of beings, countless in number and of singular attractiveness. Tiny Gnomes guarded the secret treasures of the earth, and giant Ghouls haunted tombs, desert places, and ocean depths. Powerful yet beautiful Genii, who found homes in forests, fountains, glens, and moss-grown ruins, surrounded the daily walks of men, making them flowery or thorny, pleasant or sorrowful, as they chose, while Dæmons, of still greater power, guarded the footsteps of believers and contended for them with the hideous Afrites who tempted them to evil. There were the Fairies, too, who surpassed them all. They dwelt in cities by themselves, visiting human haunts only upon occasional errands. They were created of pure essences, free from all blemish, and gifted with perpetual youth and ravishing beauty. They dwelt in mansions of pearl, amid the music of golden-leaved forests and odoriferous zephyrs, and reveled in more than celestial happiness and splendor. So strong a hold had the belief in these imaginary races upon the Oriental mind, that the Moslem religion was compelled to foster it, in order to have the slightest hope of success. The Koran, therefore, describes their attributes, and teaches what should be the conduct of believers towards them. The Fairy, particularly, was a favorite with all classes, and indeed it must be admitted to be the most beautiful creation of unaided mind in any age. Every thing about the Fairies, their nature and their attributes, their form and their haunts, their sports and all their habits, everything in fine, that we have heard, or read, or imagined concerning them, possesses an irresistible attractiveness. Who is there that has not loved in childhood's days, to people his air castles with such charming tenants? Who, that in boyhood's rambles has not lingered in the summer forests, listening for the footsteps and lightsome singing of the "little people"? Who, that in graver years, has not yearned to solve the problems of his daily life, by calling to his aid the active little spirits which his fancy loves to form, and whose friendly interposition is the earnest of success to the warriors and dames of Poetry and Romance?

The development of the Love of the Supernatural in the Arabian mind, was the last one which had sufficient originality to make particular comment necessary.

The Supernaturalism of Northern Europe consisted originally of systems

of religious faith, of which the Scandinavian and Druidical are fair examples, resembling the Egyptian in their essentials, and in some minor points the Grecian.

After the Roman conquest, these gave way to the Roman superstitions, and when they declined, before the spread of Christianity, their place was filled by saint-worship. Then the Troubadors introduced the Fairy Mythology into Italy from the East, which quickly became very popular. From Italy, "Launcelot of the Lake" brought the fairies into France: collections of "Fairy Tales" gave them celebrity in Germany, and Spenser and Shakspeare naturalized them in England.

But the Fairies of later days were far inferior to the original conceptions of them. The minds of Europe degraded them, unable to appreciate such ethereal beauty. Hence there came to be recognized different orders, some which resembled most the nymphs of old, some which were mischievous sprites, living only for fun and frolic, and some which were wicked and thievish elves, delighting in deeds of ugliness and cruelty. Shakspeare and Spenser restored them in a measure, but even the "delicate Ariel" cannot compare with the Arabian Maimoume, and Spenser's best conceptions lose half their charm, when he tells us they are mortal, and descended from the creations of Prometheus.

The knowledge of the universality and peculiar susceptibility of this love of the Supernatural, the development of which in several well-known classes of minds, we have endeavored to trace, has been of great service to those who have made it their object to impress or delight the minds of others by their tales, their verse, or their eloquence. The Poetry which is addressed to this instinct takes a stronger hold upon us than any other. That which addresses the heart, enlists the affections of the heart, that which appeals to the passions, excites and gratifies the passions, but this arouses the deepest sympathies of our nature, and calls forth the whole power of the soul. It is the poetry which is the richest, the loftiest, and the most suggestive.

By far the larger part of what are admitted to be the great poems of the world have been constructed with direct reference to this instinct. This may be easily illustrated. The most admired Hebrew poetry is almost entirely of this description. Sometimes the appeal is made in the form of sublime and splendid creations, sometimes it is conveyed in brilliant imagery, and sometimes in bold prosopopœias. As an instance of the former, we may cite the description of the Cherubim by Ezekiel, and an example of the latter may be found in Isaiah's account of the descent

of the great king of Babylon into the regions of the dead. The shades of the kings and the mighty men whom he had slain, are represented as rising to meet him, and to taunt him with his fallen greatness and departed power.

“ Art thou also become weak as we ?  
 Art thou become as one of us ?  
 Brought down to the grave is thy pomp,  
 And the noise of thy viols !  
 The worm is spread beneath thee,  
 And the earth worms cover thee.  
 How art thou fallen from heaven,  
 O Lucifer, son of the morning !”

To a far greater extent is our remark true of the great Epic Poems. In the Iliad there is hardly a single character or event of any importance that does not address in some way our love of the Supernatural. Homer has taken the Gods, and almost equally superhuman heroes, with whom the myths of his country abounded, given them new charms in his verse, and placed upon them the task of developing the action of the poem. The Iliad without its Supernaturals, would be a drama without personæ. Every incident is the providence of some divinity. It is true that when we divest ourselves of the glow of feeling which the power and beauty of his verse awakes, and view the supernatural beings as such, that we are dissatisfied, because they lack the qualities which inspire reverence ; but all this is forgotten as we glide smoothly and swiftly along with the buoyant current of his song, and we bow with willing homage even to the smoky smith of Etna, and the amorous thunderer of Olympus.

If we find Supernaturalism in Homer we find it of course in Virgil, his imitator not only in style and imagery, but also in plot and in machinery. It is enough to say, that the Æneid addresses us in precisely the same way, through precisely the same channels, as the Iliad. Both are details of the

“ ἔργ’ ἀνδρῶν τε, θεῶν τε, τάς τε κλείουσιν δαίδοι.”

Both depend for interest upon the instinct of which we have spoken, upon the fact that they aim to gratify its longings for greater knowledge of the Supernatural.

We come now to Dante and Tasso. What would the “Divina Comedia” be, or the “Jerusalem Delivered,” without their Supernaturalism ? The former is professedly an unveiling of the mysteries of the invisible world, a description of the dwellings and pursuits of the departed.

To what then is its whole spirit and tone adjusted, if not to this same instinct? and as to the latter, does not the life of it depend upon the brilliant and original system of Supernatural machinery which is employed?

Our interest is awakened not so much by the individual knights and princes, of whose exploits we are told, as by the invisible powers in whose hands they are instruments. Tasso's battles are like Homer's, contests of superhuman beings. We see arrayed on the side of the crusaders hosts of angels and spirits of every grade, while against them are led all the powers of darkness, together with heathen giants, Arabian demons, and the whole race of sorcerers and enchanters,—led too by that fearful embodiment of all that is revolting, the arch-fiend himself.

"On his fierce brow majestic terror rode,  
That swelled with conscious pride the Infernal God:  
His reddening eye whence streaming poison ran,  
Glared like a comet, threatening woe to man.  
His mouth was like the whirlpool of the flood,  
Dark, yawning, deep, and foul with grumous blood."

It is by these terrible beings, whose powers seem beyond control, that our attention is absorbed, so that Tasso too has addressed the love of the Supernatural.

Need it be said that the same is true of Milton in "Paradise Lost"? Of Milton, whose chief glory it is, that "of all the poets who have introduced into their works the agency of Supernatural beings, he has succeeded best"? He aims throughout the whole poem to arouse and enlist the profoundest religious feelings of which we are capable, and in an extensive system of machinery there are of necessity but two persons who are human. For the superiority of his Supernaturals there is an excellent reason. He had a knowledge, divinely revealed, of the *true* Supernatural, which placed him in advance of Homer, and he had all the advantage over Dante and Tasso which could be derived from wider knowledge and higher cultivation in himself, and more general intelligence in those for whom he wrote. A superstitious age gives to Supernatural beings attributes which are low, mean, and ridiculous, and he who will give them dignity or majesty has strong prejudices to overcome. This difficulty Tasso had to encounter, but Milton had not, and he presents to us Spirits which come fully up to our highest ideals. "The Spirits of Milton are unlike those of almost all other writers. His fiends in particular, are wonderful creatures. They are not metaphysical ab

stractions. They are not wicked men. They are not ugly beasts. They have just enough in common with human nature, to be intelligible to human beings. Their characters are, like their forms, marked by a certain dim resemblance to those of men, but exaggerated to gigantic dimensions, and veiled in mysterious gloom."

Allusion has already been made to Supernaturalism in Spenser. To mention the "Faery Queene" is to establish our point, for it carries in its subject, scenes, and characters, the evidence that he also understood this secret spring in nature, and knew that he could in no better way secure the success of his "Little Booke," than by so constructing it, that it should penetrate its hiding-place, and bring it into action.

What new thing can or need be said of the Tempest, and Midsummer Night's Dream, in which

"Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,  
Warbles his native woodnotes wild."

His "dainty" and "delicate" Ariel, who cleaves to his master's thoughts, and will

"answer his best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curled clouds:"

"To tread the ooze of the salt deep;  
To run upon the sharp wind of the North;  
Or do him business in the veins of earth  
When it is baked with frost,"

—his enchanting "Titania," "ideal perfection of the beautiful," his gentle but knavish Puck, "merry wanderer of the night," with his fair and tender troop of airy sprites,

"Who hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear,  
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there,"

—how they all nestle into the crevices of the soul, and bewitch us into delight and admiration with a charm that is irresistible.

We might cite also the rich and sparkling "Lalla Rookh," the gloomy but splendid Manfred, the sprightly "Rape of the Lock," "Faust," "Endymion," "Prometheus Unbound," "Cain," and many others which will readily suggest themselves, but we have said enough to fairly illustrate the point.

It has been said that the age in which the love of the Supernatural could be effectively addressed in prose, is past. This was the criticism of



Lord Jeffrey upon Sir Walter Scott, when he attempted it in the Monastery, and the same has been passed upon Hawthorne and Poe since they have made similar attempts in their Tales. But "The White Lady of Avenel" gave delight to many readers, and the "Twice-told Tales" are universally popular. To be successful now, requires greater skill and greater effort, than it did in earlier times, beyond a doubt; but we cannot think that it is impossible or ever will be.

If now we be asked to account philosophically for this Love of the Supernatural, we can only say that it is an ultimate fact of our nature, and therefore not strictly capable of analysis. It is an instinct of the *soul*, which it possesses in virtue of its immortality. It grows out of a consciousness in the soul of its own nature, of its own high origin and higher destiny. Its action is the natural craving of the soul for greater knowledge of, for closer sympathy with, the kindred beings which it feels *must* exist, pure and ethereal like itself. It knows that there are super-human beings, because it feels that it will soon itself be one. It knows that there is a spiritual state, because it feels that it will never reach its perfect development until it has entered upon it. It nourishes itself, therefore, upon anticipation, and revels in such antepasts as fancy gives it. This is the Love of the Supernatural,—the knocking of the soul at the barred gates of its fleshly prison, yearning to be released, and to be perfected in the fulness of Immortality!

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### The Religious Spirit of the Early Romans.

THAT is a fatal propensity of our human nature, which urges man always at the expense of truth, to rush into extremes, both in thought and action. It is one, whose presence and influence may be recognized in every human work, in all those moral and political reforms which man has attempted, and in every stage of his mental and physical development. But in no one department of human speculation is its influence more potent than in our judgment of antiquity. Here two distinct and hostile currents of thought may be met. The ripe and generous scholar who (with an admiration which is at least pardonable) has for years lingered over the history, and studied the Philosophy of the Past,

prone to exaggerate ancient virtue and sigh over the degenerate blood of these latter days; while others, living and moving in the feverish tide of the Present, look only with a sneer at whatever lies behind them.

It is therefore subject of congratulation, that from its apparent insignificance the "Religious Spirit" of the Great Roman has neither been assailed by the rude hand of ignorance, nor yet sicklied o'er with the honied flatteries of a one-sided criticism. The Religion itself, among the other relics of paganism, has been handed over to the sneers and contempt of every school-boy; but the spirit which inspired it, that inner consciousness which moved the old Roman to rear for himself "fruitless fanes of prayer," this has escaped both the praise and censure of modern times. It is therefore with a tender presumption that we approach this inner sanctuary of man's faith; and were it not with the hope to gather from the ashes of its altars some lost jewel of truth, we would prefer to pass by and leave it to the undisturbed possession of oblivion.

As the mere Mythology of Rome emanated from the Grecian, any inquiry into it would carry us within the realm of Grecian history, but as it is our purpose to look behind the form in our search for the spirit, we shall have to do with the Roman alone, and shall see at the outset an entirely different tone of religious feeling characterizing each of the rival nations. That is a false and morbid tone of criticism, which would teach us to condemn as utterly worthless any religious system which may happen to present itself in history, as the opponent of Christianity. The light of revelation did not destroy every other and less pure flame, but rather collected into one blaze of glory all those rays of truth which glimmer, however darkly, through almost every creed which man has espoused. Neander, in his life of the Emperor Julian, says, that "superstition is merely the recovery of the lost feeling of man's relationship to God, active and energizing in the soul." Man, guided only by the teachings of nature and the inner promptings of the heart, naturally raises his thoughts to some power higher than any human agency, and carrying his mind back to the eternal First Cause, falls a suppliant before the shrine of this unknown God. His own immediate circumstances mould the forms which his faith assumes, and he rears for himself a religion and a worship. Thus have all the religious systems of antiquity taken their rise, except only the divinely inspired faith of the Jew. How ungenerous therefore and unjust, to stigmatize and condemn the untutored efforts of the human soul, in those elder days, to hew out for itself a path back to its God. Christianity never taught its followers a sneer, and it is with the eye of charity that we, the fortunate children of a pure and chastened

faith, should look upon the errors and wanderings of those children of the past. Around the Roman, in his struggles after truth, many fearful disadvantages gathered. The mystic verses of the Sybil alone made known to him, that a heavenly messenger, God in a human form, was soon to appear on earth, giving to man a purer realization of those ideals to which his simple faith still clung. Prophets far back in the secular abyss of time, while earth was still young, had foretold the great event, and philosophers since then had argued of its necessity. But to those early inhabitants of Italy, both the subtlety of the Indians and the more tangible teachings of the Hebrew were unknown. Their only guides were their own intellects and those fossil remains of truth which lie so deeply embedded in man's very nature, that neither the futile dust of abstractions, nor the crust of error which time collects, totally obliterate their traces. Many of these primal and venerable dogmas, handed down by tradition, through the medium of races of men whose acts and lives lie far beyond the ken of history, had crept into the Roman's creed. They were not doctrines on which he had thought or speculated, they were received and acknowledged without passing the test of reason. There is indeed somewhat of nobleness and truth in this characteristic of the Roman's religion. Within the sacred citadel of his heart, there sat enthroned his faith, far beyond the reach of his weak reason, and acknowledging in his fleshy intellect no censor of its deeds. Tradition was to him a venerable revelation, and what it had handed down that he clung to with all the tenacity of a powerful nature. That deep feeling, the germ which under the sunny influence of Christianity would have developed into the truest, most sublime faith, this man's submission of the intellect taught the Roman tolerance. Not even the captives who graced the triumphs of Rome's haughtiest conquerors were compelled to renounce the religion of their Fatherland. It taught him also a tender respect for the faith even of the savage. Ridicule in religious matters was unknown to him. It was repugnant to his taste and seemed unworthy of a man. This strange phase of human inconsistency—this indecent disrespect to the faith of others—has been reserved for the petty hucksters of an abused and degraded Christianity.

Thus, then, the Roman's intellect led him up to the Revelation Tradition, and there yielding its sway gave him over to the guidance of his future Lord.

There were indeed many parts of their creed on which the rude sons of Romulus had allowed themselves to speculate, but these were not the parts which lie within the province of Revelation. Even in his v

attempts to peer into the future, the Roman seems at times to be guided by a sound and truthful spirit. It is in surveying his speculations by the light of Christianity that we hope to see how far he was guided into truth. From that vantage ground which gives the eye of man its broadest horizon, we shall turn our eyes backwards to the days of Rome's greatness and of Rome's chastity; those times extending from her earliest history down to a period before that fierce lust of conquest had infused an insidious disease into the blood of the whole body politic, and when the fearful degeneracy of a later age could hardly be foreseen. These, although not the days of Rome's greatest power, are the proudest and the purest days of her history. They are the days on which her own historians love to linger, days when the pen of the satirist found no objects at which to hurl its bitter ridicule, those noble times, when men were "magnificent in their worship of gods, frugal in their families, faithful to their friends." It would indeed be unjust to turn our eyes to any other period of her history. For Rome was Rome no longer when the nation enacted those dramas of crime, the most fearful that stain the history of our race. The degenerate hordes of Asia Minor, of Pontus, and Cappadocia, had been brought to Rome in such immense numbers that in the time of Nero not one citizen in six was of pure Roman descent. To this foreign and base element we are to attribute much of Rome's degeneracy, many of her worst vices. But we are no apologists for Roman vice—our path is more unfrequented and pleasanter.

With the exception then of those traditional dogmas embracing such truths as the existence of a Deity, and others of a like nature, the Roman drew all the minor points of his belief from his own inner consciousness. There is in his blind veneration for the past, something which recognizes, if not the "fall of man," certainly a doctrine approaching this in its significance. He could not look around him without feeling that man was a degenerate being, one who had fallen off from the strength and purity in which he was at first created. He looked upon those who had lived before him as men of a nobler nature than his own. To him, man's course throughout its whole history had been a downward one, and certainly this is a truth which the long experience of time has only served to confirm. This belief may be detected in the writings of Ancient Rome; it stood forth prominently in the moral teachings of those times, and was engraven on the very heart of the people. To the Roman it was to be sure no such tangible fact as the Christian Revelation has given to man, and its cause was to him unknown and uncared for, but the influence which even its uncertain recognition had upon the national

mind was all pervading and powerful. It begat a sober stateliness of manner and a generous respect of ancestry which might put to blush the pompous conceit of this vain age. In the respectful dignity with which the Roman ever spoke of sacred things, there is a purity which is equaled only by that of his own ideals of the Gods. One of his most prominent characteristics, says a modern scholar, was a profound reverence for certain divine beings, whose nature was dark and mysterious, but who exercised a decided influence on the fates not only of families and individuals, but even of the state. The Roman's expression of his own dependence on the will of the Gods is most distinctly stated, and this assurance far exceeded, in its power and in the reality which it had to his mind, anything that the modern idea of a divine Providence is able to affect. It is this feeling of entire dependence on the will of the Deity, which is most powerful in moulding the character of the individual worshiper, and which can most successfully combat the promptings of self-interest or a vicious nature. It taught the efficacy of prayer, which was as natural an action to the Roman, as breathing the air of heaven or enjoying the daily feast. The Gods were everywhere about him, in the victory which his arms achieved, and in the misfortunes which befel the state. Never except in the moment of fierce passion did he forget their divine presence. This was the cause of his noble and thoughtful bearing, this gave to his conversation the grace of dignity and to his manner that charm of earnestness which no modern, save only the old Castilian, has ever attained to. The sacrifice of blood which he offered to the Gods had, from his ignorance of its origin, lost entirely its typical meaning; it was to him no foreshadowing of the great sacrifice of atonement, it was not even to him what it is to us, a mute witness to the common origin of all races of men. As Solomon of old, and as we of to-day, look around us and see "the wicked prosper," so did the thoughtful Roman. And his fancy carried him forward, beyond the veil of death, where he saw in the gloomy shades a judgment seat, on which sat justice meeting out to man the measure of his deeds on earth. To the future, the spirit-land, he looked for the redress of earthly wrongs and for the punishment of earthly crimes. In his conception of that spirit-land the good wandered forever through the fragrant, pleasant fields of Elysium, while the spirit of evil mourned in darkness and yielded to an imperious yet fearful fate. It was the impulse of a noble longing, and how far truthful we cannot decide, that impelled the Roman to place Lethe, the stream of forgetfulness, in the shades. The soul, wearied of its earthly wanderings and toil, drank of its oblivious waters, and the past

became as though it had not been. This draught from the stream of forgetfulness was the birth of a never-ending life. *Even the recollection* of past toils, of disappointed hopes and of friends left behind, was not there to mar the serene, the perfect bliss of the just spirit in its final rest. The powers of conscience and of memory are so intimately connected that the Roman could not imagine a conclusive happiness, where the memory of a past error might bring with it a pang of pain. It is not for us to speak of these imaginings as vain. Man, even in his lowest state, never lays down for himself arbitrary and senseless doctrines. The Roman reasoned of death, of immortality, and of the future, and he deduced from these reasonings his own ideas of the state of the departed. The bare results of his reason are all that have come down to us, and it is unwise and unjust to assert that these are assumed to suit the caprice of an hour. Charity at least should teach us to examine with a more deliberate judgment, and see if these apparently useless dogmas do not furnish a goal to some of man's hopes, or a solution to some of the many contradictions which he finds everywhere about him.

It could only have been a pure taste, a nice sense of the proprieties of life, which made the remains of the dead so sacred to the Roman. To us, indeed, the human form is clothed with such glorious attributes, and is destined to so high a destiny, that it is no wonder we guard the ashes of the dead and look upon the grave as sacred. But the Roman knew not of a resurrection. This was a thought far beyond the grasp of his Philosophy. When the body of his friend was lain in the sepulchre, he felt assured that the light of the eye was forever dimmed, the voice forever hushed. But as within that form there had dwelt the spirit of the man he loved, he revered it—he paid respect unto the cold ashes when he could no longer hold converse with the quickening spirit. The fair jewel was lost—he guarded with care the casket.

It must be evident even to the most superficial reader of Roman history, how thoroughly the whole political and social system was imbued and pervaded by the national religion. The smallest community, the *gens*, or house, was composed of certain families bound together by the performance of religious rites, and thence it rose to the state which, in its individual capacity, never ceased to worship the Gods to whom it owed its origin. Catholicity is an admirable element in any system giving it both unity and vitality. To this the Roman Religion owed much of its power over the popular mind. It was the *only* religion, and to it the nation was bound by every tie. It appealed to them in its venerable antiquity, in the pomp of its sacrifices, in the

dignity of its priesthood, and in the chaste splendor of its temples. It was, with the single exception of the Jewish ceremonial, a more thoroughly popularized faith than any that has existed on earth. It was not alone the religion of the great, of the learned, or of the wealthy, but it was a national religion before whose altar the whole nation bowed. In war the aid of the Gods was invoked, and in victory the prayer of thanks ascended. In pestilence or famine, in the storm or earthquake, their temples were places of refuge and of safety. Nor were the Gods of Rome, like the other deities of the pagan world, "Gods afar off." It is one of the most striking characteristics of his faith, that the Roman looked upon the Gods as bound to man by close ties. He considered that the divinities were compelled to grant man certain blessings on the performance of certain religious rites. The intensely practical character of the nation displays itself in this belief. Free from the taint of that false spirit which would rob a worship of beauty, the Roman looked on Music, Painting, and Architecture, as the consecrated handmaids of religion. And he thought it worthy of man's labor to rear costly piles in honor of the Gods. How exquisite must have been that taste which could build temples whose beauty the whole world is unable to surpass! To the early descendants of Romulus, idolatry was abhorrent, and for centuries their worship was free from this taint. "When men (says Plutarch) accustomed themselves to speak of brazen and stone images, not as instruments for honoring the Gods, but as actual Gods, they gradually received into their minds the perverted representations involved in such expressions." The approach of this lust of idolatry was unnoticed, but at last the images of the Gods received the adoration of worshippers in the Roman temples.

Thus Rome lived on increasing in power and learning. The ancient faith still kept its hold on the minds of men, and its spirit lent an adamantine strength to the whole fabric of the government which it pervaded. But at last the nation presented the sad spectacle of a people who had out-grown their national faith. Grecian Philosophy with its nice subtleties of reasoning, began to be the favorite study of the noble and the learned. It weaned them from the fond fables of their old faith and begat in them a contempt for those who could believe these tales. These thoughts, however, they were obliged to conceal. For to the mass, to the unlettered plebeian, those fabled gods were yet as living facts, and the national religion so underlay the government, that any religious reform must strike not only at the foundations of the government, but even at the prejudices of the people themselves, which can never be done

without great danger to the State. This dishonest concealment of their own feelings, shattered and destroyed the moral sense of the Nobility, and this duplicity in those whom the people had always been taught to respect, paved the way for those civil broils which have given Rome the unenviable reputation of the guiltiest of nations. From the introduction among the learned of the Philosophy of Greece, we may date the first steps towards that utter demoralization, which rendered the State any easy prey to enemies whom it once despised.

The people at last lost all hold on their old religion, its influence in controlling their thoughts and actions had passed away from among them, but that deep religious spirit, that love of sacred things, and that reverence for the name and attributes of the Godhead, which had given so high a moral tone to their early character, burst forth with renewed strength under the genial rays of a dawning Christianity. None of the early converts to our faith sprang so quickly, as did the Roman, from the dwarfed proportions of the pagan to the full stature of a Christian manhood. Herein is a truth which of late has been sadly neglected, but which meets us with an alarming power. It is that those natural characteristics which gave the thoughts of the men of old a religious bent, are the same which now incline men to a religious life. The same spirit which impelled the Roman to offer libations to the Immortal Gods, now renders men devout worshipers in the Temples of Christianity.

Peace, then ! ye shallow sophists, who prate and sneer at Roman superstition, until ye shall build to the known God, such temples as the Romans reared to the unknown, until ye shall learn to dignify the worship of the Almighty with the noblest of those gifts he has given to man, to render that worship the embodied expression, the poetry of all man's longings, hopes and fears ; until then, ye must look back and acknowledge the Roman as your master.

The student, who to-day lingers over the ruins of Rome, sighs in vain for the spirit which once stirred within her walls. Rome herself is there, noble in ashes, stately even in the tomb, but whither has that spirit fled ? Does it breathe forth sometimes in the deep impassioned music of the Italian, or does it ever glow upon the canvas of the painter ? No ! It is not here that the spirit of Rome's greatness has taken sanctuary. But it is still a potent power on earth in the Romish Church of to-day. There it finds food meet for its greatness. There, fallen from its primal dignity, stripped of the bright robe of chastity which it once wore, it still asserts itself, and as it once gave a noble strength to Roman greatness, so now it lends its own vitality to bind together into one adaman-



tine structure that fearful fabric of error. It is this spirit which rendered modern Romanism the most popular form of Christianity which has given a solemn pomp to its services, and taught it to the intellect through the power of the senses. It thus binds the shiper to itself by the mysteries which gather around it, by the magnificence of its cathedrals, by the charms of music, and by the dignified persons and of speech. That this spirit is in itself a truthful one we need not deny, that it is prostituted to base and unworthy ends we need not doubt. "Every error is a truth abused," and it might be added that the more beautiful and valuable the truth, the more fearful and the error to which it assimilates itself. The essence of Romanism and its spirit is the same both in the past and in the present; it is, in few words, an entire submission of the intellect to constituted authority. In itself it is a sound and truthful spirit, but like everything human, it is liable to abuse. Thus has Romanism abused it by making it the basis of a degrading tyranny, by stopping with it the mouth, and closing the reason of man; by binding the soul in a cowardly slavery to the past, by wandering back into exploded errors, and by reviving under its auspices the vain and obsolete fables of paganism.

Although the greatness of her political power lives only in the memory, though Rome has but a *name* among nations, the power of her religious spirit "doth still bestride this narrow world like a colossus." Her spirit comes to us from the depths of time; it still cries from her tomb in the ruins of the eternal city, *l'univers c'est moi*.

## The College Ghost.

### A LEGEND OF OLD SOUTH MIDDLE.

By the flickering light of a fluid lamp,  
A Freshman sat in his room so damp,  
But his lesson was a damper;  
Studying out how the Roman Camp  
Had been lorded over by many a scamp  
Who made their enemies scamper.  
The rain poured without while he pored within,  
The elements made a most fearful din,  
Like ten thousand gongs for dinner;

When he heard a step on the College walk,  
Like the step of a ghostly walker,  
And at his door he heard a knock,  
Like the rap of a ghostly knocker;  
For the knock was hollow upon the door,  
And hollow the step on the entry floor,  
As if made by bones and nothing more.

"Who comes there at this time of night?"  
The Freshman queried with pale affright,  
While the hair of his head stood bolt upright,  
And he felt quite blue as he turned quite white.  
No answer: but bump  
On the door came a thump,  
As much as to say "No lingo!  
Open your door,  
Without a word more,  
Or I'll break it down, by jingo."

The Freshman reluctantly turned the key,  
Expecting a Sophomore gang to see,  
Who, with faces masked and bangers stout,  
Had come resolved to smoke him out,  
And give him a puff he could do without.  
So he turned the bolt with fear and gloom,  
But Sophomores bolt not into the room.

But instead a woful vision  
Smote upon his startled sight;  
In the darkness of the entry  
Stood a shape most thin and white,  
Showing all its ghastly grimness,  
On the bosom of the night:  
Dimly through its form transparent,  
Shone the Freshman's fluid light,  
And the hair stood stiff and straighter,  
On the fear bewildered wight.  
"Who art thou," he faintly uttered,  
"Coming in this mournful plight?"  
And the figure dimly muttered—  
What I very soon shall write,  
In the next verse you shall see it,  
Read it slowly—read it right.

"I am not the ghost of biped,  
Trampling over the stones,  
As soon thou wilt discover,  
By the hide on my bones;

In my extremity  
 I come to thee ;  
 At my extremity,  
 Thou wilt see  
 A long and stern tail ;  
 Keep thy serenity,  
 Nor let thy lips turn pale.

" I am a college pony,  
 Coming from a Junior's room ;  
 The ungrateful wretch has cast me  
 Forth to wander in the gloom.  
 I bore him safe through Horace,  
 Saved him from the flunkey's doom.  
 Now biennial is over,  
 He, instead of oats and clover,  
 Will not grant me e'en a tomb.  
 While I wander here unburied,  
 I am in a dreadful fix,  
 For I never can be ferried  
 O'er the deep and muddy Styx.  
 As I am old and spavin-kneed,  
 I thy help most sorely need,  
 Lay me low in Tutor's Lane ;  
 I will bear thee there with speed,  
 Caring not for wind and rain."

The Freshman heard and saw his tale,  
 He bestrode the back of the form so pale,  
 Although it was sharp, like the edge of a rail,  
 Yet the speed of the Pale Horse never did fail,  
 Till he reached the middle of Tutor's Lane,  
 Where the Freshman dug in the midst of the rain,  
 A grave for the Pony with might and main.  
 (There's a fine chance to pun with "rain" and "main.")  
 He dug the grave, and he laid him low  
 Where the sweet May-flowers in their beauty grow,  
 And the winds of winter wildly rave,  
 Over the place of the Pony's grave.  
 He planted above him a white pine board,  
 And on it these words he rudely scored :—

#### EPIITAPH.

" This grave is unworthy to hide,  
 His hide who traveled rough roads ;  
 He ne'er was translated, but died  
 Translating old Horace's Odes.

"Here he lies past the doctor's art,  
Tread gently, and leave him alone;  
The remains of what may have been Smart,  
Although it was *skin* and Bohn!"

D. L.

### A Leaf from "Leaves of Absence."

"Joy, joy, freedom to-day!  
Care, care, drive it away."

OLD SONG.

"Two hundred miles from N——! Two hundred miles will make my separation from the duties of College as effectual as if I were the habitant of another planet. Bah! speaking of planets carries me back that Astronomy which I wished not to think of for at least three weeks." These remarks I muttered yawningly as the tedious stage-coach was descending the last hill which lay between me and the little village of L——, and having reached the centre of the place, my first care was to find a bed whereon to lay my Junior head, and a table convenient to satisfy my Junior appetite. The door of the first house at which I knocked was opened by a stout old man, with silver hair, who, as the hospital Nestor, seated me at his family board before he asked my business. I informed him that I was a student at N——, that I had knocked myself up by too severe application, and I wished to recruit my system by a short stay in the country. I added that I had a number of letters from different members of the Faculty, which, if necessary, would show him. To my great joy he declined this last proposal; and he examined them he would have found a strange sameness running through them, the substance of each being, that W—— had acquired no marks, and was placed upon the — stage of discipline. However, I soon became domesticated among the honest people, and was by them introduced to several young ladies who were spending a few weeks among the mountains. They looked with great interest on the emaciated student, and thought that he must have studied very hard to be so pale and thin. Of course I had no right to contradict them, but I could not help reverting to some of those nights when we were occupied rather in practising the precepts of Horace than in muddling our brains over

the mystifications of Whately, and when we were accustomed to sing the setting stars to sleep with that touching air—

"We won't go home till morning."

I went to bed and slept soundly until the beams of the early sun, streaming in through the half-opened curtains, awoke me. With a frantic hand I grasped my watch, and to my consternation found that it was half-past five. Equally frantic, I hurried on one leg of my unmentionables, one stocking, one boot, and my coat, when I missed the accustomed bell. The full force of my happy condition flashed upon my mind, and sinking back I was soon where

"College bell-tongues cease from troubling,  
And poor students are at rest."

Gentle subscriber to the Lit, did you ever go trout-fishing? If you have, you can sympathize with me in every word I say; if you have not, one of the greatest joys of life is still before you. The careful approach to the bank, the skillful cast of the line, the exciting expectation for that nervous jerk, the dexterous landing, and the beautiful fish lies gasping before you on the bank. Somehow it never occurred to me that it was cruel to kill trout; it seemed a shame that they should have their beauties concealed beneath the waters, but I rather believe that with their gorgeous livery of gold and azure, they should come forth to glitter in the sunlight. A combination of such considerations impelled me the very morning after my arrival to sally forth to the nearest trout-brook, for trout-fishing is as essential a part of my visits to the Kaatskills, as falling in love with Miss F—— ought to be of every Yalensic student's course. My luck was good, but as I was returning to my supper, laden with a noble string of fish, I met the united population of the village coming towards me with a large drag-net and a number of long poles. It appeared that my old host, becoming anxious about me and fearing lest "the poor melancholy student had gone and got himself drowned in some hole," had called out the inhabitants and was determined to have the melancholy satisfaction of bringing at least my unlucky carcass to light. In this most charitable wish, however, I was glad not to be able to gratify him.

I used to take frequent walks about the adjacent mountains, and selecting some secluded spot, there to sit and study and read, or more often to muse. One of these reveries is still very fresh in my memory. How well I recollect it! I was sitting in a great pine forest, one of those

old memorials of Indian days, which are seldom found now to the eastward of the Lakes, and nowhere in greater perfection than among the lordly Kaatskills. A strangely haunted spot, those old mountains; a spot which classic Fauns and Dryads, the fairies and the elfins of more modern times, driven from their native groves by the march of civilization, might be supposed to choose as their future trysting-ground. And by some strange chance my steps had led me to the forest, which required but little imagination to people it with all the fantastic shapes of fairydom. From the edge of the wood might be seen the village, with its white-walled dwellings, peering up from the little dell like snow-flakes, while nearer still murmured a trout-brook, with which I was already well acquainted. On the other hand, as if in contrast to the smiling beauty of the village, stood the pine forest. The old trees, many of them scarred by lightning, reminded me of the Giants and Titans of old, lifting their lofty arms in defiance against the heavens. Thus surrounded, I soon felt the full influence of the place, and had a troop of elves appeared on one of the green knolls, or had I been accosted by the ghostly crew of old Hendrick Hudson, I should have felt but little surprise. But while employed in such cogitations, I heard what seemed to me the distant tinkling of a clear bell. The sound approached, and now peals of laughter woke me from my reverie, while a troop of merry girls entered the wood. Soon I heard my name pronounced by several voices. "W——, where are you?" "Oh, there he is under that great fir-tree and fast asleep. A perfect Rip Van Winkle. Mr. W——, we are going a fishing in the brook, and we want you to come and show us how to catch the pretty trout." Immediately I was on my feet and overwhelmed with questions. "How could you go to sleep under that horrid tree?" said one, a bright-eyed girl from Hudson, her curls escaping in profusion from the straw flat which was negligently pushed back from her open forehead; "it is almost as bad as the myrtle-tree in Tassos' enchanted forest." "Yes," I replied, with a low bow, "and like that myrtle it seems to have disgorged a troop of fairies." And so with laugh and jest we set off for the brook. Our attempts at catching fish were about as successful as might be imagined. Female impatience, not allowing the fish to get fairly hooked, was continually jerking up the line in a manner, as my friend T—— would say, "piscatorially indescribable." Oh! shade of Izaak Walton; be not angry with thy humble follower, and look not down in displeasure upon my errands from the path of true angling, for I was in the hands of those whose word to me was law. We set off for the village with five trout, whose total length measured exactly

twenty-three and one quarter inches! As we neared our homes, my fair companions challenged me to a race, and so off we started. It was to me indeed a beautiful sight. As our glorious nineteenth century poet has it—

"By them went  
The enamored air sighing, and on their curls  
From the high tree the blossom wavering fell."

My friend from Hudson, a perfect Atalanta, surpassed us all, and though I was considered a fleet runner among my classmates, I was obliged to yield the palm to her airy steps, which seemed scarcely to touch the ground. The evening was one of those which occur but seldom in one's lifetime, and which form a bright picture among the shadows of human existence.

But the sun of our happiness was soon to be shaded by a cloud; a cloud of sorrow, of tears, of misery. As if to prove the truth of the aphorism, "Death loves a shining mark," she whose step was the fleetest, whose heart the lightest, and whose voice rang through the wood-aisles with the most sweetness, was suddenly taken away. In spite of all the skill of physicians, all the attentions of the simple villagers, all the tears of her family, who had been hastily summoned to her couch, she died. In accordance with her own last request, she was buried in the fairy knoll in the pine-forest, and upon her early grave was shed by all a tear for the sweet stranger, who had come among them so brightly and departed so sadly, and a plain white slab proclaimed the heartfelt affection of those among whom she had passed away. I returned to my studies, saddened and sobered. Since then months have passed away, but the quiet musing of all my reveries brings back to me that lonely grave on the fairy knoll, in the old pine-forest.

w.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### ORDINATION OF REV. GEORGE P. FISHER.

GEORGE P. FISHER, who was last spring elected Livingston Professor of Divinity, and called by the College Church to be its Pastor, was ordained in this Tuesday, Oct. 24th, by an Ecclesiastical Council. The public services were at the North Cong. Church, and were as follows: Introductory Prayer by Rev. Mr. Ropes; Sermon by Rev. Prof. E. A. Park; Ordaining Prayer by Dr. E. T. Fitch; Charge to the Pastor by Rev. President T. D. Woolsey; Hand of Fellowship by the Rev. S. W. S. Dutton; Benediction by the Rev. Mr. Ropes. The occasion was one of great interest, and the Church was full to overflowing. In noticing the coming of Prof. Fisher among us, we are sure we express the general feeling of College, when we extend to him a warm and cordial welcome.

### LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Society elections taking place upon the evening of Oct. 18th, resulted as follows:

| LINONIA.      | BROTHERS.              |
|---------------|------------------------|
|               | <i>President,</i>      |
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| L. M. CHILD.  | W. H. L. BARNES.       |
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|               | <i>Vice-Secretary,</i> |
| E. M. WOOD.   | J. C. JACKSON.         |

### ANNUAL FOOT BALL CONTEST.

#### (CHALLENGE.)

YALENSIA!

The Class of '58 hereby challenge the Class of '57 to a game of Foot Ball. Best two in three.

In behalf of the Class of '58,

D. G. BRINTON, }  
C. GIBSON, } *Committee.*  
T. W. TWINING, }

#### (ACCEPTANCE.)

YALENSIA!

Your challenge has been accepted, The Class of '57 will meet you. Wednesday, Oct. 25th, at two and a half o'clock, P. M. Place, the usual place.

In behalf of the Class of '57,

E. W. HITCHCOCK, }  
H. C. PRATT, } *Committee.*  
G. W. ROBERTS, }

L. XX.



The contest took place upon the appointed day, and terminated, as usual, in a victory on the part of the Sophomores. The weather was exceedingly fine, and the spectators quite numerous. We regret that we have been unable to obtain a list of the killed and wounded.

### Editor's Table.

"Cudgel thy brains no more about it."—SHAKESPEARE.

Yes, Dear Reader, we've cudgeled and cudgeled and cudgeled, but alas all to little purpose. There is, indeed, a lamentable stagnation of ideas just at present, and our poor brain, aching from these incessant flagellations, has left us even duller than "ourself of yore." Ah! did you know how sadly we are disappointed, you surely would not "shut the gates of mercy" on us. With what bright anticipations did we look forward to that morning, when we should wake up and find ourselves famous! Already in imagination we were astounding you with our fund of anecdote, pelting you with puns, and perfectly annihilating you with epigrams. O Lamb! thy glory had indeed departed, and O Hood! how wast thou outdone. Punch—the world-renowned Punch, had sent for us, and to thee "Maggie" dear—to thee our first love, for once, even in thought, we were untrue. But we have "fallen, fallen from our high estate." All the bright remarks and witty sayings, which we so carefully treasured up, have gone—gone "like a dream when one awakeneth," and left us completely at a loss, reader, how to provide for your entertainment. O Fortune! Fortune! thou fickle-minded thing, how couldst thou so cruelly desert us.

But what say you to a peep at the Editorial conclave? Come then with us while we conduct you for a moment into their presence, and reveal a few of the "secrets of our prison house." Nay! be not so fearful, nor tremble so violently. After all they are but mortal. They know full well how, at times, to lay aside their editorial dignity, and mingle with the tide of common men. No need, we ween, to urge upon them the precept of old Horace,—

"Dona præsenti cape laetus horae,  
Lingue severa."

Take courage, then, and come with us into this sanctum sanctorum—this "holy of holies." Now has it not a decided literary air! Never mind the smoke 'twill screen you from the dazzling radiance of their countenance. Look—there in the center stands the great Table. How many have been bound upon it, (perhaps even you, yourself, reader,) while Proteus-like we stretched or clipped them to suit the circumstances of Maga! How many have there been remorselessly dissected, and finally consigned to yonder coffin, under the head of "respectfully declined"! That Coffin! Of what bright hopes, of what lofty aspirations has it been the sad receptacle! It is, indeed, a mighty leveler. Many

who in the outer world never even recognize each other, here lie peacefully down, side by side, "all silent and all damned." But we see you are impatient for your promised peep at our brother Eda. There they are, then, nearly hidden in the clouds that encircle them. The work is over, and they have given themselves up to the soothing influence of the weed. Conspicuous among the rest, by his air of luxurious indolence and the dense volumes which he is continually puffing forth, sits the "smoking editor." Surely never did appellation suit mortal better—it fits him like a garment, although for some unaccountable reason he has strangely taken exception to it. Indeed between ourselves, we've heard—now we won't vouch for it as a fact—but we've heard that he dropped upon this mundane sphere of ours with an Havana in his mouth. So puff away most worthy smoker, and never disown the title thou hast so nobly earned! By it we hail thee as an "auld comrade dear and brother sinner,"—may life's cares trouble thee no more than the smoke wreaths that ever float around thee! But who is this with princely port and air majestic!

"Deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sits, and public care."

That is the "dignified editor," and for him we entertain the most profound respect. How admirably have we gazed upon him as he made printers and printer's devils fly 'round in a truly amazing manner, and how vainly have we endeavored to emulate him! Like poor David Copperfield, we never could impress upon others a proper sense of our own importance. To all our blusterings the printer only answers with that meaning smile, and "Ah! sir, you are young." Enraged, we turn to vent our wrath upon the *devil*, but with a mocking leer he reëchoes the words of his master, "Ah! sir, you are young, *very* young." But the subject is an unpleasant one, so let's take a glimpse at Young America personified, or the "cool editor." There he sits as usual—chair tilted back and boots placed most irreverently upon the sacred table. It needs no second glance to tell you that he has the most supreme contempt for all that savors of the past. He is a "manifest destiny" man, and believes in universal progress. We won't anticipate, however, as he will soon have an opportunity to speak for himself. The editorial mantle falls next upon his shoulders, and here in pure benevolence we would do him a little service; for with Dido we can truly say,

"Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."

When you approach his sanctum, reader, let it be with noiseless step and gentle knock. Come not with thy usual heavy tramp, and rude, uncerecermonious rap. Editors' nerves are peculiarly sensitive, and you little know how many bright ideas you have thus unintentionally driven away forever. Take heed, then, and let us also entreat you when you see his eye "in a fine frenzy rolling" to make yourself exceedingly scarce. So shalt thou receive thy reward in an excellent No. of the Lit. But we have not yet got 'round the "board." There between the "smoking" and the "cool," sits "multum in parvo," or, as he has been called, the "ultra editor." Here, however, we must stop, for our spirit fails us. It is with fear and trembling that we even mention him. We can only point you to him and beg you look long and earnestly. Think you

not he is one, who will ever "paddle his own canoe," and revolve on his own axis!

And now, dear reader, permit us for once to assume the privilege of the Novelist, and carry you at a single stride from the presence of this august body into our own little sanctum. Here we are scribbling away for dear life, for the printer is impatient, and in the morning we must send this ugly MS. to press. But it is growing late, and what's of more consequence, we are growing sleepy. The old Lyceum clock, too, has just tolled the hour when evil spirits are abroad. Fancy is already busy conjuring up "Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimæras dire." Moreover, we have to night been foolishly correcting the proofs of the ghost story. Fatal rashness! Even now the ghosts of innumerable defunct, unburied *ponies*, are neighing and snorting around us in the most frightful manner. There glaring at us with his "terrible eye-ball" is the steed that bore us unscathed through the Athenian plague—and there too, the nimble Pegasus on which we rode so gaily over the plains of Marathon. Really we are getting quite frightened, and long, as when a little boy, to hide our head in the bed-clothes. But before making this undignified exit we would speak one word for *Maga*. She is our first bantling, reader—pray receive her kindly, and give her a little nook in that heart of thine. And in return we give thee an editor's best blessing—pleasant dreams, and may they never be rudely broken by a printer's dev—, we mean—a typographical spirit of evil. Vive—Valete!

## THE AWARD.

THE Editors having elected Prof. JAMES HADLEY, and JOSEPH SHELDON, Esq., as graduate members of the Committee to award the Medal, have received the following report:

*To the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine:*

GENTLEMEN,—The Committee of award for the premium offered by the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, report, that after examining the pieces submitted to them, they gave the preference to an essay entitled "The Love of the Supernatural." The author's name, as appeared on opening the accompanying envelope, is CHARLES RAY PALMER.

The Committee think it proper to mention another essay, entitled "The Character of the Individual conditioned on that of the State," which might perhaps have received the preference, had the literary execution been equal to the vigorous and independent thought.

Very Respectfully, Yours,

JAMES HADLEY,  
JOSEPH SHELDON,  
ELISHA MULFORD.

YALE COLLEGE, Nov. 1, 1854.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1854.

No. III.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '55.

W. H. L. BARNES,

W. T. WILSON,

E. MULFORD,

S. T. WOODWARD,

H. A. YARDLEY.

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• Edmund Burke.

WE should remember when we discuss familiarly the men or the manners, the modes of thought or the prominent events of a particular period, exactly the character of that period. In a society rendered effeminate by climate or debauched by luxury, where physical vigor is almost gone, the strong arm of the athlete gives him a double glory. He would be strong anywhere, among even the leaders of his art; but here, amid weakness and lost energies, he is a Giant. What is true in this respect of physical power is so also of mental power. Some men are great because other men are not great—leaders because others will follow them—heroes because others are cowards. When, therefore, we would weigh justly the claims put forth by a man, or a class of men, to eminence and fame, we must not be satisfied with the discovery of their comparative superiority, merely. We must assure ourselves also, that the standard of our judgment is itself an elevated one: that we are comparing power with power.

It is a mere common-place, to say that the age in which Edmund Burke lived was prodigal of great men. The period too in which his character developed itself, is the most eventful one perhaps, in British annals. The

grandeur of its military operations, the magnitude of its reforms, the brilliancy and practical influence of its genius, have no parallel in English history. Bolingbroke had just died, leaving behind him a magazine of mischief in his posthumous works, and the friends of morality and good order were downcast. Burke turned from his law books to grapple with the heresies of the great infidel. His method of attack is sufficient to stamp him the great general, aside from the complete success which crowned his efforts. He began by making himself master of his enemy's weapons. He studied his style of thought and expression. He penetrated the gaudy veil which covered his paradoxes, and seized the naked fallacy. He showed men that the same line of argument which had been employed to destroy religion, might be used with equal success for the subversion of government.

The nearer approach to the form of truth which error can make, is always the most dangerous, and the most difficult to combat. Bolingbroke had clothed his infidelity in all the pomp and splendor of sententious logic. Good men who had inherited their religion with their patrimony, and who would as soon have doubted the existence of the one, as the truth of the other, stood appalled before reasoning, which though specious, was still full of ingenuity. Many aspirants for literary fame advanced to the contest, only to be discomfited. They spent their efforts in vain attacks upon the shaft, rather than in sturdy blows at its foundations. Burke employed the same method of destruction, which Bolingbroke had used in construction. He began at the groundwork, the base of the argument. Having sapped that, the whole superstructure fell, and then, men wondered at the simplicity of the method, while they rejoiced at the completeness of the overthrow.

We have dwelt thus at length upon this, the first indication of Burke's peculiar power, because it has always seemed to us to be the best exponent of his character. He was a lover of the truth for the truth's sake. The style of his mind made him the natural champion of truth, because united with a love for it, there was in him a power of defending it, a capacity to illustrate its majesty. Looking back over his whole history, the candid reader will be forced to say, in the language of Pericles to his daughter—

— and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crowned truth to dwell in.

The next important act in Mr. Burke's life was the production of his essay on "Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful." This was published in the form of an inquiry, and opens by asserting a distinction between

pain and pleasure, positive and negative. The author then proceeds to show that the passion of self-preservation in man, is the grand source of what we call the Sublime. The feeling of *Terror* he regards as the grand instrument employed in producing the Sublime; and he contends that this is done by its exalting small objects, and by increasing the effect of others, which are large. He then considers Light and Colors, Hearing and Vision in their respective spheres, as instrumental in producing Sublimity. Of the merits of his theory on this subject, we, of course, are not capable to speak: It is certainly ingenious, and the reader is startled, as it were, into new trains of thought by its perusal. There is another branch of this subject however, treated by Mr. Burke in a manner which commends itself to our judgment, (we had almost said to our experience.) We refer to the disquisition on the subject of *Love*. The gist of his theory on this most delicate subject seems to be, that Love is the passion naturally produced by Beauty. We have always had a private theory of our own on this point, and it is gratifying to know that Philosophy is on our side. Our readers are, we doubt not.

We come now to the consideration of Mr. Burke's character in a more public capacity. We have glanced at him as the Literary man and the Philosopher—we must now regard him as the Statesman.

To a careful observer, his public character will disclose two leading features, which, more than all others, contributed toward placing him on the eminence he occupied. These were *strength* and *courage*. He was full of conscious power. His readiness to meet an adversary in debate, was not the result of a reckless daring, but rather of a composed reliance on his own boundless resources. His memory was a storehouse of facts: his imagination a perennial fountain of beauty. Beside all this, he possessed, more than any other English Statesman, an almost miraculous power of illustration. You believe often, only because you understand him. He opens to you the closed book of Philosophy, and assures you that its teachings are not the dry, unintelligible, unpractical jargon which men think them. You find him often apparently entangled in a labyrinth of facts and figures: but the magic of his genius is no sooner applied, than these recede into their respective places, and become the stout supports of some resistless argument.

It was under the administration of Lord North, that Mr. Burke particularly distinguished himself in parliament. Attack upon power always stimulates to higher effort than defense of it. There is more excitement, and often more glory in an impetuous charge, than in a sullen resistance. Mr. Burke was the leader at this time, of the attacking forces. His best

parliamentary speech was delivered against the measures of the administration for taxing America. The party with which Mr. Burke acted, was accused of giving "aid and comfort" to the enemy, and that too from motives the most base. In this speech he defends his party from such imputations, while with transcendent ability he enlarges upon the injustice of the administration toward the colonies. To us, of to-day, this speech of Mr. Burke, and the others which he delivered soon afterward on "conciliation," are most gratifying. How must they have warmed the courage of our oppressed ancestors, and strengthened their zeal for the right!

In the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Mr. Burke was doubtless considerably influenced by personal motives. But we can see no just ground for many of the extravagant strictures which have been put upon him. He believed that the power of England, in the East, was being sapped by a system of rapacity and oppression. He recognized in Hastings the responsible cause of this evil. His prosecution of the accused man was violent, vigorous, and vindictive. Certain it is, however, that in his speech on this occasion, there occur some of the most sublime passages which adorn our language. We have space only for a single extract. After dwelling upon the fact that the English people were awaiting the result of the trial with intense anxiety, he closes his speech thus: "My lords, it is not the criminality of the prisoner, it is not the claims of the Commons to demand judgment to be passed upon him, it is not the honor and dignity of this court, and the welfare of millions of the human race, that alone call upon you. When the devouring flames shall have destroyed this perishable Globe, and it sinks into the abyss of nature, from whence it was commanded into existence by the Great Author of it: then, my lords, when all nature, Kings and judges themselves, must answer for their actions, there will be found what supersedes creation itself, namely: *Eternal Justice!* It was the attribute of the *Great God of Nature* before worlds were; it will reside with Him when they perish; and the earthly portion of it committed to your care, is now solemnly deposited in your hands by the Commons of England. I have done."

The next subject which brought Mr. Burke prominently before men, was the French Revolution. The new philosophy, the germ of which Fenelon planted years before, had grown strong. The saintly poet became, without effort of his own, the first radical and the first communist of his age. The annihilation of power and the introduction of a purely metaphysical form of government were changes which an insatiate Phi-

losophy demanded. Conservative men everywhere, saw only in the new system a fearful enemy to sound and wholesome institutions—an embodiment of empty speculations. Mr. Burke, on several occasions, drew startling pictures of the state of France, and warned his countrymen against yielding their sympathies to the new movement. He was accused by Fox and Sheridan of supporting despotism, and of a want of proper respect for those who were making themselves heroes, in the defense of human rights. Crimination and recrimination at last produced a deep seated enmity between these great men, and we seldom find them afterward agreeing, upon questions of national policy.

As an orator, we are told that Mr. Burke was inferior to several of his rivals. In mere *manner* of speech this may have been true: but in all else—in power of reason—boldness of metaphor and a certain majestic tread of thought, he seems to us, the superior of all of them. His influence, to-day, upon our American eloquence is, we believe, greater than that of any other man, whose writings have come down to us. Of living American orators, Mr. Seward most resembles him in his style and expression.

In private life, Mr. Burke exhibited the same traits which mark all his public history, namely, strength and courage. His principles made him strong, his will made him courageous. In only one or two instances do we find him yielding conscience to party, or wavering in his stern adherence to the right: and even these may, with a little charity, be referred to a pardonable ambition. Surrounded by a dissipation which lost many of its forbidding features in the brilliancy and genius of its victims, its tide nevertheless, beat against the principles of Burke like waves against a rock. What Socrates, in the best phases of his character, was to Greece, Burke was to England. Conscience, strength and courage, both of them, personified in their lives, and the history of both comes down to us, of another age, as waters come down from mountains upon a valley—to cleanse, enliven, and purify.



### Making Love for the Fun of it.

EVERY one in College knows N. Every lady who ever walks in Chapel-St.; knows him by sight, if they have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance. He is always dressed in the very best. His coat is perfectly irreproachable. His vest of a unique pattern. His boots fit excruciatingly well; and—we ask the modest reader's pardon—his unmentionables are of the most singular pattern, calculated to strike the beholder with astonishment, as well as admiration. He has a handsome face, though some say it lacks expression. He has very white teeth, and a most fascinating smile. The first dawn of a moustache begins to show its rays, or raise its show on his upper lip. He is more proud of this, than any other feature of his appearance. He is willing to dye in its behalf.

He is not much of a scholar. He had a very high rank in his class the first term of Freshman year, but ever since, it has been declining. He is something of a writer, and took a Composition prize in his Sophomore year. He occasionally attempts poetry, and can quote Byron by the hour. There is one character in which he flatters himself that he excels, viz: that of a Ladies' Man. He considers himself perfectly irresistible with the fair sex. To tell the truth, he has some foundation for this belief, as the number of billet-doux he is constantly receiving bears witness. We have thought this preface necessary, in order that the reader might appreciate the following "ower true tale."

"L," said he to me last winter, "I have seen the prettiest girl in the world, this afternoon, in Chapel-St. She is adorable, angelic. Dark, lovely eyes, beautiful form,—

She walks in beauty like the night,  
Of cloudless morn and starry skies,  
And all of heaven"—

"No more raptures," said I, interrupting him, "I don't believe in *your* beauties. You have found at least twenty divine creatures since you have been in New Haven, while I have been unable to discover no one more than passably good looking."

"You will not say so," answered he, "after seeing Miss R——. She is perfectly enchanting. I am going to make her acquaintance this evening. Charly knows her, and he will introduce me. She shall love me to distraction."

"Perhaps," said I, using the pithy speech of a Statement of Facts orator.

"There is no 'perhaps' about it," replied he. "She is a girl of sense, and I am not without some personal attractions."

He stroked his moustache and departed. I met him the next day in Chapel-St. He was in the highest spirits possible.

"I tell you what, L.," said he, "I expected considerable from Kate, (her name is Kate R.,) but my highest anticipations were more than realized. She is perfectly delightful in conversation. Is literary without affectation. Sings divinely, and executes admirably."

"I see she has done considerable execution, as far as you are concerned," replied I.

"I wish I could show you some verses I wrote last night, after I returned, inspired by the light of her eyes. I only remember the first.

'I met thee; and thy flashing gaze  
Thrilled me with love before unknown:  
Thy beauty none can fail to praise,  
And thou art queen on every throne.'

"What do you think of that?"

"Pretty fair poetry, but very poor sense. Some one might make her reply,

'I met thee; and thy flashy vest  
Thrilled me with wonder at its cost:  
Thy moustache'—

"You need not recite any more," said he, "you are envious. You can neither write poetry, nor appreciate it."

"Let that be so," replied I. "Seriously, N., I am afraid you have really fallen in love, which is a very bad idea."

"Fallen in love! Not a bit of it, my dear fellow," answered he. "I am only making love to Kate for the fun of it. For my part"—

What his part was I never knew, for at that moment, two young ladies met us at the corner of Church and Chapel-Sts., and N. saying hastily, "Excuse me; that's Kate," joined them, and left me to return alone to the college.

For a while, I never saw him, but Kate was his only subject of conversation. She was the paragon of womankind, an epitome of all female graces and accomplishments, a miracle of beauty, and, as he confidently said, "dead in love" with him.

"What proof have you of her love," I asked.

"Actions, my dear fellow," he replied, "I know girl-nature like a book. And, this evening, I am going to make her confess it in words."

"How?" I asked.

"By declaring my passion for her, as if I was in earnest," he replied.

"Are you quite sure," said I, "that you are not in earnest?"

"Certainly," said he, "I make love only to pass away the time. Come to my room to-morrow morning, and I will tell you all about it."

After breakfast the next morning, I went to N's room. I knocked at the door. A smothered voice replied "Come in." I entered and found him abed, his head buried beneath the bed-clothes.

"Come," said I, "get up. Don't lie here all day. You'll be sent off if you sleep over many times more."

"I am sick," he feebly replied. "I don't care if I am turned out of college. I don't want to live."

"What?" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Are you that extremely gay individual who was going to make Kate R—— confess she loved you?"

"That's it," said he, "that is the cause of my being here."

"Did it overpower you so much?" I asked.

"I'll tell you all," answered he, "and you will know that I have reason enough to feel badly. I went down to see Kate last evening, fully determined, as I told you, to draw from her an avowal of love. She received me, as she always has, most graciously. She looked more lovely than ever, and I half-fancied I was really in love with her; and what made me more inclined to think so, was the difficulty I had in approaching the subject on which I wished to speak. Finally, she, herself, gave me the opportunity to free my mind.

"Mr. N.," said she, 'were you ever in love?'

"I have pretended to be a great many times," said I, 'but I never was but once.'

"Was that long ago?" she asked, looking as unconsciously as if she was the person farthest from my thoughts.'

"No," I answered, 'it was this winter, and you are the one whom I love.' And I went on with a multitude of protestations of which I have no recollection. I believe I quoted Byron, and ended by making as big a fool of myself as possible.'

"She heard me all through, and then she said sadly,

"Mr. N., I did not think it would come to this. I thought you only came to see me as a friend, not as a lover.'

"How can any one see you without loving you?" said I; "I love you madly, devotedly."

"Well, then," replied she, "I must be frank with you. If I had met you earlier, I might have returned your love. Now, I cannot. Once I loved earnestly and truly. But the one I loved is gone to the grave, and he has taken my heart with him." She put her handkerchief to her eyes and wept silently. I dared not interrupt her grief. I felt that it was time for me to go.

"Excuse me," said she, "for not urging you to remain longer. But you have awakened memories of days long vanished, and of hopes long fled. I could not entertain you, if you remained."

"I left her sitting on the sofa, her face buried in her handkerchief. She did not even look up as I bade her 'good evening.'"

"As for me, I know now, that I really loved her. I could not sleep last night, and this morning I feel perfectly miserable." So saying, he took the corner of the sheet and wiped his eyes. I really pitied him.

"I have some hopes," he continued, "that by the sincerity of my love I may induce her to return my affection."

At this moment, some one came to N's door and threw him a letter, which they had taken that morning from his box. He opened it and read. I never saw a person affected so strangely.

He threw the note on the floor, and sprang out of bed. All his sickness appeared to vanish. He appeared to be completely enraged. He hopped about the room like one in the last stages of St. Vitus' dance. He upset the table and threw down the chairs.

"Read that," said he, as soon as he could speak, picking up the letter, and handing it to me, "read that, and tell me I'm the biggest fool ever created. Made so by a woman, too."

I read the note as well as I could amid N's ejaculations of "fool," "blockhead," "sold," and such like expressions which he applied to himself.

— Avenue, 11 o'clock, P. M.

DEAR MR. N.:

"I feel so guilty at the thought of the deception I have used towards you, that I cannot rest until I have undeceived you. The story I told you of a dead love, was all pure fiction invented for the occasion. I have never been in love, nor do I intend to be, until I find a man too sensible to pay me unmeaning compliments, and quote love-sick poetry. My excuse for my conduct toward you, is a remark I overheard you

make in the street soon after the commencement of our acquaintance. I treated you as I have, and told you that story last night, with the same end that you made love to me—'for the fun of it.'

KATE R.

"P. S.—Can't I affect grief very naturally?"

"L," said N., "for the love you bear me, never tell how badly I was sold."

And I never have.

### The Character of the Individual, Conditioned on the Character of the State.

HUMAN character is a slow and noiseless structure. Unseen hands lay the foundation, and pile up the walls. Steadily it rises in graceful proportions, to a stately height. Then men gaze at it; they call it a miracle. The influences within and without, that have made it what it is, are unappreciated. Thus the part the State has acted in individual character, is almost an unwritten history.

The individual is the architect of his own character. The powers are within him; the models are around him; the work is his own. Yet these powers and appliances, and above all his own work, are possible only under certain conditions; among which, supreme and comprehensive is the state. The lowest grades of character exist in some form, however imperfect, of the state. The individual is developed, as the state rises. The perfection of the individual, is conditioned on the perfection of the state. We have, then, three conditions to analyze; the conditions of

I. The elements.

II. The development.

III. The perfection of Individual character; which will be found to exist in three corresponding grades of the state.

I. The elements of character are those faculties and impulses which give rise to the traits by which each individual is distinguished. They are, intelligence, moral principle, emotion, and individuality. The great character is wrought out by labor; the soul must possess strong intelli-

gences. The good character is founded on a rock; the soul must possess moral principle. The beautiful character is adorned with graces and affections; the soul must possess keen sensibilities, and tender emotions. And the original character breathes into every achievement, its own deepest spirit: the soul must possess some element, whether we call it genius or individuality, which shall blend with these elements of strength, and purity, and beauty, the workings and tendencies of a deeper spirit.

It is a well-known law of the mind, as of nature, that no power has any actual existence till it is called into exercise. The object which calls it into exercise is a condition to its existence, as essential as a first cause. In precisely this sense the elements of character are conditioned on the state. The state cannot create them. They are born, not made. But their action, their inner energies and outer manifestations, are possible only under some condition involved in the state.

For although there are in the material world unnumbered objects of thought, conceptions of these objects alone, are not thoughts, but only emotions, and of a low order too. It is an instinctive conviction of man in every condition, that there are only two classes of beings in the universe, that have any worth in themselves. One is the class to which he himself belongs, humanity. The other is the class above him, deity. If he is placed in such relations with these beings, that higher conceptions of them blend with his conceptions of nature, the product is intellectual and moral ideas. For the moral sense is called into action to detect the design of nature for man's elevation and God's glory; and the intellect to discover the means of accomplishing these ends; and in this new universe, the serenest emotions rise in the soul: the torrent loses its terror in the sublimity of its power for good; the woodlands possess new beauties, for they glow with man's present happiness; and

"The sky he looks up to, though glorious and fair,  
Is looked up to the more, because *heaven* is there."

Conceptions of humanity and deity, are therefore conditional to the existence of our intellectual, and moral, and emotional nature. But on any condition below the state, they are either wanting altogether, defective, or untrue.

They are wanting altogether in the aimless mind of the savage. The beauty and power of nature arouse only an undefined pleasure or terror, at no ideas of adaptation to moral ends.

They are defective in wild hordes, and nomadic tribes. The mind

detects in nature only the means of satisfying the wants of the body, and the evidences of the "Great Spirit," whose power it reads with terror, whose moral attributes it cannot decipher from nature's mysterious and precious symbols.

They are untrue, in half-civilized nations. Here man rises from brute instinct and ordinary sagacity, and becomes capable of intellectual and moral action. But his ideas of the relation of nature to man, and of both to God, are deformed.

In each of these conditions, the individual is radically defective in the elements of character. Now observe what they each possess, what they lack of the elements of the state: The first has nothing in common with the state. Man is alone, and he is a brute. The second has the single element of *association*; the state is forming, the intellect is dawning. The third adds *government*. The moral sense recognizes the obligations and rights of men. This is an end to attain. The intellect has made use of the means. But it has fallen into a radical error. Men are governed, they do not govern themselves. Individual responsibility is weakened. Comprehensive benevolence is suppressed. If the nation has reached no truer government than absolutism, the individual will struggle in vain for symmetry of character. The few great characters that blaze out from the midnight history of despotism are political comets that have wandered wildly from their orbits.

Now supply the element still wanting, to make the nation the state, *constituency*. Let the individual feel himself a part of the state; he is the state. The largest and most attractive objects of thought, are now open to him, and forced upon his thought. The highest incentives to virtue are offered him. In the intimate relations of such a society, his wit or gravity, his humor or seriousness, whatever qualities he may possess original with himself, are called into ready exercise. The elements of his character are therefore complete and in harmonious existence. The *elements of character* are conditioned on the *elements of the state*.

II. In analyzing the conditions of the *development* of individual character, we have three classes of data; the *facts*, the *nature* of human development, and the *sources* of human development.

The facts lie upon every page of history. In the states of antiquity, individual development was rapid and symmetrical. At the shrine of those majestic republics, bowed the uncivilized world. By alliance with them alone, and by citizenship in them, the barbarian reached a stage of development distinguishable from surrounding darkness. Yet human

development did not continue, even in this favored condition. The state struggled up to its zenith. Individual character was making the same struggles, erecting the same trophies. Then came to the former its hour of lethargy. The latter was paralyzed. The disastrous struggles of Grecian progress had more of hope for the individual, than the sleeping grandeur of her decline. Strong as the Parthenon, beautiful as the vale of Tempe, the Grecian mind was then as powerless as either; for the inner life was departed, which had given to art, and nature, and mind, their deep significance.

The same law holds good under the better principles and brighter promises of Christian nations. When this new influence dawned upon the world, both the state and the individual felt its power. They made more radical, safer progress than before. But the state was at length burdened with the rubbish of old idolatries and traditions; its progress was arrested. At the same point of time, the mind began to grow dim with superstitions, and then for a long night knew no waking. Life has again returned to mind and state, and both are now enacting a history, which abounds with the same truth, the infallible deduction of *fact*, the *progress of the state*, is the condition of *individual development*.

A conclusion entirely consistent with the *nature* of human development. This is a *social* work. There may have been exceptions; Socrates, Luther, and Bacon were; but as a general rule, men are awakened and developed, if at all, in common. The first condition to intellectual development is an ever increasing stimulus to energy. This can flow only through the widely and deepening channel of human interests. Let these interests be closely linked together. Let each man be his "brother's keeper." Let that brother's success and failure, mites and treasures, life and heaven, be his own; and rest or falling back is impossible. There is always some pressing exigency; some half hidden truth to be called to light; some old truth to be adapted to a new want. All the powers of the mind are in earnest, consistent action. Intellectual development moves apace. But this close union of interests, this pressing demand for labor of every kind, this rising of new truths affecting man's welfare, these are all the unerring signs of the progressive state. Indeed it is the very opposite, the unhinging of interest, the dying out of mutual coöperation, that breaks the power and withers the life of the state, and ushers in, to the full extent of the fearful metaphor, what Dante calls "*the hell of the lukewarm*."

But this truth is admitted by many who yet deny that the close relations of men in society, are conducive to virtue. The sentiment is often



expressed, and oftener felt in the "society where none intrudes," that purity dwells alone with nature and with God; that man mars where he treads, and the closer the union of society, the deeper the contagion of his presence. The philosopher, however, who speculates in solitude upon the attractions of virtue, has derived his highest and purest ideas from the very association he shuns. Moral development is preëminently social. The influences of society, instead of vitiating will elevate the motives of men. For notwithstanding the brilliance in which vice is invested, the higher qualities of our nature do possess "enduring strength, acknowledged sovereignty." As the relations of men grow closer, so that the good and evil of their actions are under their own observation, and as they grow wider, so that the waves of their influence flow out in ever-broadening circles, till they agitate the whole ocean of time, and wash the shores of eternity, these qualities will rise up in sterner and holier life, to display their power and assert their rule. Moral development is, therefore, conditioned on a union of men in society, at once so extended and so intimate, that their highest good shall become more and more apparent, their mutual rights and obligations more clearly defined. All these are the distinguishing moral features of the *progressive state*.

Another evidence on this point, is derived from a distinction not heretofore observed in the *sources* of human development. "The two great sources of human development," says Guizot, "are Humanity and Religion." The impulses of our nature, the passions and intelligences of the soul; the beauties and deformities, the struggles and triumphs, the miseries and destinies of man; these are workings of the human spirit, these the interests of the human race. Together, they make up the full significance of Humanity. Faith in an inferred or revealed Deity, devotion to his will; the labors which have their end and reward in a world to come; these are the workings of the devout, the regenerate spirit, these the interests of the Divine being. This is religion. Now in this distinction, the questions that concern us are, what are the defects of either of these sources when separate from the other, what their extent in union, and what the conditions of the union?

That this unholy separation is possible, is evident from mournful facts and sinful hearts. It is true we have two natures; one that draws us up to the infinite, the other that binds us close to the finite. But it is alike the condition of our moral nature that either may lose life by neglect, the other grow in the empty soul to unnatural power. Such is often the fact.

The influences in the development of character, may flow from Hu-

manity alone. The result is never insignificant, sometimes brilliant. It is often said that our nature is a ruin. But surely it is a mighty ruin. The pillars of its former strength are still strong. Its arches are fair, though the fairest have fallen. And even from out its crevices of decay creep such green mosses of sympathy, and about its crumbling towers cling such gentle ivies of affection, that we love the very deformities that have gathered around them these exquisite beauties. Far from us be the spirit of the Cynic, to scoff at the dignity of human nature. There is in gratitude, and generosity, and integrity, a beauty that is worthily admired. There is in human intellect, and human taste, unsuspected power. It found its perfect expression in the Aesthetics of the Greeks. A life devoted to the study of human nature and human interests achieved such works as Hume's, and Gibbon's, and Shakespeare's.

So also Religion may be alone in the development of character. The intellect is concentrated upon the attributes of the Infinite. The motives are drawn from the eternal world. The affections are centered in the fountain of all good. These influences are higher and purer than the human; so have been the characters of eminent saints.

But brilliant and holy as these exclusive developments may sometimes be, their defects are always radical, generally disastrous. The cultivation of the human intellect and taste, without the higher ideas and purer sentiments that flow from religion, leads to Atheism, or to Pantheism. Mere philanthropy tends to develop the man of one idea. One theory, perhaps impracticable, engages all his zeal; one wrong, perhaps imaginary, all his denunciation. Under such influences, his character grows every day more misshapen.

The influences of religion alone, are equally incapable of a true development, and far more liable to corruption. Faith and devotion without human feeling and intelligence, are unnatural at best, and rapidly degenerate into superstition. Religious zeal, without a consistent regard for the interests of man, deserves in every case the rebuke "zeal without knowledge," and naturally warm into bigotry and fanaticism. Nor are the effects of the mind thus educated, confined to itself. As philanthropy alone would dethrone God, so religion alone would degrade man. The enthusiast in seeking to subject every other mind to his own influences, carries religion into a wide field of illegitimate labor. The institutions of religion, whose objects are defined by their great Head to be exclusively spiritual, are charged with the most important functions of the state, intellectual and moral education. The transfer from responsibility

to authority, is natural. Thus the Hierarchies of modern Europe, in whose cold embrace civil liberty had well nigh perished, had their origin in this over religious development of the individual.

But let these two sources be open at the same time, and they will flow in plenteous and healthful streams. Let the faith of the worshiper be blended with the intelligence of the freeman. Let the philanthropy of the reformer be enlarged and intensified by the "powers of the world to come." The resulting development cannot be fully read by eyes of earth. A fitting type has it, in the late Dr. Arnold, whose last words on earth, written in usual health, breathe the spirit of perfect union between the human and the religious elements. "Be it my daily labor to keep myself earnest, believing; anxious that the work of God be done, yet not concerned that it be done by me, if his will be otherwise."

What are the conditions of a union so essential to the true development of character? Not a perfect society, where there shall be no noisy reformers, cursing cant and theology, and crying off their own moral panaceas; no pure lights hid under forbidding creeds; no despairing sighs breathed from the crypts of unwarranted severity. Yet a society where these shall be the exception. Where *the individual* shall be animated by a different spirit; a spirit of present enjoyment, and higher hopes; of manly labor in present duties, and readiness for severer; of humble faith in the Revealed, with assurances of a more glorious revelation, a heavenly. There is but one condition that can embrace all these high excellences: it is the *progressive State*. Of this every true hearted American gives undesigned testimony, when, in the moment of patriotic joy, duty and interest melt away before a brighter image which captivates his fancy, a cherished ideal which redoubles his energies,—"*MY COUNTRY.*"

The inference drawn from the important distinction here observed, is corroborated by the astonishing facts already adduced, and furnishes the key to their true solution. The progress of Greece was arrested at its most dazzling height. The reason was pointed out centuries after by the "setter forth of strange gods." Greece had no religion. Human intellect and taste had accomplished its utmost. It had developed its ideal character and ideal state. Neither was perfect; neither could go farther. For Humanity was groping in vain for the helping hand of Religion.

"The Niobe of nations" has long been lifeless. She has religion. A religion in which there is much truth; once it was all truth. But the curse of Italy has been, she has had *nothing else*. That religion has grown *exacting, absorbing*. It has excluded the intellect, and inspired

blind devotion. It has excluded human feeling, and substituted fictitious enthusiasm. It has absorbed human interests, in Jesuitical schemes to compass its own. Such stupendous failure will religion ever make, if it work alone!

Humanity and Religion united. The state in living progress. These are the conditions, and they are one and inseparable, of a true and unlimited development of the Individual.

III. Our deductions thus far, have had their source and illustration in fact. The perfect individual, and the perfect State, are alike ideal. There is no prophet to approach these two temples of the eternal world, and measure their colossal proportions; no Patmos in the ocean of life where this vision in all its glory may be revealed. Yet the conclusion to which our investigations have successively conducted us, seems to possess the strength of positive demonstration. If the *elements of individual character* are conditioned on the *elements of the State*, if the *development of the individual* is conditioned on the *progress of the State*, and if on condition of progress in the State, this development is *true and unlimited*, the conclusion is inevitable, that the *perfection of the individual* is conditioned on the *perfection of the State*.

From this point of view, one of the profoundest truths of Christian philosophy receives impressive illustration. An institution so essential to human character, could not have been left to be originated by imperfect wisdom; *the State was an ordinance of God, for the perfection of man*. And after the terrible wrestings to baser ends it has undergone, it is coming back at last to this sublime purpose, The perfection of Humanity! Not a universal development of great men, but the perfection of every man's faculties and nature. The perfection will be as original as the imperfection has ever been. The perfection of Humanity! Glorious idea of a new era in philosophy! The withering prejudice that the mass have sterner than mental soils to subdue, fiercer than moral combats to wage, is passing away before a more genial and liberal social condition. And when the mutual relations of the State and the Individual shall be universally comprehended, and their mutual responsibilities discharged, then shall dawn the millenium of States, and Humanity shall rise to the high and only secure ground of self-government.

P. W. O.

### Olden Memories.

OLDEN memories are jewels of the mind,  
They are tendrils of the heart,  
With our being are entwined,  
Of our very scenes a part;  
They are records of our youth,  
Kept to read in riper years;  
They are manhood's well of Truth,  
Filled with childhood's early tears :  
Like the low and plaintive moan  
Of the night-wind 'mong the trees—  
Sweet to hear, though sad and lone  
Are those " Olden Memories."

Like the dim traditions hoary,  
Of our loved and native clime ;  
Like some half-forgotten story,  
Read or heard in olden time ;  
Like the fresh'ning dew of even  
To the parched and drooping flower ;  
Like the peaceful thoughts of Heaven  
In life's tempest-stricken hour ;  
Like the cadence of a song,—  
Yet, oh ! sweeter far than these,  
Are the thoughts that round us throng,  
With those " Olden Memories."

In the solitude of even,  
When the spirt lone and dreary,  
Turns from earth away to heaven,  
As the refuge of the weary ;  
In the dreamy twilight hour,  
When the world is still and calm,  
And light zephyrs gently shower  
All their plenitude of balm ;  
Oh, then sweeter than perfume,  
Borne on aromatic breeze,  
To the softened spirit come,  
Those dear " Olden Memories !"

## Archibald Braxton.\*

EVERYBODY happy—except Sub-Fresh—and they trying hardest to appear so. Everybody shaking everybody else's hand. Knots of graduates gathering about the old elms, or wandering joyously around the well-worn and familiar paths.

Knots of Seniors, swelling with a new-born independence, canvassing their future prospects, and reflecting on the chances "in futuro" of the silver cup.

Knots of Juniors, wondering why the Faculty admit such mere boys to the dignity of students,—pulling up their collars with a sighing recollection of the manliness of "our class," and a malediction on continually increased degeneracy of ages.

Knots of Sophomores, in congratulation of their fortune at Biennial,—peeping through the great tent, at the piles of boards and benches,—lingering near the Cabinet, snuffing in imagination pleasant odors of the parboiled chickens, and the fiery lobsters from the flesh-pots of *their* graduation.

Knots of Freshmen,—as they write home, Sophomores,—anxiously awake to win the reputation of the politician, having in the "mind's eye" future Presidencies, vigorously electioneering, or collecting in a contest, not and heavy, round some miserable candidate for College entrance.

And this grand accumulation,—this continual confusion, humbug, happiness and independence, must inform the stranger, surely as a guide-post, that it is the gala of our Alma Mater,—that "Commencement week" is on us.

Under the direction of their allies, Percival and Braxton were enabled to gain unmolested entrance to the Examination Hall. It was early and there were few present, giving the most ample time for observation. The room, immense in size, with Normo-Gothic windows, wide door, and high paneled ceiling, had an air of grandeur well befitting its position as the gateway to the academic halls of Yale. Chairs were ranged in long rows, each confronted by prim looking tables, stiffly standing on their three legs, as though called out for a minuet of the old time, and awaiting but the music to move off. Piles of books were frequent, as though apprehending fierce attacks, the timid Sub-Fresh had determined to con-

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\* Continued from page 21.

struct stout barricades, with no lack of ammunition. Sheets and scraps of paper scattered "thick as snow-flakes on the moor lands." Direful preparations!

"Who is it?" whispered Braxton, as a stately, venerable old man passed them, and approaching, took his seat as President of Examiners. His tall, portly form, and noble countenance, capacious forehead, mild though piercing eye, and firm mouth, round which played with softening influence a continual smile—his whole expression, true benevolence, as united with high intellect personified,—stamped him as the good and great man, one to be revered, one the heart would never think of disobeying, and whose approbation it would feel its triumph.

"Professor \* \* \* \*."

"And that?"

A young man, tall and slender, in his form, "the scholar's model,"—having been most busy in the distribution of examining papers, was now gazing earnestly over his gold rimmed spectacles upon our friends.

"That's Tutor \* \* \* \*, he'll most likely put you through on Latin; your best plan you see will be to ——"

Rap! rap! rap! "Gentlemen will now prepare for the examination,"—interrupted Prof. \* \* \* \*, and with the unfinished sentence, with nods, looks, and gestures, in their import most instructive and appropriate, their Soph. allies were obliged to leave them.

"Chaos and confusion worse confounded!" What does it consist of in the Sub-Fresh idea but of large rooms, tall and omnipresent Tutors gliding noiselessly, Greek roots, Latin synonyms, problems, and translations, all assuming the appearance and the legibility of hieroglyphics, hum of voices, and eternal scratching of harsh pens,—floors and ceiling whirling in a maze of trouble, and malignantly bland faces smiling in all corners and from all directions?

Hour of peril, when the hope of future promise may be balancing on trifles, at thy mere remembrance *horresco referens*!

Hours of trial, though thy moments lag like leaden footsteps in Life's progress, we forgive thee for the joy experienced when thy reign is over!

The "Committee," with sagacious forethought, not unworthy of more veteran politicians, were awaiting Braxton at the door, ready to avail themselves of the advantage of our friend's good fortune, nor was it much a matter of surprisal, after a short walk around the grounds and exhibition of its interesting objects, when their proteges, in answer to their arguments, expressed a willingness to become enrolled "Linonians."

Approaching the Alumni Building and ascending a long winding

staircase, after a short interval, in which Watson had preceded for the purpose of announcement, they were ushered into a large, elegantly furnished hall, amid a roar of most tumultuous applause. The sudden transition from quiet to apparent bedlam, so confused them that some time elapsed before they could distinctly comprehend all passing round them; then it seemed as though a man with most ferocious whiskers, at a large desk, was addressing them, for above the busy hum of gratulation, the words—"great honor," "admitted," "privileges," &c., could be heard, and at the conclusion, the ferocious whiskers disappearing behind the barrier of desk, a huge book was brought towards them and their signatures requested.

"Sign," prompted Ledyard, and obeying, they were conscious of a score of faces round them, the pressure of innumerable hands, and at last became convinced that they now were, in reality, "members of Linonia."

"So you are admitted, gentlemen, are you?" was the salutation of the "relict" as they met that worthy lady on return home. "I *knew* you would,—young men are always *so* afraid, but I knew *you* need not be." With this flattering unction and an extra smirk and simper, the maternal vanished, 'mid the rustling of her silks, and clatter of the neighboring kitchen, leaving Percival and Braxton to arrange their books and room as a preparation for the coming duties.

The term closed, and the distance rendering a return home unadvisable, they determined to enjoy the rustic pleasures and flirtations of some quiet village, entering on their studies with renewed strength at the opening of the fall.

### CHAPTER III.

"Hark! the morning bell is pealing  
Faintly on the drowsy ear,  
Far abroad the tidings dealing,  
Now the hour of prayer is near,—  
But don't *you* stop to muse in secret,  
No time for *you* to linger *there*.  
The hour approaches, 'Tempus fugit,'  
Tear your shirt, or miss a prayer—  
Don't stop to wash, don't stop to button,  
Go the ways your Fathers trod,  
Go it,—leg it,—put it,—streak it,—  
Rouse up from the land of Nod!"—*Anonymous*.

Reader, what were your impressions on attending for the first time "morning prayers" at College? What were your sensations as you saw



around you those with whom you were to mingle for four most important years in life! We will tell you ours, for we doubt not, yours, and ours, and Braxton's, will not differ in the main points.

When arousing at the dusky light, we heard that dismal, mournful, toll—toll—toll,—hurried off in chum's coat, spite of all his frantic efforts to detain us, and were only conscious that we had his hat too, by the knack it had of falling to the nose-joint, (for we have a Roman nose, and his head is the largest,)—when we realized the full sense of the poet's meaning—

“ On the staircase, tramping, stamping,  
Bounding, sounding, down you go,  
Bumping, thumping, smashing, crashing,  
Jumping,—bruising heel and toe,—

when we rushed shivering into, and sat shivering in, a Siberian chapel, we acknowledged fully that these things were certainly “an institution,”—a *great* “institution;”—in Fresh simplicity we had not anticipated all the *greater* luxury of wading in the dark, through wintry rain and snow storms, and confinement in wet clothing for the ante-breakfast recitation,—in a brave defiance of the weaknesses of human constitution. We felt solemn,—but it was an aguish solemnity!

Then we looked around upon our classmates;—on the manly forms and intellectual faces,—on the fearless carriage, and the bold eye, flashing with the independence of the future statesmen,—beaming with the conscious power of intellect;—upon those whose influence would be felt in fields of literature, of science, and of legislation. And we felt a pride that we would be united with such by the strong ties of association, joy at entering on a friendly contest with the manly, and the noble, and the good. These were our thoughts, and we trust somewhat akin to those of each Yalensian. The first day's recitation passed by, and the second and the third. Time flies quickly in the earlier portion of one's course at College, and our friends were actively engaged, becoming quite familiar with the routine before they had begun to count its moments;—so it flew on, its monotony unnoticed in the bright hopes and ambitious ideals of the future. The usual athletic contest at the game of Football, the excitement of electioneering, the politeness of the upper classes,—had all faded to a place among past things.

Freshmen were now realizing their position; they had been initiated in the mystery of secret orders, had smelt fire and brimstone, hung suspended between heaven and earth, learned the action of galvanic bat-

teries, and *some* laws of chemical affinity, had seen the Elephant, and rode the Goat!

"Ned," said Braxton, one night, "I am somewhat dubious of Mrs. Grind's veracity."

"Nothing strange, I think, but why so?"

"You remember her requiring 'certificates of moral character,'—I should like to see the ones presented by her other boarders,—Sophomores in general, but Logan in particular."

"Perhaps," replied Percival, with a dry laugh, "she dispensed with them, as in our case, on account of especial good looks."

The gentlemen referred to, being quite remarkable for a nasal elongation, and a general shabbiness of person, Braxton's response was a burst of laughter. "Well," at last he remarked, "it *must* be so, but it never would have struck me in that light before, and if moral character consists in spreeing five nights out of six, expertness in grape stealing, sacking melon patches, borrowing cash, and cutting duns, I'll confess we have the very pink of morals not far from us. What *are* they up to now!" continued he, as a heavy jarring shook the whole house. Thump—bang—crash—then came cries for help,—stifled laughter, and a sound of scuffling in the room adjoining.

Thump—bang—crash—"help!" "help!"

"By gad, Ned, I believe they are smoking out poor Crawford; I heard that scamp Logan threatening it the other day,—it's too bad!—gad, I won't stand it, come on!" and with all the blood of his impetuous nature roused to action by a sense of wrong, Archy sprang out, followed by his friend.

Thump—bang—ha, ha, ha,—“help! don——”

"Open this door!" shouted Archy, as he shook it fiercely. There was on the instant a cessation of the scuffling; smothered laughter and the sound of whispering. "Break it down, Mr. Braxton, break it down, they are smok—ugh, ugh,——" evidently the speaker was unable to proceed.

"Open, or I'll break the lock off!" shouted Archy.

"Don't trouble yourself, my dear, sooner'd give you the key, my booby," replied Logan, "better go to bed, Fresh, and prepare to rush o-morr—" Crash, went the door, under the united strength of Ned and Archy, and before the speech was finished, they were in the room; the scene there presented, beggared all description: in the centre rose a pyramid of boots, books, trunks, and furniture, in most admirable confusion: doors and windows were well stuffed with blankets, preventing

exit of the smoke: on the floor, with blacked faces, and grotesque disguises—well provided with large pipes and vinaigrettes, six or seven Sophomores were stretched out, puffing vigorously. Dense, white clouds of smoke were curling upward also, from a chafing dish of smouldering tobacco. On the bed-side, pale and trembling, sat the rueful hero of the picture, evidently just roused, and between bewilderment and sickness, personating to perfection "Avor's sheeted ghost."

"What do you mean by this, you scoundrels?"

"Keep still, Archy!"

"I shan't! it's a confounded shame—mean, ungentlemanly trick! it's not fair, and you know it," continued he, addressing the astonished Sophs, who were perfectly dumb-founded by the Freshman's impudence.

"Be quiet, Archy,—gentlemen, you'd better carry this no further," remarked Percival, "we cannot allow it."

"Hear! Hear! Audete omnes!"

"The gentleman from Georgia has the floor!"

"Freshman suffrages!"

"*Audacia*,—it is the title

Of the good trait we love the best,  
It is the means which prove most vital,  
When evil fortunes us molest:  
Against all troubles, near and far,  
We seek thy aid—*Audacia*;"

—sung or rather quoted, a merry looking fellow near the fire-place.

"Smoke them out!" yelled another.

"Give them a trial,—'Nil mortalibus arduum est!'"

Acting on the suggestion, the party were about approaching to fulfill the threat; matters looked quite serious, for in giving way to the impulse of their feelings, Ned and Braxton had forgotten their inferiority in number. Determined not to yield easily, they were just preparing for resistance, when fortunately Mrs. Grind's cadaverous features,—brown front, spectacles and all, were seen peering through the open door-way: the smile had disappeared, and the white teeth glared like a caged hyena's.

"That's right, Mr. Braxton,—the wretches! you'll catch it, young men; an't you ashamed, a-goin' round smoking gentlemen out,—such a nice young man, too! Are you much sick, Sir?—and so moral." This phrase ever was the "relict's" most appropriate ending, and having given it utterance, with her arms akimbo, she surveyed the victim with an air of tender interest."

"Game's up, gentlemen!"

"Move an adjournment."

"Second the motion," and the smoking party moved off, leaving her in undisputed possession of the field. Braxton followed, after offering to share his room with Crawford,—confidence in Sophomore friendship somewhat shaken, for among the blackened faces, as they passed him, he had recognized their quondam allies, the "Committee."

*(To be continued.)*

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## Pipes and I in Vacation.

THE term has just closed, and my distance from home compels me to spend my winter vacation in New Haven. How slowly and drearily move the hours! There is no noise about the College, and the snow is drifted into all the paths and piled against the Chapel steps. The old bell hangs silent in its tower, and familiar crowds are no longer gathered about the Lyceum doors. I go to my boarding house, but only four or five sit down at the end of the long deserted table, and some of them are waiting for the mail to bring them letters that they may go. The blinds are all shut, excepting those at my own attic window, and there is an unbroken quiet in the entry. All day, I sit in my room, without hearing a single footfall on the stairway, or a familiar knock at my door. Now and then some creditor, pinched by the hard times, and put off with promises of payment at the close of the term, not knowing that it is vacation, taps at my door; but happily the key is turned, and, like Lamb, I take shelter among "books that disturb not and studies which ask no question of a student's finances."

I have a single companion who comes often now, and loiters in my room after breakfast, and in the evening. A shadowy unstable character, an idler, and a dreamer is Pipes. But he is a true friend, whose consolations are always the best, and who never would betray you in trouble or adversity. He always brings quiet and repose with him, and his large calm mind is full of the finest fancies, and the most delicious vagaries. His thoughts are somewhat ethereal, moving heavenward, and he loves to rise and revel in the clouds. But even now he is at my shoulder, and gazes on my page unmoved. Yet I respect you not for yourself alone, O

Pipes, but for that noble lineage from which you are descended. The age disencumbering itself of old memories and bygone traditions, straining its eye eagerly into the future, is coming to think little of this; but the principle is laid in nature and we can never wholly divest ourselves of it. And you may look with pleasure, Pipes, upon that old genealogical tree, so broad and flourishing, and striking its roots so deep into the past. One of your ancestors was the boon companion of Sir Walter Raleigh, and crossed the waters with the great adventurer. There was another, whose influence was so great with the Indians, that he moved their most important treaties of peace, and conciliating them and the whites, was indeed the first true Quaker. How strangely does his character contrast with the one who sought his fortunes in Spain, and was a favorite at court, and covered with kisses from the blooming lips of fair *senoritas*!

But you are not compelled to dwell on the past alone, O Pipes. You have been stored with travel, and loitered in the old staid Universities of Germany. You have grown metaphysical there, and your metaphysics is somewhat misty, but is not that the merit of it? Your mind is filled with wise and noble thoughts, but they are vague, and loose, and rambling. Yet are not the idle, half dreamy thoughts, the passing suggestions of the hour, worth more than those which are systematized, and published, with all the formalities of rhetoric? If a common mind could select its best thoughts, that are awakened in the tide of life and action, and give them to the world, would it not prize the volume? How truly may we say with the Poet,—

“Many are the thoughts that come to me  
In my lonely musing,  
And they drift, so strange and swift,  
That there's no time for choosing  
Which to follow, for to leave  
Any seems a losing.”

Yea, the idle thoughts, the restless, aimless vagaries of a great mind, are worth more than all the volumes it has given to the world. I read and never tire, in those marvelous plays of Shakspeare, the world's great ruler. But how gladly would I exchange them for the thoughts of the great dramatist, in all his experience of life and sorrow, in his boyish dreams, his love, his hope, and manly aspirations. Think you not that thoughts swept over the mind of Shakspeare, worth more than all that yonder cover contains? There upon my book shelves stand the complete works of Daniel Webster in six fair sized volumes. What com-

parison do you suppose they bear to the best and highest thoughts of that great mind which sleeps in a tomb by the sea at Marshfield?

But I forgot, O Pipes, you are occupied with no thoughts but such as are idle. Half your hours are spent in dreaming. But do not deign to make a record of them. The description of the grand pageantry of dreams, which the great Opium Eater, that Prince of Dreamers, has given, will forbid any one attempting to follow in his footsteps. He, of all men, has penetrated farthest into that strange land which lies beyond the shores of poetry and romance, and one of the greatest living geniuses under the potent influence of Opium alone could have given us an account of that distant country; of its joyous sunshine and its grander gloom; of its music now rising into an anthem swell, and now falling into a low sad melody; of its oriental scenery; of its cities, with domes and turrets built against the sky; of its strange weird figures, now sweet with girlish beauty, and now frowning with demon power. Many a foolish imitator has tried after him the potent spell of opium, and has found it but a mere drug of the senses. I confess my weakness, Pipes, and that this has been my own experience. The Ettrick Shepherd has described it more graphically than I could myself, and there the leaf is turned down to his record. "Hech, sirs, yon bit Opium Tracts, a desperate interesting confession. It's perfectly dreadful, yon pouring in upon you o' oriental imagery. But nae wunner. Sax thousand draps o' lowdnam! It's as muckle, I fancy, as a bottle o' whiskey. I tried the experiment myself, after reading the wee wud wicked wark, wi' five hunner draps, and I coup'd ower, and continued in ae snore frae Monday night till Friday morning. But I had naething to confess; naething at least that would gang into words; for it was a week-lang dull dim dwawm o' the mind, with a kind o' soun burning in my lungs, and clouds, clouds, clouds hovering round and round; and things o' sight not made for sight; and an awfu' smell, like the rotten sea; and a confusion between the right hand and the left; and events o' auld lang syne like the torments o' the present hour, wi' nothing to mark onything by; and doubts o' being quick or dead; and rough, rough, and motion as of an everlasting earthquake; and nae remembrance o' my own Christian name; and a dismal thought that I was converted into a quadruped cretur wi' four feet; and a sair drowth ay sook sooking awa' at empty wine, O Lord save us! I'm a growing to think o't, but how could I *confess*, for the sounds and sights were baith shadows; and whare are the words to express the distractions o' the immaterial soul drowning in

matter, and wastling wi' unknown power, to get ance mair a steady footing on the green sward o' the waking world?"

But I will never again forsake thy company, O Pipes, for that of a tyrant who stretches so dark a scepter over the mind. But you are thinking of other lands, Pipes, perhaps of the Orient, where you used to loiter in the summer times. The Eastern sky is red with the glare of war, Pipes, and we here feel little sympathy either with a nation, which is extending its domains under a pretence of religious right, or one which is defending a worn out principle, and propping up a falling and shattered power. There is little to rejoice either side, and the Battle of the Alma is forgotten by the allies in their late disasters. By the way, it is said that the Poet Laureate is to celebrate the battle in an ode. It is a strange office which requires of so good a Democrat as Tennyson to sing of such a victory. And that dooms him, the master spirit of the age, to such drudgery as employing his genius upon the trifling domestic affairs in the Queen's household, upon the birth of royal babies, and the marriage of roystering Princes.

The writer of Firmilian, Pipes, you are perhaps aware, has achieved quite a success, but can you forget the recent burlesque he perpetrated upon some of the most touching and beautiful of Tennyson's Poems? There are experiences of the soul and emotions of the heart, which find their highest expression in poetry, and how ruthless is the spirit which holds them up for derision. Not even Punch would be so deficient in sensitiveness and delicacy of feeling as to write such parodies as are in the book of Bon Gaultier. But there is some excuse for this latter work—for a troupe headed by Gilfillan, whom Punch calls "the splendid writer," are displaying such a dexterity, such a ground and lofty tumbling and literary pirouetting as sets all law and custom at defiance.

But you are wondering, Pipes, at that dingy manuscript which lies upon my table. It is a fragment of an old communication to the "Yale Literary Magazine;" handed in years ago and consigned to the coffin, because, doubtless, it was the best illustration of the faults which it condemned. But you will be struck with its force and justice. It is entitled "A Disquisition upon College Writing."

"In the fields of Literature in the world, they have divisions of prosaic and poetic composition, and styles argumentative, and narrative, and descriptive, but we have here a style, and a division not recognized by any Rhetoricians with whom I am acquainted, called College writing. No one can doubt but that it has peculiarities enough to mark it as a distinct class. It is ambitious in its choice of subjects, dealing chiefly with those which

are abstract, and have engaged the greatest minds of past ages. It marks nicely subjective and objective conditions. It notes carefully any æsthetic bearings which a subject may have, and many which it has not. It is strange what a run æsthetics has had lately. Athens and Rome, the American Eagle and Plymouth Rock, are all outshone by this modern aspirant ; and distinctions are drawn which even Schlegel and Schiller have failed to note.

“College writing is characterized also by great artificiality of style. A composition is built by a mechanical process, and sentences are formed by rule and square. It would seem as if the spirit of Pope and Dryden and Addison, those old *constructors* of poetry, was reviving again. There is little of that simplicity, or grace, or naturalness, which characterizes the best old English prose writers. This is the more deeply to be regretted, because faults of matter disappear with the progress of mental culture, but those of style and manner are scarcely surmounted by the greatest effort.

“It is, moreover, too unpractical. It deals too little with facts and known principles, and seems somewhat contemptuous of sturdy common sense. But the world will not listen to such, and demands something plain, immediate and tangible. He who says what he may think simply and clearly, will be far more successful than he who launches out into high flown apostrophes and useless extravaganzas. The days of minstrels and ballad singers are gone, and it is a common place to say that we live in an age of practical, hard working labor. Literature no longer has its votaries in courts and schools alone, but the writer must address the people.

“Again, in College writing there is an aiming at profundity and logical acumen. Disdaining simplicity where it alone is becoming, and putting on the heavy forms of logic ; some ordinary subject and thought is made to appear thus robed, like some little boy who unwieldily stalks about in the big hat and boots of his father. No one would praise more than the writer deep thought and cogent logic, but they are not always necessary to the greatest productions. There may be strength without system, and power without regularity. Some of the mightiest social forces are the most illogical and wayward. Nor are the first efforts of human genius characterized by either of these qualities. The world will persist in thinking a play of Shakspeare greater than the *Mechanique Celeste* of La Place. ‘Newton,’ says Coleridge, ‘was a great man, but it would takè many Newtons to make one Milton.’

“There is but one more characteristic which I can note, and that is a



studied imitation of successful efforts in a preceding class. If a person achieves a decided success, and especially by some production marked by strong peculiarities of style, a crowd rush headlong in blind imitation of him. The accepted models are straightway neglected, the old writers, conservators of pure English, are thrown aside for this modern author.

"But I feel that in taking up the critic's pen I am treading on dangerous ground. I have said even thus much hesitatingly, for there is so much in our writing to admire and retain, so zealous a regard for strength, which is the only true ideal, so successful a cultivation of logic, and often such a blending of power and beauty, that I am tempted to overlook so trivial faults, in what is permanently useful and good."

There is sober truth in these remarks, Pipes, and I commend them to your attention. The writer is evidently a close observer and happily has written on a subject on which he can consult no books. The pilgrimage to the College libraries on the announcement of a subject for composition, is as bad as the after pilfering of the old shrines of learning. It were well, indeed, if, like the Knight of La Mancha, our writers were to begin by having all their books consigned to the flames.

But a truce to criticism. It was only the wind, Pipes, whistling at the door which disturbed you, for it roars without to-night, driving the snow against the window panes, and the old Elms toss their weird arms frantically as if catching its music. Far off I hear the low hoarse murmuring of the waters on the Sound. God bless the mariner to-night! But the sound is as familiar to you as the voices of home. Meeres Schaum! Thou wert born of the wild sea waves, the billows rocked thy stormy cradle, and the murmuring ocean sung thy childhood's tunes. None but the Cyprian Queen could boast of such a birth.

But I look up and Pipes, shadowy vague character that he is, has flitted out. The clock strikes the lonely hour of midnight, and thinking upon the remark of Sancho I retire, saying with him, "Thrice blessed be the man who first invented sleeping; it comes round him like a cloak and covers him all over."

## A Fowl Epigram.

TO NICHOLAS.

My dearest Czar,  
The Eastern War,  
On your side looks quite murky ;  
Just call on me,  
You soon would see,  
That I can put down Turkey.

I'd take and fork  
The Gallic Cock,  
His crowing soon repressing ;  
He'd find, mayhap,  
His Little Nap,  
Procured for him a dressing.

And if to beat,  
You think it meat,  
My *venter-ous* powers to try on ;  
My name I'll steak,  
That I will take,  
And gorge the gorgeous Lion !

Gog.

Before Dinner, Thanksgiving Day.

## A Plea for Pat.

At the present moment, Pat seems to suffer some of the inconveniences which attend upon the objects of popular favor. Just two years have elapsed since he was the centre of all attraction ; he was treated, fêted and flattered ; "now lies him there, and none so poor to do him reverence." Those who were formerly loudest in their protestations of affection for the sons of the Emerald Isle, are prepared to show an unbroken descent of pure American blood for an indefinite number of generations ; they boast a firm and continued attachment for "Native" principles, and would esteem it a misfortune to have an Irishman among the list of their acquaintance.

The disfavor with which our Irish population is regarded by a large portion of the community, we believe to be without foundation, in reason or common sense. Not a little of it may be traced to British influence. The fact is, much as we may dislike to hear the truth, we are strongly imbued with English prejudices and English feelings; this is the natural result of a common origin, a common language, and a common literature. With reason we venerate old England and her institutions; we owe much to her, and we should be wanting in the common feelings of humanity, were we not grateful for the benefits she has conferred upon our country. But there are some subjects in which her influence has been an injury, rather than a benefit, and this Irish question is one. With all his good qualities, John Bull has an immeasurable quantity of self-conceit, and he is the very incarnation of prejudice. Like the King, he cannot do wrong, and if he fails, the blame is shifted on to other shoulders. Because England has been unsuccessful in her attempts to Anglicize and govern Ireland, the English press ridicules and misrepresents the character of the Irish people. We have been told that they are a wrong-headed, blundering, and obstinate race—incapable of enjoying the blessings of liberty and civilization, or of ever learning that self-control necessary to maintain free institutions. These ideas have been incautiously adopted by many of our people. That they are entirely false, unjust, and malicious, it needs but little reflection to perceive.

It is a common, but mistaken impression, that the stubbornness of the Irishman is such as to prevent an insurmountable barrier to all attempts at reforming and elevating his character, and that, like a certain animal not to be named in polite company, which professes a great superabundance of that article, he can only be belabored into propriety. Yet St. Patrick, by mere persuasion, introduced Christianity into Ireland in thirty years, and without the use of force, overthrew the altars on which the fires of Paganism had burned for ages. The failure of England to accomplish a similar reform, is solely owing to the injustice and tyranny of the means employed. For nearly seven centuries, her efforts to protestantize Ireland, have been accompanied by the most wicked and odious oppression. Can we blame the Irish for refusing to embrace our religious system under such circumstances? Would we not justly regard them as a craven and spiritless people, had they adopted Protestantism at the command of a usurping government, and in obedience to tyrannical enactments?

Another fault frequently imputed to the Irish, is their pugnacity, which sometimes shows itself too prominently in brawls and riots. It is natural

that they should possess this characteristic. Ever since we have known anything about Ireland, it has been in a state of internal agitation and dissension, well calculated to create a pugnacious spirit in a people disposed more to action than thought. Rebellion has succeeded rebellion, and though their efforts to throw off the English yoke have always resulted in defeat and disaster, they have contributed, in no small degree, to arouse and keep alive that love of excitement, which seems to be inwrought in the Irish nature. One feature of this pugnacity is especially worthy of commendation, and that is, the cheerfulness which always attends it. When an Irishman knocks you down, in nine cases out of ten, it is from pure love; you should regard the black eye which he gives you, as a sure proof of his affection, and determining its amount by the force of the blow, reciprocate accordingly. There is no meanness nor malice about this fighting spirit, which proceeds from nothing more than the circumstances just mentioned, in conjunction with an excess of animal spirits, and that great natural courage, which has so often exhibited itself in the history of the nation. When the cause is removed, the effect will no longer exist. Consequently, in this country, the wild Irishman is tamed down and civilized, and under the influence of our institutions, becomes a useful and tractable member of society.

There is one trait of Irish character, which it would be well for us, if we should all adopt—that happy and contented disposition, which accommodates itself to all circumstances and all times. It is this light-hearted temperament, which molifies and enlivens the condition of the most unfortunate of that unfortunate people, and enables them to bear up under the pressure of adverse circumstances; even the Irish beggar is a gay and jovial fellow. As a nation, we are too abstracted, too solemn and long-visaged. It is true that we have a great work to accomplish, but there is no necessity of making it unpleasant. Life, one would think, is full enough of trouble, and it is difficult to conceive what would be the advantage of creating an extra quantity. If some of that Irish cheerfulness could be infused into our nature, it would soften the rugged pathway of duty; it would make our tasks a delight; we would be enabled to accomplish more in both the intellectual and physical world; and above all, we would become a happier and better people. In this particular then, the union of the Irish character with our own, would be a great and lasting benefit.

It seems to us, that those who declaim against the Irishman, as a useless and troublesome incubus upon the community, must keep their eyes closed to the real condition of affairs. Who is it that digs our

canals, builds our beautiful cities, and lays those iron rails, which link together the sovereign states in the bonds of national unity? The Irish are most certainly our "hewers of wood and drawers of water." It is plain that our progress as a nation, would have been materially delayed without their assistance. As a return then, should it not be our endeavor to elevate and ennoble their characters, and to share with them those blessings which Providence has so bountifully bestowed upon us? Yet some would have us exclude the Irishman from the circle of our benefits—would have us make him an outcast, a Pariah, a Helot, a Plebeian—in all but name, a slave. If their designs are carried out, well may aristocrats exclaim at the ingratitude of republics, and taunt us with our inconsistency in refusing to others, those rights which we claim for ourselves!

The Irish are a warmhearted, impulsive, and patriotic race. They have many faults, but as we would believe, many more good qualities. They have done much for us, in the field, in the council, and in the pursuits of literature. What name stands brighter among the list of Revolutionary heroes, than that of him, who fell in the disastrous attack upon Quebec, nobly battling for the liberties of his adopted country? Whose position at the bar of the Empire State, was more honorable as regards talents and reputation, than that of the brother of Emmet? Whose thoughts strike home, and find a sympathetic cord in all our hearts, like those of "poor Goldsmith?" That man has but little genuine feeling or sense, who casts an undeserved sneer at the industrious and humble sons of Erin. We should treat them as brothers and friends. Remembering their faults are due chiefly to the unfortunate circumstances in which they have been placed, and to the oppression which they have suffered, we should approach them in a spirit of love and kindness. We should attempt their reform and education by the mighty influence of reason and persuasion. Then if we fail in accomplishing the desired object, the fault will be our own.

It is a singular incident in the opposition to foreign Catholicism which now exists, that it has assumed the garb of secrecy. Its advocates seem to think, that they can best resist Jesuitism, by becoming Jesuits themselves. But the truth is, that all this outcry about the danger to be feared from the Papal Church is an old maid's story—a mere bugbear, got up for political purposes. The right of free discussion, strikes at the very root of the Roman Catholic Church system. That "ignorance is the mother of devotion," is one of the fundamental principles of Popery. How a Church, guided by such principles, can ever attain a strong hold

in a country like ours, where there is such perfect freedom of thought, speech, and action—where everybody is “wide-awake,” and everything is a-stir, passeth our simple comprehension. Truth has an intrinsic power over error, and where men are permitted to give utterance to their opinions without fear and without reserve, it cannot but triumph. If the Catholic Church can abide the test of our institutions, it deserves to stand, and will stand. But it is falling, and nothing in the world can strengthen and perpetuate its existence, but the persecution and proscription of its members. The efforts, which are designed to injure it, will have a contrary effect. When the present state of public feeling has blown over it is not improbable that a reaction may follow, and produce the very results our Native American friends dread. Perhaps the United States will embrace the Catholic religion; we shall be handed over body and soul to his Holiness the Pope; Archbishop Hughes will be made President; and “Paddy,” with his “shillalah” in one hand, and a bottle of the “craythur” in the other, will run riot over the triumph of the true Church, and the burning of heretic Know-Nothings.

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### William Motherwell.\*

AMONG the minor poets, whose labors, less known than the works of the great masters of Poesy, have, nevertheless, contributed many rich gems to our literature, William Motherwell holds no secondary place. He abounds in every quality of mind and heart which the true poet should possess; besides a vivid, fertile imagination and a masculine intellect, powerful enough to throw its fancies into forms of varied beauty, he has a heart full of genuine sensibility and strong sympathy with nature. Moreover, being *born*, not *made*, a poet, he possesses the most inalienable right to the title.

His finest and most striking productions are three spirit-stirring war-songs, drawn from the Sagas of the Northmen. We are indebted to that ardent love of antiquarian research, which was a striking characteristic of Motherwell, for these noble odes. His special delight was the study of Scandinavian literature; and from it he imbibed the same fierce freedom which animated the terrible sea-kings of old; men who scorned the

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\* Poems by William Motherwell. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

land and boasted that they "had never slept beneath a rafted roof, or drained the bowl at a sheltered hearth." Their wild mythology charmed him with its gloomy grandeur; in its superstitions his imagination found ample materials for display, and its rough gems his genius polished until they sparkle with surpassing lustre. His war-songs "breathe and burn with the lust of fight;" they throb like the hearts of their own heroes, with the strong energy of a spirit whose only delight is in the battle field, or in the fierce contention of the elements.

This high, untamable courage is characteristic of all the war-songs, but is most conspicuous in the magnificent Sword Chant. To his proud brand alone Thorstein Raudi owes his possessions; in that is his only title to the lands he holds, and he boastfully exclaims:

I point with my sword  
East, west, north and south,  
Shouting, "There am I Lord."

In the "Wooring Song" we find the rough Sea-king putting on the impetuosity of the Lover—yet he cannot sue in the soft accents of parlor courtesy; but, as the wild winds of his own northern land bend the stately pines before them, so his boisterous love sweeps before it all hesitation and maidenly reserve in the part of Torf Einar's proud daughter. There is no sentimentality in this song; no languishing sighs of pretended devotion, disgust and repel us: but it is full of frank and manly feeling, bursting its way through every obstacle.

We have said that Motherwell had a heart full of strong sensibility; full of sympathy and tenderness. No one, destitute of such a heart, could ever have written "Jeannie Morrison," or the song commencing "My heid is like to rend, Willie." In the latter, a young maiden, betrayed, heart-broken and dying, sobs out her remorseful agony to him who has brought this ruin upon her, in words so full of pathos that they are "utterly mournful." Yet, in the midst of her own deep suffering, there comes no reproach against him—no hatred or revenge rises; on the contrary, she shows a pitying, forgiving love that is very touching, and, forgetful of herself, strives to soothe her lover's anguish.

It was during his school-boy days that Motherwell's acquaintance with Jeannie Morrison commenced; and the poet, although he never saw her from the time he left school, always cherished a warm attachment for her. The poem, inscribed with her name, was written during this brief acquaintance, but was not published until many years afterwards. It is not so mournful, so despondingly sad, as the piece we have just spoken of, but we seem to feel while reading it that the ghost of long-past hap-

piness is haunting the poet's mind and pointing in sorrow to "Auld lang syne." We will quote the last stanza, as showing the spirit of the piece, and also that the cares of life never obliterated this early attachment.

"O dear, dear Jeannie Morrison,  
Since we were sundered young,  
I've never seen your face, nor heard  
The music of your tongue—  
But I could hug all wretchedness,  
And happy could I die,  
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
O' by-gane days and me."

Motherwell's hearty sympathy with nature often led him to desert the noisy, bustling town, in order that he might hold nearer communion with her. In the fields or forest he is entirely at home; and with the singing birds, the murmuring brooks, and the blooming flowers, his heart offers up its incense of prayer and thanksgiving to the God of nature. We might expect, from the fierce spirit of some of his poetry, that he would take a wild delight in watching the ocean when lashed by the tempest's fury; that rugged mountains, among whose crags the thunder rolls in long reverberations, would be most congenial to his muse; but it is not so. Wherever this feeling does appear, it can easily be seen that it is affected, and that he loves to sing of calm, solemn night, when the silvery moonshine is scattered

"Above, below and everywhere;"

of holy Sabbath noontide, of lively May and of the merry summer months.

These simple descriptions of nature contain more of Motherwell's own character than any of the others. For the noble war-songs of the north we are indebted, as has been remarked, to the ardent zeal with which he studied Norse poetry and literature. Thus these odes are like the fruit of a grafted bough, owing their present form and a great part of their beauty to the poet's own mind, but wrought from materials lying ready to his hand. Many of the pathetic pieces do not express their author's true character for another reason; there runs through them a vein of morbid melancholy which is forced and untrue. This we consider the poet's greatest fault. He is not content with pouring out his sorrow in the touching strains of Jeannie Morrison, or the lines addressed to a friend just before his own death, but sometimes writes songs which are sickly with sentimentality and nonsense. In the Joys of the Wilderness, for instance, he becomes very misanthropic and evinces a desire to turn



anchorite; but inasmuch as Motherwell's cheerful spirit lived to mingle in the social circle, we opine that he would have made a very restless, dissatisfied hermit, and would never have earned a saintship by spending his days on the top of a pillar.

Versatility is a marked feature of these Poems; there is a continual transition from one subject to another, from one metre to another. We have in a volume of less than three hundred pages Norse war-songs, Turkish battle-chants, and cavalier ditties. Love forms the subject of other pieces, and interspersed here and there, are imitations of the old Scotch and English ballad poetry. The *Demon Lady*, *Lady Margaret*, the *Witches' Joys*, etc., are of the supernatural order, and abound in frightful imagery. In direct contrast to these stand several sober ballads, which exhibit a strong shade of religious feeling—such are the *Covenanter's Battle-chant*, *Change Sweepeth our All*, *The Solemn Song of a Righteous Heart*, etc.

But besides their general and obvious beauty, Motherwell's productions are full of little graces of thought, imagery, and expression. He is graphic and forcible; fond of striking off his thoughts in bold, clear language, and this renders his word-painting vivid and impressive. Harald's ships "sweep like a tempest-cloud" over the ocean, and as they approach the land devoted to slaughter, it is said that they "like wild steeds are careering." In battle the enemy's "spear-points crash like crisping ice," the sword of Jarl Egill "scatters pale light," as it cuts through bones and armor. The dew, falling noiselessly from the midnight sky, is called "Heaven's own vintage;" and in speaking of the calm, quiet beauty of a summer night, the poet says:

"And the wee stars were dreaming,  
Their way through the sky."

In the lines, already alluded to, which our poet wrote to a friend while his life was ebbing fast, the conviction that death is coming upon him is joined with uncomplaining resignation and acquiescence in the Divine will, most touchingly.

But there is one fault which often mars the beauty of Motherwell's verse: it is the habit of using words which, being obsolete or very uncommon, have no distinct meaning—"tweering stars," "gurly billows," "swirling smoke," are examples. The same objection lies against his imitations of old English, and the frequent use of words derived from that source. Those conversant with Chaucer and Spenser can under-

stand and appreciate "Elfinland Wand" and "Lord Archibald," but to the generality of readers they are unintelligible. This fault may, however, find excuse in the fact that a little study will give a meaning to that which was before meaningless, but we can find none for such barbarisms as that which occurs in the piece entitled "Midnight and Moonshine," where the stars are spoken of as "rushing out with joyous face" to welcome the rising moon, and are called "Godkins (!) of the skies."

Another, but less noticeable defect, is that the meters are often rough and unpolished. Such faults as throwing the accent upon the final syllable—"ly," in words like "marvelously," and making it rhyme with "there," "be," etc.; and squeezing words like "quiet," which properly occupy two feet, into the compass of one, occur altogether too frequently.

Motherwell's early death is much to be regretted; he had purposed translating and publishing a large collection of Scandinavian poetry; and the ability which he possessed in this department admirably fitted him for the task. Very seldom has it been attempted by any of the English poets, but scattered here and there we find a few odes like "Zernebock," or the "Descent of Odin," which are based upon Norse legends, and exhibit some of their peculiarities.

"We part with William Motherwell and his wild Northmen. The swift barques, hung with glittering shields; and the fierce landing, the despairing flight, and the battle-horn of 'thunder;' the magic raven ensign, and the shout of onslaught, and the shriek of defeat; all vanish slowly into empty space, die off into their own irrecoverable past, and leave us to soberer, though it may be safer, truth."

S. A.

## Editor's Table.

You have, doubtless, Dear Reader, recovered from your Thanksgiving surfeit, and are already beginning to count the days which must elapse ere you taste again the pleasures of vacation, and watch another old year to its grave. Little, probably, did our good old Fathers think as they ate their first Thanksgiving hominy (Turkeys are a later idea) "on a stern and rock bound coast"—little did they think, we say, of the vast importance of that November feast. The most sanguine Puritan of them all, could hardly have presumed to say, with Shakspeare,

"The yearly course that brings this day about,  
Shall never see it but a holiday."

But Thanksgiving, nevertheless, has come to be almost a National Institution, and where then sat the hominy bowl, the innovating hand of time has established flesh, fish, and fowl, while alps of pastry stand like sentinels on every side, making escape impossible, until they are annihilated—*dished*.

We might say something just here about Progress, and paint an American Eagle in black and white, surrounded by stars and stripes, et cetera, but then we fear that anything so new and startling might not "take." Wait patiently, Dear Reader, until Commencement day, and you shall see an Eagle perched on each shoulder of every speaker, and an imaginary flag waved wildly over every patriotic sentence. We except, of course, our brother members of the "Board," who have *appointments* elsewhere on that occasion.

Thanksgiving is gone but Christmas is coming on apace. The holiday temporal will soon be forgotten in the soberer joys of the holiday spiritual. Thanksgiving days may be appointed or they may not. Christmas, on the contrary, comes of itself, and is a bright, well defined spot on the wheel of the revolving year. We love to summon to our presence the memories of Christmas days gone by; how, when we were young, (we mean, very young,) we used to make it the "punctum stans," as Charles Lamb would say, for all our time counting; how, when at boarding school, whose presiding Deities were hard lessons and bad hash, we used to say to ourselves—"it's only eight weeks to Christmas;" how we got up before daylight and stole anxiously to our pendant stocking, to see if the old German Deity, Chriskringle, had left us his annual *legacy*; and lastly, how we went to bed at night feeling as though we had been metamorphosed into a candy shop, and how we *stuck* to the bed in the morning!

But more important, perhaps, than either Christmas or Thanksgiving, is New Year day. It is a sort of tribunal, and each of us for himself, the judge upon it. Unlike other tribunals, however, it not only tries and punishes, but associates with these prerogatives, an improving and reforming mission. Conscience is a jury of one, and we can always rely upon a verdict, and that a true one. The Devil is always "counsel for the defense," but seldom wins his case. Everybody expects to see a reform in somebody after New Year day is passed. Your humble servants, the Editors, for instance, expect you, Dear Reader, to

return to College *flush*, both in health and pocket, which, in these hard times, will be a decided improvement in your condition, and we hope, too, in ours. We wish that a few of the outsiders, who look upon "the transient portion of our population" as young men of leisure and money, could just get us all in a line, and while we turned our pockets "inside out," view the prospect o'er—Ah! how would their eternal croaking cease, and how would those evil spirits, yclept Duns, cease from troubling! If money is the root of all evil, the want of it is the tree full grown, with a creditor on every branch, and credit blown away.

But levity aside, we do hope to see our subscription list lengthened before our next issue. There are at least an hundred of you, fellow students, who don't take the Lit, unless, indeed, you take it from your neighbor's room. To each of you, individually, we say—subscribe, and not only subscribe, but pay. You've no idea of the good it does us to see your names upon our books. Only a few minutes since the "Quiet" rushed breathlessly into our sanctum, his fine face all radiant with emotion—the wrong end of his cigar in his mouth—in short, his identity for the time gone completely. As he sank upon our lounge, we dropped our pen, and were just grasping our pitcher to try the effect of water upon him, when he arose, and coming calmly toward us, exclaimed in an earnest but subdued voice, "Cool, I've got a subscriber!" We were about to reply when "Quiet" rushed from our sanctum to convey the glad intelligence to "Smoking," whom, we learned afterwards, he found with some difficulty, being compelled to open both windows before the object of his search became visible from out the surrounding smoke. He was at last found fast asleep in his chair—his meerschaum in his lap and a cigar in his mouth, the latter adding to the clouds about him every now and then, a new whiff. We should suppose that so much smoke would *cure* him.

One word about lithographs to our friends who will be Seniors when we are gone. Gentlemen, just employ some artist to get up the *representations* of your Class at random—send them here and allow you to select, each for himself, the picture which he likes. If you get a bad likeness of yourself under this system, you can explain to your children, in after years, that the artist had 'nt seen you, and that after all you were pretty good looking. But the idea of sacrificing yourself on the altar of the present system—of "going through the motions," and, we may add, the expense of a daguerreotype, and daily visits for an indefinite period to the Artist—and then of receiving as a duplicate of yourself, a hybrid specimen of nobody in particular, with an expression in which you are puzzled to tell whether the Elephant or the Ape predominates—ah, it's awful! Nevertheless, we pity from our heart the gentlemanly Artist who, we doubt not, does the best he can for the price—he is besieged, yes, he is like Sebastopol, positively besieged. One wishes a nose elevated at a greater angle—another prefers to have his eye where nature placed it, rather than in mid forehead—a third dislikes the drop-curtain appearance of his lower lip, while a fourth solemnly affirms that the Artist has, by mistake, lithographed some aged spinster, and called it *him*. The Artist, meanwhile, with the most unconquerable good nature, promises "reform" to them all, and they depart to be soon followed by a relay of besieging forces.

Another College examination is almost upon us. We shall never forget our feelings about this time, three years ago; how we did *cram*! it verily gives us a better idea of our own stamina to reflect upon the midnight burning fluid which we consumed, in following through his devious courses, the "man of many arts." We would say to our Freshmen friends, however, it is 'nt so bad as you think! A friend of ours went to Tutor B——t, after a certain examination, and asked him how he had got through; said Tutor examined his marks and looking up, remarked, "well, sir, you *rubbed and went*." An officer of College told us the other day of a certain young gentleman, who, when being examined for admission to College, was asked, "on what river is London?" "On the Styx, sir," was the reply; he did n't get in. We have heard, too, of another individual, who, being asked "who founded St. Petersburg," replied with the utmost assurance, "St. Peter, sir"—the originality of the idea saved him.

And now, Dear Readers, for a time, farewell. Buy, each of you, an extra Lit as a Christmas present for that pretty girl at home, whom you expect so soon to see. Enjoy your vacation, we hope you may, and with an imaginary grasp of all your hands, we wish you "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

#### EXCHANGES.

We welcome among our Exchanges the first No. of the "Harvard Magazine." Its typographical appearance is neat, and its pages are filled with readable and interesting matter. We particularly like the Inaugural with which the No. before us opens. We wish you, gentlemen, all possible success in your new enterprise. The following regular Exchanges are also at hand: "Amherst Collegiate," "N. C. University Magazine," "Erskine Collegiate," for November, "Marietta Collegiate," and "Beloit Monthly," for October and November.

The usual "Memorabilia" is wanting in this No. for the simple reason that nothing *memorable* has transpired in College since our last issue.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1855.

No. IV.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '55.

W. H. L. BARNES,

W. T. WILSON,

E. MULFORD,

S. T. WOODWARD,

H. A. YARDLEY.

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Alexander Hamilton.

Neque enim hic ut in ceteris nationibus quæ regnantur, certa dominorum  
us et ceteri servi; sed imperaturus es hominibus qui nec totam servitutem  
possunt nec totam libertatem."

TACITUS.

It is a sad fact that party spirit is sometimes so violent as to assail  
a dead opponent, if not with the bitterness of personal calumny, at  
least with a contemptuous depreciation of talent and services; and how-  
ever it may cloak itself with the specious pretence of opposition to a  
representative of dangerous political principles, the spirit which dictates  
such conduct is mean and paltry. It is partly to this violence  
of partisan enmity that the present unjust opinion of Hamilton is owing.  
It is true, that in the period immediately succeeding his death, the deep  
sorrow was expressed and the most extravagant eulogies were uttered  
by all parties; but part of this was no doubt an emotion of indignant hor-  
ror at the manner of his death. The state of feeling with regard to him  
very much changed since then, and now men do not hesitate to de-  
preciate his services and grossly slander his motives and principles. It  
is as though party spirit were restrained by delicacy from open mani-  
festations against the newly dead, but to break out with renewed viru-  
lence.

lence when the worms and time have somewhat destroyed his personal identity, and he is looked upon as an idea, rather than as a distinctive immortal being. It can easily be imagined that Webster, Calhoun, and Clay, whose names are now generally treated with such decent respect, although they will always be admired by their own schools, and by liberal and just men of all principles will, after a few years, be again made the mark of political sharp-shooters. But beside a resuscitated party spirit, there are other circumstances which prevent Hamilton from receiving that large share of popular attention and veneration which he deserves. Thus the case would be different if he received the benefits as well as the evils of party spirit, but his political principles have at this day no organized party to uphold them, while their old opponents are still flourishing, and have succeeded in carrying most of the measures which they then advocated, and some which they would then have shrunk from. He never occupied the highest official station. His influence in the convention that framed the Constitution was so great and so wisely exerted as to call from Guizot the remark, that to him we are indebted for every element of order and perpetuity in our government; yet for two reasons his share in that convention has not received at the hands of the masses the applause which it deserves. In the first place, his speeches have not been well reported. In the second place, as a general fact, the prudent and cautious conservative statesman, however correct his ideas may be, is rarely so great a favorite with posterity as the pretended reformer or man of progress, however erratic or unscrupulous, who appeals to the sympathies and emotions rather than to the reason. In reforming any evil, there is always a tendency to run into its opposite, and in all successful revolutions, this tendency must have received a check. To impose this check is as great a proof of wisdom, talent, and moral courage as it is to start the revolution, yet we are so dazzled by the glitter of a reform that we rarely bestow praise on those wise and necessary men who prevent this reform from becoming a worse evil. Thus we have few celebrated names of such persons, and thus revolutionists, who have both started and restrained a progressive movement, are admired for going as far as they did, but not for stopping where they did.

Such are a few of the circumstances that have conspired to depress the reputation of Hamilton.

Let us now consider the literary character of his writings. Among his earliest published works were anonymous pamphlets, in answer to Tory essays by Rev. Dr. Cooper, President of King's College, (now Columbia College,) New York, in which institution he was then a student.

They were printed in 1774, when he was about seventeen years old. They are full of boyish vivacity and spirit, and untrammelled by those literary rules which are practiced by older writers, but which would have been as a strait-jacket to his ardent disposition and quick vigorous intellect. Disregarding the years of his antagonist, (if indeed Hamilton knew who he was,) the closest reasoning is followed by the most familiar and in some cases puerile ridicule. Yet he never allows ridicule to take the place of argument, or fails to give a fair and candid statement of his opponent's ideas. A trace of assumption may now and then be discerned, as when he says, "thus have I proved, in a full, clear, and conclusive manner—," and similar expressions occur more than once in his earlier essays. He sometimes unnecessarily denies to his opponent the merit of sincerity or good intentions. But his earliest as well as his later essays are conspicuous for one excellence which is particularly wanting in the political writing and speeches of the present day. He never seeks to carry away the minds of his hearers by mere party watch-words and slang, or allows a prettily rounded sentence, a bold appeal, or striking metaphor to supplant sound logic, or takes for granted any but the plainest principles of common sense. This is a trait that one would not expect to find in a man of Hamilton's quick and impulsive disposition, but it may perhaps be in part attributed to his age, when the habit was formed. He had not yet mingled in politics extensively, and his prejudices and opinions had not had time, by frequent repetition among those who would agree with him, to acquire in his mind the force of axioms. His prejudices, indeed, had been all on the side of the Tories; and thus, as he came to his opinions by cool reasoning from first principles, so he gave them to the world. He himself has well said of his writings, "They are not the spawn of licentious clamors, or popular declamation, but the genuine offspring of sober reason." Another conspicuous merit is their great practicality. He brings everything home to the business and bosoms of the men he is addressing, and shows them how their interests will be affected by a particular measure. Nor does he deal in loose generalities, but specifies minutely to what extent, and why, and how, they will be injured or benefited, and what is the only way of averting the harm or securing the good. This careful specification is far more powerful than the broad generalities now too prevalent in and out of Congress.

In the turmoils of the revolution, he appears to have lost some of the vivacity, and rubbed off some of the asperities of youth: his style became changed in some respects, though it still retained many of its old



characteristics. It became cool, sedate, and dignified, but lost none of the persevering thoroughness with which it was at first wont to pursue to its hiding place, in first principles or ultimate results, every idea that was started. The animated by-play of ridicule with which he at first relieved the weariness of a long discussion, was nearly all discarded, and with it went much of the attractiveness of his essays. This is, perhaps, unfortunate, for even at the expense of a dignified and classical style, it would be well to have Hamilton's political principles and arguments widely disseminated and understood. His earlier essays, although they are attractive, are on subjects of little general importance at the present time, so that they too have few readers. And thus it is the peculiar misfortune of Hamilton, that, while his most important works are repulsive to many from their tedious and precise formality; those which are attractive from their vivacity, are not of enough importance to secure general attention.

The prevailing feature of these works is logic; homely but cool, clear, comprehensive, and convincing. His later style is earnest, but rarely impassioned or metaphoric. Yet the few similes that are scattered through his pages are striking, and make us regret that he did not oftener indulge his imagination. This very characteristic, however, was extremely useful at that time, since his object was to convince and persuade rather than to please. The direct business-like tone of his essays was, perhaps, owing in some measure to the circumstances by which he was surrounded during the greater part of his life. When very young, he passed three years in a counting room, and from this training he acquired not merely habits of protracted and unwearied application to business, but also a degree of practical common sense which rendered him averse to visionary speculations in government as well as in trade, and which was very serviceable to the country in the labors of the Convention. From the counting room, he was transferred, after a brief interval spent in college, to the field of battle, and to the bar: neither of which latter spheres are very favorable to the growth and training of a dreamy speculative disposition.

From the writings of Hamilton may be obtained a very fair estimate of his political character and principles. He was remarkable for his foresight. He may have arrived at his conclusions with the quickness of intuition, but he does not appear to have received them as settled convictions into his own mind, much less given them to the world without first severely testing them by the rules of common sense. And thus, although perhaps none of his predictions were verified to the

letter, they could always be relied upon as affording a better index of the general results of a measure than those of any other statesman.

He was also distinguished even in that age, so fruitful of Cincinnati, by the purity of his patriotism. Offices and honors are temptation enough to corrupt the integrity of some men, but these he cheerfully sacrificed. Much more subtle and dangerous foes to political integrity are found in the eager zest with which an able statesman presses a favorite measure, and his expected triumph in its final adoption; and these temptations are unfortunately strongest with the ablest men. Politicians of strong opinions frequently allow themselves to be led away by a headlong pursuit of a single idea into neglect of what is admitted by all to be the immediate good of the country. Hamilton was proof against this temptation also and kept his eye fixed with wonderful constancy on the solid happiness and prosperity of the country. This trait was finely displayed in the struggle on the adoption of the Constitution. That instrument contained provisions to which many were extremely opposed and which they feared would be baneful to the country. In these circumstances, some men petulantly opposed its adoption, although all admitted that disunion would be a great, certain, and immediate evil, while the others were uncertain and remote. Hamilton, however, warmly urged its adoption with all its faults, and then strenuously labored to secure its successful operation. He himself had already indicated what should be the course of a high-minded man in such a situation. "In council or debate, he would discover the candor of a statesman, zealous for truth; and the integrity of a patriot, studious of the public welfare; not the caviling petulance of an attorney, contending for the triumph of an opinion, nor the perverse duplicity of a partisan, devoted to the service of a cabal."

Hamilton belonged to that school of politicians which, whatever may be thought of it in general, is especially needful in the moment of a successful revolution—a school which, while it is heartily opposed to all forms of oppression, is somewhat backward in movements of expected reformation. The influence of a strong party of this character would have checked the horrible excesses of the French revolution and averted the severe blow that popular sovereignty there received. In fact it would have been well for the cause of liberty, if this party had been stronger in all republican governments that have existed. Without it, our forefathers would have come out of the Revolution far worse than they entered it, and we should not now

enjoy the constitutional liberty for which they then contended. This is no place to enter into a defense of its particular principles, but its general tendency may be explained in a few words. Proceeding on the supposition that unlimited power is dangerous, wherever lodged, and that power has a tendency to accumulate where it is already greatest, it seeks to throw checks in the way of this accumulation. It sees that the chief power in monarchies and aristocracies is in the hands of the king and nobles, but in republics in the hands of the people. It therefore contends that in the former case the cause of liberty demands that many checks should be placed on officers and dignitaries to prevent them from becoming more powerful than they already are; but that in the latter case, the same cause demands that strong constitutional and legal checks should be placed on the people, so that they may not acquire that degree of power which history informs us they will be likely to use to their own greatest disadvantage, and the injury of true constitutional freedom. Of anarchy and despotism, the two extreme evils to which all governments are exposed, it holds that we are liable to run insensibly into the former through the efforts of the people to throw off restraint, and by the unnecessary extension of the idea of self-government; while we are only exposed to the latter in the event of some one's attempting a fool-hardy Napoleonic coup d'etat, the very idea of which, in an Anglo Saxon republic, is ridiculous. While it seeks to guard against the former, it recognizes no present danger to our country from either source, and at the same time takes credit to itself that we are thus secure and prosperous. Its leading principle is concisely expressed by Hamilton,—“Real liberty is neither found in despotism, nor in the extremes of democracy, but in moderate governments.”

This conservative tendency of his mind, together with certain peculiar provisions that he wished to introduce into our Constitution, has given some degree of plausibility to the stale slander that he was a monarchist. It is true that he wished our chief magistrates to hold office during life or good behavior, but he also proposed certain regulations with regard to the House of Representatives more democratic than those finally adopted. Moreover, in advocating a life-tenure of the Presidency, he foresaw and hoped to avoid the very evils which are now felt to be inherent in our present system, so that although his policy may not have been the best, he was certainly impelled by patriotic motives and deserves additional credit for his foresight. If he were theoretically a monarchist, he would merit the more praise for

acquiescing in the form which pleased the majority of the people, and earnestly laboring to secure its success. But a man who, as Hamilton did, his best efforts in endeavoring to establish a republican government, and who has left on record his expressed preference for such a form, it is both silly and wicked to accuse of political preferences. The admiration which he was known to have for the English Constitution may also have contributed to strengthen his belief; and it has even been thrown at him reproachfully as a stain upon his character. It is only, however, when such an action is allowed to interfere with a due regard to the interests of our own country, that it becomes improper, and it certainly cannot be said that, with Hamilton, it ever did thus interfere in the least. Needless to enumerate the many solid grounds for that feeling towards England both then and now.

We cannot too often dwell upon the many virtues of our revolutionaries, nor be too careful to throw aside all party preferences in a common and hearty gratitude for the inestimable services of them all. We shall then soon see good reason for the exclamation of the English statesman, that in perusing our early history, he was led to the reading of the actions of a nobler order of beings, free from human imperfections.

### Who is the Gentleman?

A courtier extraordinary, who by diet  
Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,  
Choice music, frequent baths, his horary shifts  
Of shirts and waistcoats, means to immortalize  
Mortality itself, and makes the essence  
Of his whole happiness the trim of court.

*Old play of Magnetic Lady.*

And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of Gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan  
And soiled with all ignoble use.

*Tennyson.*

THERE are three kinds of Gentlemen—the *Gentlemen in esse*, the *Gentlemen in posse*, and the *Gentlemen impossible*.

Or, in plain "*Saxon*," the Gentleman-born, who can't prevent his character, the true invariable old Damascus blade—the Gentleman Protean who changes his character with his ruffles, as full of conceit as Falstaff was of Sherris sack, and about as truly courageous, for with one slight prick of the steel out gushes his *amour propre*, and no character remains after the collapse, a clear case of *reductio ad absurdum*—thé *Gentleman would be*, who has turned up an ace, got property, begins to dress *à la mode*, struggles hard for gentility, but his personal identity clings to him, and burns worse than the tunic of Dejnaira.

Ah! Phillip Sidney, thou wert a gentleman of truest definition! And Raleigh, thy memory is fragrant! Thy courtly etiquette was no art! Well Queen Bess knew thy shrewd grace and gentle wit—not as thy all, for thou wert a philosopher and a discoverer, and a martyr spirit! And Bayard—well didst *thou* first earn that title of the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. The sheene of no faire ladye's eye e'er disconcerted thee! And thou didst ne'er turne from mortal foe! And thou never breakest a lance unjustly. And thou didst never cherish frivolous purpose or know friendships' heresies. And thou wert in halls the princeliest, gentliest, and manliest knight that ever couched a lance for ladye's gift. And many more could we name, but alas

"The Knights are dust,  
And their good swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints we trust."

My great grandfather, Sir Junius Grandison, once wrote a manuscript upon manners. This has been reverentially handed down, along with a colossal book-case of English Oak, which was grotesquely carved after the fashion of the times, and around the edge of which ran a nicely carved guilloche. On each side of the folding doors, woven around with Gothic tracery, is the family coat of arms, a shield, red ground, with three white cats, salient, and for the crest, a demi-cat rampant. This book-case, for which a dome had to be constructed in the ceiling, stands upon the shoulders of four lions, and sometimes, to my childish fancy, they have awakened from the drowsiness of centuries, slightly yawned and moved a paw, while, for a moment, their eyes sparkled as of yore; all, no doubt, resulting from rubbing them with my plaid, while the light gleamed mistily through the window curtains. But I was speaking of the Manuscript—one afternoon, having reached down from the dusty shelf this curious palimpsest, (for my Grandfather, Sir Junius, next of kin, had written commentaries across it,) I sat down to read, and just as I came upon the following:

Marry a Gentleman of bloud was he,  
 Yet drewe not from bloud his destinie.  
 In him such charmes were found in consonance,  
 His pride was girte withe gentleness,  
 For wrong his courage had ne'er defense,  
 His dignitie was not a thing of arte,  
 But genuine, deep, and from his hearta.

I fell a dozing and was startled by a hollow cough and a tap upon my shoulder, when Sir Junius himself addressed me, gesturing most violently: "Bless me! A sorry scrip that for an age so alien. Ah! what havoc time has made of the gentrie of the olden period! What a gross sophism doth now appear my old maxim that gentrie is divine! The type of gentility—the very essence, *ehou! quam mutatus!* My Lord Surrey himself, could he come back, would groan in spirit." Here my worthy ancestor grew very excited, and paced rapidly up and down, scattering a cloud of white powder at every nod. "Jupiter Tonans! Can it be that the stern, inflexible, elegant manners of my day, the subdued fashions, the dexterities of taste, the noble sentiments, the elaborate but graceful modes of conversation, are thus vandalized, dragged from a transatlantic burial, to be thus travestied by exquisites, mendicants of fashion, who have never known the genius of their race, or the heart's decorum and dignity, whose whole life is a fashionable misdemeanor, without second intentions, or a future or decent faith in itself, who would turn cynics and hate themselves with an undying hate, if accident could betray them into a moment's philosophy, or a spasm of common sense? Alas! they can never suffer from an overwrought sensibility, or feel a twinge of pride. No one, my son, can be a gentleman by proxy. *Esse quam videri*, should be your rule. The true Gentleman is born so. Real etiquette is a seminal principle and comes from the heart, and is a sure prophecy of a generous friendship and genuine esteem—a principle too vigorous, fixed and honest, to subject itself to obsequious policy or heartless coxcombry, or become a *figurante* among blue-coated serving-men and languishing, superficial women, of style and empty purposes! No! it cherishes a lordly disgust of these \* \* \* \*." Here a noise ensued behind the arras, and the worthy Sir Junius, who was getting quite into a gothic mood, mysteriously vanished into the gigantic book-case, the closing doors of which thrust to by the current of air from the windows, where the curtain hangings were streaming at full length, roused me.

from my reverie, when I recovered the manuscript which had fallen from my hand.

One of the *Gentlemen in posse* is the Marquis of Waterford, *pace sua dixerim* (for he is still living) who, with his valiant coterie of admirers, is wont by night to overturn coaches in narrow lanes, pummel the driver, and then hastens to ring the door-bells of London, for the inmates to find a watchman bound and gagged, his throat painted red to symbolize a murder, while he, with his gentlemanly *posse*, takes to his heels, and in the evening attends receptions or conversaziones, where he may be found anxiously keeping within the bounds of a most decorous propriety, and talking the demurest morality imaginable. St. Evremond was a mystery, but yet seems to come under this category. He could feign all the habits of a gentleman, possessed a deal of the *bonhomme* element; was capable of generosity; could reason profoundly; but was an incessant polemist and often insulted perfect strangers for the sake of the duello. There is one I cannot name without a sensation of nausea—Lord Chesterfield. He insisted that the quality of a gentleman was an external fact, a device *ad libitum*, a livery without which no one could promote his manhood, or expect a decent destiny, or secure a posthumous respect. His morality never went beyond his voluminous code of etiquette, which he never failed to enforce with the sternness of a Draco, as if to make a man smirk, and bow and recite a *jeu d'esprit* with automatic precision, was actually supplying him a soul with all the genial qualities and instincts which mitigate our life's experience. We heartily despise that squeamishness which shuddered at a supposed breach of decorum, which made him write whole letters to his son while foreign minister, on some contemptible finesse—letters patent, wherein he endorses over to him his new inventions. In one he takes a most solemn oath by the Supreme, that he should rather die than hear of his son having *awkwardly used his fork* at table; and his integrity is further seen in one of his first laws—that, "*Your countenance should express one thing, and your heart feel another.*" His whole life was a brilliant, successful hypocrisy, but over which rested an omnipresent, crushing tedium, that permitted not a single eminent, genuine joy, or even the fallacy of a momentary hope.

When an ingenious man, a lover of his race passes through American Society, and finds a hollow courtliness and artificiality, where from the nature of our institutions and from the warrant of our history as well as the assertions of our literati, he heartily expected to find the

highest dignity joined with sincere probity; he feels like subscribing without a murmur to that harsh old maxim of Petronius Arbiter—" *Mundus universus exercet histrioniam.*" The whole world practices the art of acting.

There is a class in our Republic of *soi-disant* Gentlemen—men of honor, as they would be termed—who are abject slaves to punctilio, and yet to whom we must concede knightly qualities, for they are often hospitable and generous to a fault, but are monomaniacs on this subject. A pointed satire or rude jest too often tempted them to abandon their natural magnanimity and quote from the old play of "King and No King"—"A slight note I have about me, for the delivery of which you must excuse me. It is an office which friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, as I desire nothing but right on both sides," or else they would be forced to lament with Don Sebastian—

"All my long arrear of honor lost,  
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age!"

We recommend them to chew the cud of *second* intentions, a moment or two, and reflect upon the reply of Washington to a challenge—when he suggested the plan to his enemy of chalking out his size upon a barn door and blazing away, and if he hit, he would acknowledge himself killed and equivalent rendered; and on a second occasion, replied that he would fight if Martha Custis would consent!

We have said that the quality of a Gentleman is born with the man. No tuition can impart it, it can but disclose the principle, and thus writes Eliza Cooke:

"Nature with a matchless hand sends forth her nobly born,  
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;  
She moulds with care a spirit rare half human, half divine,  
And cries exulting, 'who can make a gentleman like mine!'"

Such a man is unwarped by outward circumstances. He borrows no standard, yields to no foreign taste, but is an oracle in himself, having a force, and serenity, and loftiness of soul, higher than the complacency of kingly rank with an invincible temper, and a deep, calm morality, which accurately, but not hastily, interprets other men's acts, then follows out its purposes without relenting. I have in mind while writing, the venerable form of one who is familiar to us all, and who seems a perfect Gentleman of the old school, whose devoted love of science and desire for our progress, prompts him daily to mingle with us in the Lecture Room, displaying that same urbanity and dignity



which characterized him in the former duties of his Professorship. May many coming classes enjoy his kindly presence.

It is sad to think that men of hollow hearts can so closely assume the Gentleman that we cannot detect them in our casual meetings. They wear their character as a mask. You would fain look under their disguise and identify them.

The distinction of a class under "*the Gentleman impossible*," may seem whimsical.

But there are some whom no process can mould into the gentleman. You might importune from sunrise till dark without seducing them into an act of grace, or a refined sentiment. They may possess genuine good qualities, but they are coarsely grained.

Here our worthy Editor is at our elbow, and says "nay," for want of time. We have written, *currente calamo*, from momentary fear of his visage, and as he has turned away—one word more.

It is a strange error in some men of rapid fortune, to think that style, arrogance and duplicity, will sublimate their foolish nature into a true gentility. Humility and study may do it—attempts to swell never can.

"A Gentleman!

What, o' the woolpack! or the sugar-chest!  
Or lists of velvet! which is 't, pound or yard,  
You vend your gentry by!"

## What are you going to do when you Graduate?

THIS question, varied in form, but in substance the same, is one which we have been listening to ever since we became fairly settled as Collegians, and were domiciled within the realms of our Alma Mater. What are you going to do? How little effort does it require to ask you this, my friend, and yet how large a prescience, how impossible a foreknowledge must its certain answer imply. To the Freshman as we meet him in our walks, or chat benignantly with him in our college room, we put the question more because the subject is one familiar to our own thoughts, than from any hope of an assured reply. To the Sophomore, whose somewhat contracted leisure is mostly occupied with visions of composition prizes, or plans for some new species of adventurous sky-larking, we propound the question more as an experiment

in "moral influences," than for any practical purpose. To the Junior, who has just passed the dividing line of his existence—the equinoctial of his life voyage—biennial, we look more hopefully, as we confront him with the momentous—"What are you going to do?" But, alas for the transient nature of serious impressions upon Juniors even, we are put off with some waggish reflection upon matrimony, or ingenuously informed that—"I haven't the remotest idea." To the Senior, grave, dignified, and yet withal, possessed of an easy grace which wins your confidence as you converse with him, you propose the query as you would inquire of your tailor the amount of your "bills payable," or of your division officer, the number of your marks. In about nine out of ten cases, however, the Senior even, disappoints you. There are some twelve alternatives between which, just at this particular time, (early in Senior year,) he is vibrating. He "may go to Europe,"—or, "he may read law,"—or, "he may study theology,"—or, "he may go on a farm to get rid of this confounded dyspepsy and general 'suspended animation,' which besets him,"—or, "he may do nothing." If you venture to suggest to him that either of these departments of industry offers peculiar attractions to his capacity or tastes, he most probably disagrees with you. The law is too dry; theology too little lucrative; teaching an acknowledged bore; and farms too sparsely stocked with libraries and Havannas. On the whole, the Senior is like a ship which, near the end of a four years' voyage, has lost her rudder, but which, with sails set and colors flying, is making a somewhat fearful headway toward any harbor, which may give her shelter and an anchorage. There are the same liabilities, in both cases, to total shipwreck, and the same dangers of stranding on some unfriendly shore.

The choice of a profession is an epoch—a turning point—a crisis in our history. No care which has for its object a circumspect decision of this momentous question, can be misplaced; for it involves too much of our future happiness, to be carelessly made. Too many are impetuous in their selection of a calling; just as too many are, in the selection of a wife. Professions and wives are in many respects alike. A man should have both, but should declare in favor of neither, hastily. As much in the one case as the other is it desirable, that he feel assured of his capacity to command success from the one selected, for disappointment in this particular is, of all others, the most humiliating, as witness a briefless lawyer or a rejected swain. We too frequently allow ourselves to be captivated by some single winning feature of a profession, just as we are too liable to pledge the fealty of our affec-

tions to a bewitching pair of eyes, or a pretty foot. To prolong our assimilation, we might further remark, that "unhappy matches" are as often consummated in thus hastily making choice of a profession, as in that still more delicate duty of wife choosing. The sole remedy in both cases is divorce.

There are some among us who will have no trouble in selecting a profession, but whom nature, taste, and education seemed to have destined for a particular line of effort. To such we have nothing to say, except to congratulate them upon their good fortune, and bid them a hearty God speed, in their prospective career of success and usefulness. But to most of us the highway of life is not so well defined. There are "lions in the path" of almost every calling, over which the mind's eye wanders. Difficulties, dangers, doubts, cling tenaciously about every ambition which we hope to gratify, and mistrust of self mingles with all our dreams. And yet the stern truth that we must do something, that we must, ere long, grapple with the stubborn difficulties of life, in some avenue of effort, is ever before us, and will not "down at our bidding." Few of us but have felt anxiety now and then at the thought that college life is almost gone, and that the scenes, the associations, and the peculiar pleasures, now so dear to us, will be swept almost from our memories, by unsparing Time. Our *names*, it is true, will be laid away triennially in the College archives, and some antiquarian friend may occasionally turn to "our class" to count the dead and revive his recollection of the living, as his eye rests for a moment upon the page which records all that is known of us. But it may nevertheless be claimed as a general rule, that our sheep-skins are but passports, so far as college is concerned, to oblivion; and that the places which now know us, shall know us no more forever. The thought comes sadly over us at times as we pass South Middle—that Patriarch of College brick and mortar—and our eye falls upon the stone thresholds, worn almost to the ground by the footsteps of an hundred college generations. How few of those who, in years long gone, have crossed and recrossed those old stones—whose forms were familiar in the door-ways, and whose songs have echoed along its passages, are now known of, or cared for, by the present occupants of their very rooms! Our own fate also, has again and again forced itself upon our reflection, as we have asked a graduate of a dozen or fifteen years' standing, something in regard to a classmate or cotemporary, and have been told, that he "believed there was such an individual in College with him," but he knew nothing of him now. But we wander sadly.

There are three things which we should be sure of, before we decide "what to do when we graduate." First, of course, we must feel that we have the capacity requisite to a reasonable degree of success in the proposed calling. And it is here that many make their first mistake, and, strange to say, very often from an excessive self-distrust. Modesty is doubtless a cardinal virtue, but it is nevertheless true, that a man must begin by asserting for himself, what, in the end, he hopes to hear others asserting for him. Nowhere, more than in choosing a profession is the truth of Shakspeare's

" Our doubts are traitors,  
Which make us loose the good we else might win,  
By fearing to attempt,"

made manifest. It is not the least of the benefits of a College course, that it frees us from an overweening self-confidence, and convinces us that whatever acquirements we may have made, there are still others to be made, furnishing an exhaustless field for future effort. And yet, we should not forget that we are as well off as other men, nor fear to enter the lists of any honorable warfare.

Secondly, we should consult carefully our tastes and predilections, and not yield to a whim or a caprice, what is due only to a thorough and complete knowledge of a fixed sentiment. There are many men at the bar who ought to be in the pulpit ; and there are as many in the pulpit, who should be in the counting-room. A taste for the study of medicine is one so peculiar in its nature that we are less liable to error in according to it its proper influence, than in the case of almost any other profession. Too many young men select the law as their calling, merely because their taste for *speaking* leads them to it. But veterans in the profession tell us that oratory is but an ornament of the lawyer—a most desirable, but, by no means, an indispensable accomplishment, in his character. The lawyer must be such in information, and learning, and mind ; as well as in grace of speech, and fertility of imagination. The theatre of his duty is not always in public, and amid the plaudits of admiring friends, but oftener in the quiet of his office, absorbed in all important thought. The bar and the forum can yield him permanent success, only as the discipline of the closet has been genuine and thorough.

Thirdly, a man must have courage, moral resolution, and the determination to exert himself in whatever department of effort he engages. Much has been said and written, on the importance of industry, and the necessity of application. We don't propose to add a single

word to the familiar homilies on these subjects, which lose much of their just influence by the stereotyped manner in which, from early boyhood, they have been periodically presented to us. But there is another consideration not so frequently dwelt upon, which we may venture to notice. This is, the value of a hopeful, buoyant, and cheerful *spirit*; associated with industry, and softening the hard realities of life, by furnishing a perennial spring of personal content and happiness. That power which will enable us to rise from among difficulties by triumphing separately over each, and thus, by a slow and constant progress, to build for ourselves a character, substantial in its foundations, and graceful in its symmetry; is more sublime than that, which, by a sort of inspiration, lifts us at once to a brilliant, but often, a transient eminence. A light heart and an elastic spirit, if joined with intelligent effort and a constant courage, must, at last, bear their possessor to genuine success in any profession which he embraces.

"In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men."

Many go forth every year from the cloister life of College to the sterner duties of professional effort, who are but poorly fitted for any of the callings we have named. One reason of this is, we think, that young men do not decide sooner "what they will do." We are aware that there are two theories on this subject: the one maintaining that college should do for the mind what exercise does for the body, that it should *discipline* it for exertion in any, rather than in a particular department; the other, asserting that there should be a certain degree of discrimination in all the training of a College course. We have neither the time nor the disposition to enter, at length, into the comparative merits of these conflicting theories. But we venture the opinion, that if the young men of our Universities could sooner contemplate the profession for which they found themselves best fitted, and could direct their reading, writing, and thinking accordingly, it would add much to the usefulness of our four years at College.

There is much food for thought in the question, so familiar to all of us, "What are you going to do when you graduate?" It is a serious question doubtless, but it need not be a sad one. There is a place for every man in the world, and there are eminences along the roadside of life, which, with patient courage, all of us may reach. Shall we not then, as we separate upon the threshold of life, and sunder the ties which have bound us here, go hopefully?

## Gaudemus.

GAUDEAMUS igitur,  
Juvenes dum sumus :  
Post jucundam juventutem,  
Post molestam senectutem,  
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos  
In mundo fuere ?  
Transeas ad superos,  
Abeas ad inferos,  
Quos si vis videre.

Vita nostra brevis est,  
Brevi finietur,  
Venit mors velociter,  
Rapit nos atrociter,  
Nemini parcetur.

Vivat academia,  
Vivant professores,  
Vivat membrum quodlibet,  
Vivant membra quælibet,  
Semper sint in flora.

Vivant omnes virgines  
Faciles, formosæ ;  
Vivant et mulieres,  
Teneræ, amabiles,  
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

Pereat tristitia,  
Pereant osorea,  
Pereat diabolus,  
Quivis antiburschius,  
Atque irrisores.

Quis confluxus hodie  
Academicorum ?  
E longinquo convenerunt  
Protinusque successerunt  
In commune forum.

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Roll the song rejoicingly,  
Hebe's arms enfold us.  
When the joy of Youth is ended,  
And the grief of Age suspended,  
Then the Earth shall hold us !

Where are they, yon canopy  
Ere to-day did cover ?  
Up supernal heights ascending,  
Down infernal deeps descending,  
Them you may discover.

Fleeting is the term of life,  
Fleeting, quickly ending,  
Death approacheth speedily—  
Plucketh ever greedily—  
None of us befriending !

Life to Alma Mater *Yale*,  
Life to her Professors,  
Live Yalensians, one and all,  
Unto flourish floreal  
Ever be successors !

Life unto the virgins all,  
Fair of form and feature—  
God the busy matrons bless,  
Full of love and tenderness,  
Unto every creature !

Perish Hypochondria,  
Perish Ill-betider ;  
Perish mighty Prince of Evil,  
Every Antibursch uncivil,  
And the Truth-derider !

Whence the daily gathering  
Of the student-quorum ?  
Lo ! they come from far away,  
Lo ! they flow in day by day  
To the common forum.

Alma mater floreat,  
Quæ nos educavit,  
Caros et commilitones,  
Dissitas in regiones,  
Sparsos, congregavit.

Bloom beloved Mother Yale,  
Who art educating  
Us, a firm-cemented band,  
From every near and distant land,  
Hither congregating.

### The "In Memoriam" of Tennyson.

THERE is among us to-day a certain class of critics, many of them rhymers, and as such not unknown to fame, but who sometimes assume the tone of satirists. The principal theme of their spicy satires, is the age in which they have the misfortune to be born.

The nineteenth century, with its strange exciting toil, its wide-spread schemes of Christian benevolence, and its strange fearful and multifarious crimes; this age, great in every aspect, whether it be in those problems of political economy and state policy, which it is solving in the scientific researches of its scholars, or even in the earnest life-long toil of its millions of men, at this their sickly sneers are directed. They are nominally the friends of genius, but in reality its worst foes. They have a poetic taste, impure to a degree, and yet continually forcing itself upon our notice. They would wish to have lived in the golden days of Rome or in the noble age of chivalry, and would that they had; then perhaps they might have swelled the crowd of sweaty plebeians who shouted at the sight of the great Julius, or perhaps they might have been scullions in the kitchens of some feudal baron. Now they are but parasites living on the surface of society, and not individual units in the great heaving mass of modern life. It is to these we are disposed to attribute the morbid poetic tone of the day, that taste which infects principally the young, which deals in pretty tropes and flashy similes, with here and there a passionate appeal to the beautiful, the ideal, the stars, ocean etc., *ad infinitum*. This taste, to be sure, admires beauty, and knowledge, too, because knowledge is beautiful, but it forgets entirely, that

"Beauty, Good and Knowledge, are three sisters  
That dote upon each other, friends to man,  
Living together under the same roof  
And never can be sundered without tears."

It thinks that beauty can exist where truth is not ; it worships the proudly prostituted genius of Lord Byron, and lingers with pleasure over the richly lascivious lines of Moore, but it can find nothing congenial in the spirit of Isaiah, of Homer, or of Milton. It is not, however, our purpose to speak of the poetic taste of the day. We merely wish to mention the distinctive principles of a certain class of readers who will find few beauties in the works of the author, whose name is at the head of this article. To those who can forget the tawdry dress of words, who can stop to inquire whether they are led on by the syren voice of error, or whether it is truth which attracts them, to these we address ourselves. That Tennyson has great power over language and ideas, to mould them at his will, the world of letters and of literary men have long since allowed. Those critics whose intellects were of a calibre not large enough to grasp the fulness of his thought, have turned their sputtering quills to other objects. The great minds of our century have welcomed him within that charmed circle of greatness, where the squibs of editors, and the petty praises of amateurs, can no longer reach him. We do not intend, therefore, to speak of his imaginative powers or of the mechanism of his verse, but rather of the spirit which guides the current of his song, of those principles of thought which are the springs of his genius. We have chosen the longest of his extant poems, and that which hitherto is his greatest intellectual effort. For he says himself, in the "Marriage Ode," which is appended to the "In Memoriam," speaking of the flight of time, and of his communings with the spirit of his dear friend :

"I, myself, with these have grown  
To something greater than before,

Which makes appear the songs I made  
As echoes out of weaker times,  
As half but idle brawling rhymes,  
The sport of random sun and shade."

It would indeed be unjust to look upon the "In Memoriam" as a merely literary work. It is something more than this. It is a sort of diary in which the secret thoughts and fancies of the poet's mind are made known to us, and in which, as the name indicates, he is seeking to keep alive the memory of his friend.

While they were lads, during their College life, Tennyson and Hallam, the son of the historian, were intimately connected, and during a long intercourse there grew up between them that noble and



reverent friendship which the poem has immortalized. Hallam was a man of most uncommon promise, probably one of the most remarkable young men of his day. While he yet wore the student's gown, our poet speaks of the wonderful clearness of his reasoning and the accuracy with which he could fell a doubt or detect an error, even in metaphysical argument. He was the master-marksman of a little band of fellow-students who, in their hours of leisure, were wont to fly the arrows of their wit at every error.

"When one would aim an arrow fair,  
But send it slackly from the string;  
And one would pierce an outer ring,  
And one an inner, here and there;  
  
At last, the master-bowman, he  
Would cleave the mark."

They who are spending the pleasant hours of their student life at Yale, might learn from this little band of warm-hearted friends, how to render their hours of social intercourse, the well-springs of pure pleasure and lasting profit. But to return. Young Hallam died while on a tour through the Continent; on the banks of the Danube, in fair Vienna, his noble spirit "failed from off the earth," and his remains were brought back to his fatherland to be buried in that soil which an Englishman loves so well. The loss of his friend was a fearful stroke to Tennyson. It has pervaded his whole being with a gentle sadness, and recalled him from the pleasant vagaries of his poet youth to the high mission of the Minstrel. Dwelling on the fate of his friend, he has peered with eagle eye into the future, and in his poem he has clothed his thoughts and longings in language. We have here the long results of his speculations on the future of man, and what it is permitted us here to know of an hereafter. Some might consider it a fault in our Poet that his work is filled with a deep and metaphysical reasoning, but the very nature of the poem itself renders this if not necessary, at least natural. Lamartine says that poetry and metaphysics are kindred studies, and can never, in the higher departments of the poetic-art, be severed, without doing violence to the one or the other of them. And, indeed, if poetry be not a vain and shallow arrangement of words, its province certainly is to impress truth upon the heart of man by making it pleasant and lovely to his fancy. It is only when the Eternal Truth joins its sympathetic power with the soft cadence and majestic flow of sweet sounds, that we feel the highest, the Heavenly power of Poesy. Surely it is not alone the measure

and mechanism of a poem which attracts us ; these are attributes which poetry borrows from Music, that through their power truth, which should be the burden of the poet's song, may find readier access to the heart. There is no truth of so high a nature that it may condemn the poetic garb. Even those of revelation assume this glorious form, that they, too, may find in man a readier listener. The lyrics of the king-poet, David, dwell on lofty themes and contain deep and subtle reasonings, yet they are none the less poetic works. This, too, is true of the Hebrew Prophets. But it is hardly necessary in this age, when Wordsworth is read by so many, to say that the poet of to-day should sing in a higher song, and be inspired with a deeper inspiration, than that of the pagan Homer. The "In Memoriam," then, has for its subjects a youthful and pure friendship, and a heartfelt, ever-present sorrow. The spirit with which the poet enters upon his task, is an humble, yet a truthful one. It is with a hymn to the Incarnate Lord.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace  
Believing where we cannot prove !

Forgive 'these wild and wandering' cries,  
Confusions of a wasted youth ;  
Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
And in thy wisdom make me wise."

May we not at least hope that such a spirit will not be allowed to err ; but that it shall see and know the secret things which are concealed from the proud and revealed to the humble ? Of Faith, he says, it is all we have, that we cannot know, for knowledge is of things we see, and yet knowledge and reason are the gifts of Heaven, beams in darkness to man. Tennyson is no enemy to science ; let it grow, he says, from more to more.

"But more of reverence in us dwell  
That mind and soul according well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster."

Such is his grand ideal of man's march through time. The intellect in the long process of years growing more keen to separate and discern the truths of science and philosophy. While still the soul, the seat of Faith, holds preëminence, guiding and restraining its weaker though more presumptuous companion. With all the great power of its own intellect, he yet knows that his intellectual vision is circum-

scribed within a narrow horizon; that in the light of reason man is but a thinking atom, in the great universe of creation, begotten, he knows not why, by the Supreme Intelligence, destined, perhaps, to some unknown glorious destiny, yet to himself a mystery greater than any his intellect presumes to scan. It is the light of revelation alone which reveals him to himself. Thus does our poet reason of Faith and its province, and yet, man-like, he is tempted by the very potency of his own sorrow. Sorrow that "priestess in the vaults of Death" whispers strange doubts to him; that the stars blindly run, that no overruling Power guides them in their brilliant courses. He does not look upon these thoughts as devil-born, and crush them on the very threshold of the mind; he meets and conquers them. But when his intellect cannot solve the mystery, and when the light of his reason cannot satisfy, then he sweeps the dust of abstraction from his mind, and clings only to the tangible facts of revelation. Behind the veil of death, when the fleshy seal shall be removed from the spiritual vision, then and there he looks for light.

Unlike Byron he is not a worshiper at the shrine of his own genius; he makes no effort to usurp a place among the Gods. He does not recoil before the truth that he is a man, infinite in his longings yet feeble in his nature, chained in the prison of the senses, yet feeling within him a heart born for liberty. The vastness of man's wishes and the poor realization which he finds of his hopes, made Byron doubt the existence of a Benevolent God. He rose in arms against his own destiny, and like Satan measuring the dark abyss of doubt with the eye of a deliberate judgment, he plunged in far from God and Hope. To Tennyson these unutterable longings of man's soul presage the grandeur of his future destiny, and furnish themes for earnest and honest thought. Byron, accusing his Creator of injustice, would fain break the yoke; he would not be the vassal even of a Deity. Tennyson bows to it, remembering that everything is good and even great in its place; the worm, the insect, the atom, and the orbéd sphere, man suffering under the curse, and the unfallen cherubim before the throne. Byron is a fallen angel, battling with his fate; Tennyson an obedient, suffering spirit, rejoicing in the power to regain by his own efforts that state which the seraph holds by nature. Which is the truer, the nobler of the two? Both are gifted with an Heavenly genius, the one looking around and seeing evil where good *might be*, understanding not even himself, and longing to know everything, blasphemes the Being that created and endowed him with nobler powers than his fellows.

The other meeting these same contradictions in nature with a different spirit, facing them with a God-like courage, and acknowledging his own incapacity to solve the problems of the universe, throws himself a suppliant on the "great worlds' altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God;" and tuning his lyre to a Heavenly harmony, joins his song with the voices of angels.

Genius was created for truth, and when it is not traitor to itself it is Heaven's fairest gift to man, but when it wanders from the path, and loses its hold on the only guide man has in this world, it becomes a curse, a brilliant fire, like the mirage of the desert luring the traveler on to a certain and fearful death. The province of the true poet is not exclusively to give birth to new and strange phases of thought, but rather to take our common ideas of life and raise them to their proper dignity. This is not elevating man in his own esteem; it is giving him a just and proper estimate of his own position in the Divine economy. The colossal statue is rough and unsightly on the ground, but raised to the summit of the shaft, its proportions reveal themselves in a perfect symmetry. Begin then with the birth and conception of the child, and follow the life of man through all its changes and developments; and with what simple majesty does our poet clothe every necessary act and office of the immortal. I cannot refrain from quoting one passage on the conception of a child, so replete is it with truthful beauty. Speaking of the bridal pair the first time they share the marriage bed, the poet bursts forth into a gush of song which fills every chamber of the soul with a wizard music.

And rise, oh moon, from yonder down,  
Till over down and over dale  
All night—the shining vapor sail  
And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,  
And catch at every mountain head,  
And o'er the friths that branch and spread  
Their sleeping silver through the hills;

And touch with shade the bridal doors,  
With tender gloom the roof, the wall;  
And breaking let the splendor fall  
To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,  
And star and system rolling past,

A soul shall draw from out the vast,  
And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved through life of lower phase,  
Result in man, be born and think,  
And act and love, a closer link,  
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look  
On knowledge;

Thus, with a simplicity and purity of thought, more than worthy of the age, does this minstrel of the nineteenth century dignify every attribute of our human nature. In other hands these ideas might be low and even sensual, but with Tennyson they are what God intended them to be. A false modesty would fear to approach them, but to the mind of our poet every mental and physical development through which the immortal must pass in its contact with the mortal and perishing, has a purity peculiarly its own. To him, man is a being of angelic dignity of birth, but one wandering over the rugged and thorny path which the primal curse has decreed that all men through life shall follow. He sums up the whole of human speculation, and shows that it is vanity so far as it attempts to unravel the mystery of existence. Let man know all of human science, let him descend into the tombs of the Past, weigh the ashes of its heroes, and reason on the rise and fall of nations, let him follow Newton's footsteps through the brilliant deserts of the heavens, and steal from the bosom of earth every secret of its history; and withal what is he still, has he at all unveiled the mystery of his own being, or can he learn from Nature the attributes of Nature's God? Can he look behind the veil of death, and say to what unknown land his own spirit shall pass when it has done with earth? No! Fallen or imperfect, man is to himself the great mystery. And yet our poet would not that man should shrink from thinking and reasoning for himself. He says—

There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Reason has not been given to man as a snare, a trap to catch his faltering steps. If rightly used, it is a true and faithful teacher. With it he must meet the ghostly forms of doubt, and lay them as noble men ever have done and will do. His reason will teach him at the last, the beauty and dignity of his Divine slavery. Like Jacob of old, if he wrestle he shall obtain the wished for blessing; remembering

that now he sees "as through a glass darkly," but behind the veil, he shall see "face to face;" that death, "that shadow cloaked from head to foot that holds the keys of all the creeds," shall make all clear to his vision.

We have thus attempted, in a hurried and cursory manner, to glance at some of the leading characteristics of the spirit of Tennyson's poetry. A sublime philosophy taking within its ken all of human earning, united with a fancy, brilliant in its imaginings, characterize the "In Memoriam," and render it a study to the scholar, and a source of pure pleasure to the lover of Genius. If our words shall cause any one to study more closely the writings of 'Prince Alfred,' or to look with a more critical eye upon what might otherwise be the mere pastime of an idle hour, our end is more than attained. It is to the young men, the thinking men of our day, those on whose thoughts and opinions the future of our country and our race depends, it is to these we commend the pages of Tennyson. In these times of hard and exciting toil, when many of the finer feelings of the heart must yield to the claims of a successful future, it will at least be grateful to the young to see so noble an offering as the "In Memoriam," made at the shrine of friendship.

Surely our poet's friend will live forever in this immortal song; and others, perhaps, drawn by the fragrant memory of that holy friendship, shall learn to know the joys of a generous love, that bond between two manly spirits, now becoming every day more rare among the children of men.

B.

### American Sympathy for Russia.

AN extraordinary and portentous phenomenon is presented by the tone of the American press on the subject of the Eastern War. Three years ago the country rang with execrations of Russia, and the English language was ransacked for abusive epithets to be heaped on the Czar. Now the majority of the leading papers of the country make no secret of their Russian sympathies. Even our quarterlies find room for labored articles, in which every effort is made to whitewash the civil and religious despotism of Russia, and to justify the insolent demands of Menschikoff

and the seizure of the Principalities. We have seen that in a crowded meeting in New York city, three cheers were given for the Emperor of Russia, amid enthusiasm such as has not been witnessed there since the visit of Kossuth. Soon we may expect to see bonfires lighted and cannon fired in honor of every petty advantage gained by the Russian despot over the only free government in Europe. Strange spectacle, the great Anglo-Saxon Republic sympathizing with the great bulwark, the propagandist and exemplar of tyranny in the Old World!

Who, we ask, is this Czar Nicholas to whom incense is offered so freely by Americans?

Is he a friend of genuine civilization, a promoter of general intelligence, of freedom of the press, of progressive and liberal institutions? Descended from a family, the Romanoffs, whose whole history is but a series of cruelties and unnatural crimes, only paralleled by those of the Roman Emperors, we look in vain for anything in his life which should recommend him to the lovers of liberty and justice. Does not Poland owe to him the extinction of her nationality? Does not Hungary owe to his piratical interference her subjection to the detested house of Hapsburg, Schleswig-Holstein her degrading submission to Denmark, the Liberal party throughout Germany their disastrous overthrow, and Italy her prostration under the iron heel of Austria? Is he not a foe to education and freedom, and a fanatical devotee to Legitimacy? Does not his overwhelming force in the background embolden every petty tyrant and dishearten every oppressed nation? Does not his Court Journal proclaim that it is the mission of Russia to promote "Conservatism," and to crush England as being the perpetual fountain of "radicalism," and "disorganizing principles?"

And in the present war, who was the aggressor? Who claimed the right to exercise a virtual sovereignty over six millions of the subjects of an independent Power, and seized on the fairest provinces of his empire to enforce the demand? The same man to whom American Democrats are bidding God speed.

It is often said on the other side that the Turkish government is as despotic as that of Russia. No assertion could be less warranted by facts. In the matter of toleration, Turkey is in advance of most civilized nations. There is not only toleration for all religions, but the government does not interfere in their religious concerns, and leaves them entirely to their own control, while the Czar makes of religion a political tool, and by his persecutions in Poland, as well as in Livonia and Esthonia, has blackened the Russian name with infamy. In the words of an

eloquent liberal, "he forced the United Greek Catholics of the Polish Provinces by every imaginable cruelty to abjure their connection with Rome, and carried out at a far greater expense of human life than Ferdinand and Isabella, or Louis XIV, the most stupendous proselytism which violence has yet achieved. More than a hundred thousand human beings had died of misery or under the knout, as the Minsk nuns were proved to have been killed, before he terrified these unhappy millions into a submission against which their consciences revolted." A similar but less severe system of proselytism was carried on among the Lutherans of Livonia and Esthonia.

Again, Turkey respects municipal institutions, she grants self-government to her provinces of Servia, Wallachia and Moldavia, and allows a good degree of freedom to the press. The fact is, that the numerous reforms in Turkey, during the last twenty-five years, the growth of her army and navy, the establishment of educational institutions, the introduction of the arts and ideas of the West, especially the growth of Protestantism in the East, protected as it is by the Sultan from the persecuting fury of the Greek clergy ; all this has long been watched with jealousy by the Czar, who has taken advantage of a contemptible dispute about the keys of the Holy Sepulchre to precipitate war, crush Turkey, and fulfill the dream of his house for the last hundred years. Aside from these considerations, the generous protection extended by the Sultan to the Hungarian patriots, when Austria and Russia, flushed with victory, were demanding their surrender, and the heroic resistance which his troops have offered the invader at Oltenitza, at Citate and Silistria, may justly claim our sympathy and admiration.

Again, we ask, what is the nation that we are called on specially to hate ? It is England ! England, connected with us by the ties of a common blood, a common language and literature, and a common Protestantism ; whose commerce alone is worth more to us than that of all the world besides ; to whom we owe the germs of almost all that is good and noble in our institutions, our habeas corpus, our trial by jury, our freedom of the press, our representative system : England, the refuge of all the political exiles of Europe, the only spot beyond the Atlantic where thought and speech are free, is to be hated and vilified, and the defeat and disgrace of her arms, desired by American Democrats !

The existence of such a feeling in our country, surely calls for an explanation. How is it that a country which should be the home of all that is generous and noble, should give birth to sentiments worthy of Naples or Siberia.



First, then, there is a party in the country whose political vision is bounded by Cuba. Every movement among the nations is to be estimated by its bearing on Cuban annexation. But the alliance of France and England is thought to bode no good to the schemes of fillibusters or of the victors of Greytown. There is also an obvious analogy between Cuba and Turkey, Havana and Constantinople, Sinope and Greytown. Mingled with this feeling there remains a good deal of old, traditional, British hatred. Many circumstances indicate the existence of an unfortunate degree of blind passion and fratricidal malice, which unscrupulous politicians have ever cherished and traded in for the basest purposes.

The large immigration of Irish Catholics among us has done much to keep alive this feeling. Again, there is a large party consisting of ardent admirers of Kossuth and Mazzini, and sympathizers with the Red-Republicans of France, who desire to see Russia triumphant because the Allies do not make war in the name of Democracy. We propose to consider briefly some of the arguments by which these different parties justify their Pro-Russian sympathies.

First, efforts are made to excite distrust and fear of the Anglo-French alliance. It is hinted, that should Russia be humbled our turn to be "regulated" will come next. "Russia," it is said, "does not stand in our way, England does." This is as false as it is short-sighted and selfish. Is there not room on earth for two nations of Anglo-Saxons? Are we to fear more from England and France than from a combination of all the despotic powers of Europe under Russia? Does any one believe that republicanism and absolutism can peaceably divide the world between them? Suppose Russia triumphant, France deprived of all influence on the Continent, England pent up within her island home, the Mediterranean a Russian lake, and the Czar master of Europe and Asia, can Americans believe that the spirit of absolutism would be appeased? Those fanatical admirers of Kossuth, who exult over every reverse that attends the allies, would do well to remember his words in 1852. In a speech delivered at Syracuse, said he, "If this opportunity be lost—I say it with the inspiration of prophecy—there are many in this hall who will see the day when the United States will have to wrestle for life and death with all Europe, absorbed by Russia." He went on to say that Russia's first attempt would be to exclude our commerce from Europe, her second, to foster domestic discord by her secret diplomacy and her gold. Again, at Syracuse, he said, "The whole Anglo-Saxon race is bound by every consideration of policy, to check the encroachments of Russia. It is not in

Europe only but in Asia that you meet her. She knows that her dominion over the world must be short, while the Anglo-Saxon race hold a mighty empire in India. Moreover, you yourselves, by the extension of your territory to the Pacific, are drawn by a thousand ties of activity to Asia. Your expedition to Japan has a world of meaning in it. \* \* \* \* You, by having extended your empire to the Pacific, become the heart of the world. You are brought into the compass of Russian hatred and Russian ambition. Either you or Russia must fall." We may be sure that the Czar's pretended regard for us is but a trap, and is based on his old maxim, "*Divide et impera.*" In time past Russia has often shown her dislike to us. During our Revolution, she was on the point of taking part with England against us, but was afraid of the British terms. She refused to recognize our independence or receive our envoy till after Great Britain had done so, and had no diplomatic relations with us for thirty years after the Declaration of Independence. In 1821, she issued a *ukase* to forbid our vessels entering the North Pacific, declaring it to be a "*mare clausum.*" Besides, Pozzo di Borgo, and other Russian diplomatists have declared that despotism is insecure till we ourselves become a king-ridden people.

It is said that England is acting on selfish motives, and not merely from sympathy for Turkey. We have yet to learn that a legitimate regard for self-interest should be blamed. England has large material interests in the East, which were in the highest degree endangered by the course of the Czar. The possession of Constantinople and the control of the Mediterranean, by making Russia a great maritime power, would render the independence of every other European state a mere name, and would constitute her mistress of three-quarters of the globe. As Kossuth said, "The Bosphorus in the hands of the Sultan saves the world from Russian dominion." It is also the right and duty of England to sustain the law of nations, and to protect an ancient ally from an aggression involving her very independence as a nation. Thus, duty and a legitimate self-interest combined to urge her to the course she took.

Again, England is blamed for keeping on friendly terms with the great German powers. It is an old saying that charity begins at home, and we think that neither nations nor individuals are bound to engage from pure philanthropy in desperate and foolhardy enterprises. On the one hand, are the governments of Germany having under their control a million of well equipped and disciplined soldiers, and support-

ed by the bankers and wealthy classes of Europe. On the other, a disheartened, unarmed and scattered party, whose every movement is watched by a vigilant police. An appeal to the Revolutionary element would be a declaration of war against every crowned head in Europe, might cost England the coöperation of France, and with her small land force would lead to speedy and utter defeat. In fact, it is the same practical Anglo-Saxon common-sense which three years ago prevented us from being carried away by the eloquence of Kossuth, that now prevents England from embarking in the cause of universal democracy.

Should the German states next spring throw their weight into the scale of the allies, Russia will speedily come to terms. She cannot fight united Europe. Should they not take this course, the western powers may be obliged to invoke the wild and uncertain energies of revolution. Then we may see all Europe wrapped in flame, and a million men marching on the French frontier. A desperate contest will ensue, of which no man can calculate the issue.

Who can say that Napoleon's prophecy will not yet be fulfilled, Europe be Cossack, the Russian frontier be advanced to the Atlantic, and the Slavonic the ruling race of the world? In that case the following beautiful Address to England might have a deeper meaning than its author intended.

"Lear and Cordelia! 'twas an ancient tale  
Before thy Shakspeare gave it deathless fame:  
The times have changed, the moral is the same.  
So like an outcast, dowerless and pale,  
Thy daughter went; and in a foreign gale  
Spread her young banner, till its sway became  
A wonder to the nations. Days of shame  
Are close upon thee: prophets raise their wail.  
When the rude Cossack with an out-stretched hand  
Points his long spear across the narrow sea—  
"Lo! there is England!"—when thy destiny  
Storms on thy straw crowned head, and thou dost stand  
Weak, helpless, mad, a bye-word in the land,—  
God grant thy daughter a Cordelia be!"—*Boker.*

## Archibald Braxton.

### CHAPTER IV.

"The banquet hath its hour—  
 Its feverish hour,—of mirth, and song, and wine;—  
 There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,  
 A day for softer tears."

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
 And stars to set,—but all,  
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thy own, O Death!" *Hemans.*

WE must hurry by the minutiae of the first year, for with all their trials and excitements they are trivial and wearisome in their monotony. Freshmen are themselves most eager for a new sphere, happy when they strut forth in a new relation. At the former dropping of the curtain, Percival and Braxton were in an unenviable position,—that of tyro's, targets for the shafts of Sophomore witticism, subjects of the stern old ruler "College custom." Since then, with an author's license, we have peeped in at the side scenes, and have viewed with interest the progress of the actors. They have hastened to strip off the odious title, cultivate mustaches, carry "Bangers" and wear Byron collars. They have even condescended to make fiery speeches in Linonia, waylay Freshmen at the Depot, and electioneer among them with enthusiasm suited to the nature of the great cause. They enjoy recitals of a smoking-out immensely. They are Sophomores;—*could* we say more! But hist, reader, for the prompter's bell is ringing;—give us full light, candle-snuffer,—we will take our seat among the audience, and let the curtain rise upon us as a true spectator, remembering that the scene dates one year from the last.

In the large, old fashioned room, with its deep-set fireplace, bricked up to give draft to the modern glowing Olmsted,—huge projecting beams across the ceiling,—undulated floor, by its settling, causing everything to roll off to the southeast corners,—and multiplicity of doors and windows, none could fail to recognize its locality in old South Middle. Were no other evidence before us, the pervading musty odor, struggling with tobacco for the mastery, and the rattling of the windows in their loose and ugly casements, would proclaim it. Tottering centenarian! all romance of veneration is dispelled by inhabiting

its purlieus for a fortnight. The furniture is correspondent to the ruin and disorder of the building ;—a bright crimson carpet, stained and torn in places, battered lounge, and curtains of a faded blue brocade, are among the most conspicuous,—though perhaps not more so than a centre table, piled with books, lemon-peeling and cigars, pushed aside now by a huge bowl of Crambambuli.

Clouds of smoke almost hide the picture-covered walls from notice, yet above Lassalle's "Napoleon" is seen perched a plaster eagle, holding in his beak a gauze mask, while his outspread wings support a pair of foils. Underneath it hangs a boating costume, and flags draped around an ornamental boat-hook, show the owner holds some office in the "Navy." From the mantel grin a row of masks, each surmounted by an old hat, varying in style and shabbiness. The open book-case, with its finely bound collection, seems to be also a receptacle for papers loosely stuffed in, broken meerschaums, cards, and ash-racks.

Everything is in confusion, everything incongruous ;—from the oddly assorted pictures,—statesmen, Sapphos, gamecocks, classic groups and comicalities, to the scattered boots, hats, coats, and boxing gloves,—from the coarse lumbering armchairs, to exquisite Baxter's and Thorswaldsen casts.

The party comprised five young men, whose flushed faces and bright eyes each betokened more or less exhilaration. They were gathered round the table in free, easy attitudes, holding drinking cups formed without stands, thus compelling each one to be drained off at a filling. They were ready for a bumper.

"Gentlemen," said Archie, for our hero was in truth the entertainer,—“Gentlemen, are you ready for the toast,—all filled,—no heel-taps,—remember as our dear friend Horace hath it—‘*Nunc vino pellite curas*,’—or, according to our version,

‘And over a punch, or a sling, sirs,  
We ’ll merrily shout and sing, sirs,  
For we think it the wisest thing, sirs,  
To drive dull care away.’

*Omnes, in chorus,*

‘To drive dull care away,  
To drive dull care away,  
For over,’ &c.

“Here, then, is one, ‘to the glorious class of fifty ——!’ To be taken standing and with three cheers.” Hip! hip! hurrah!

“Gentlemen,” said another of the party, “there is one near us, who

I regret to see not among us, one whose social qualities and generous nature has endeared him to us,—I refer to Mr. Percival, and move a committee be appointed to wait on him and produce him, ‘*vi et armis*.’”

“Move Mr. Braxton be appointed.”

“Gentlemen,” said Archy, “it will be of no use, he is bent upon seclusion, but I’ll do what *I* can,”—saying which, he disappeared through one of the numerous doors into an adjoining room

“I knew he’d say so,” he exclaimed, on reappearance, “he’s engaged upon a story for the Yale Lit,—but to tell the truth, boys,”—sinking his voice lower,—“Ned is something of a Puritan.”

A few regrets are uttered, and compassionate expressions, and the mirth goes on,—speeches, song, and story, circle round the party, who are fast becoming more exhilarated. Meerschaums and cigars used freely, and the cloud of smoke grows bluer, denser,—penetrating even to the room where Percie is endeavoring to shut out the noise and frolic.

The rain is pitilessly beating on the windows,—but the storm outside only adds a new joy to the revelers within. Why should they *not* revel, when they can be merry in defiance of its power? They are conscious of it, and the noisy chorus rings out,

“Cheer up, my lively lads, in spite of wind and weather,  
Cheer up, my lively lads, we’ll have a time together.”

The wind and sleet are driving fiercely along Chapel street, and the few outsiders muffle up their faces as they hurry onward. One among them is a boy, mean and roughly clad,—having nothing in appearance worthy of notice, but his sturdy independence as he whistles carelessly, and breasts the storm. Yet he is the messenger of life and death,—bearing daily, joy and anguish to the world around him. He is on his way now to the College. But the merry party think not of what may be passing on the outside; they have banished care and dull reflection, and have no thought separate from the scene before them.

“Another toast,—drink it standing,—Here’s to the girls we left behind us!—hallo, Ned, you old anchorite,—do you hear! come out and drink *that*, won’t you?”

“Hip! hip!”—clash go the glasses and the toast is drank.

“Was not some one knocking?” “No, it was the window rattling,—a song now, from Crawford,—a song!—Crawford!—a song!”

Rap,—tap—tap,—the door opens, and before them stands the sturdy

little messenger, his clothes dripping, and the one word glittering on his cap telling his commission—*Telegraph*.

"This here, Mister Braxton's? Quarter ef y' please, sir."

"Wha—wha—what is it?" stammered the half-sobered Archy.

"D'spatch fur you, sir, dunno nothink bout it cept that."

Tremblingly he tore it open—one glance and a hurried exclamation, —and with pale face he rushed past the wondering party into Percie's room, and throwing the slip of paper on the table, burst into passionate, repentant tears. It was a short sentence, but contained a world of meaning—"FANNIE IS QUITE ILL, YOU HAD BETTER BE AT HOME."

A few words from Percival explained things to the others, and dispersed them sobered, and more thoughtful. Leaving the neglected scene of revel he returned to offer consolation, and assist his friend in preparation for the morrow's journey; cheering him with hope even while his heart was heavy with the presage of approaching evil; for the way was long,—days would pass by ere the brother could be near the sister, perhaps then,—

\* \* \* \* \*

Once again the sunlight rose upon "the Grange," tinging tree and building with its life-beam,—dancing along hill-side, and o'er roof-top, till it entered in a golden shower through the window of the dying girl.

"Has he come yet,—will he *ever* come?—Mother, I shall never see him if he come not soon. It is dark and chilly—very chilly.—Surely this is death,—is death." And the sweet tones linger in a plaintive echo, broken only by the sobbing of the mother and the trembling sister, or the passionate, subdued voice of some faithful servant.

"Oh, Missus!—Missus Fannie!"

By the bedside stands the father, every muscle of the stern face quivering, and the warm tears coursing down the furrows. Fannie, his own darling,—so bright, and so happy,—dying!—could it be *real*!—God gave, and God taketh away.

"It is hard to leave you, and I would have seen *him*,—it is better, perhaps, he is spared this,—it is well,—it is all well. Sister, read the Pilgrim's song that *he* loved so."

"When death is coming near,  
When thy heart shrinks in fear,  
And thy limbs fail,  
Then raise thy hands and pray  
To Him who smooths thy way  
Through the dark vale.

See'st thou the eastern dawn,  
 Hear'st thou in the red,  
     The Angel's song!  
 Oh, lift thy drooping head,  
 Thou that in gloom and dread  
     Hast lain so long.

Death comes to set thee free,  
 Oh meet him cheerily,  
     As thy true friend.  
 And all thy fears shall cease,  
 And in eternal peace  
     Thy penance end."

"True,—it is most true,

—in eternal peace  
 Thy penance end.

"Father,—Mother,—Constance,—poor, *dear* Archy!"—a smile flickered on the countenance,—one deep breath,—and the bright soul was with Him who made it.

\* \* \* \* \*

He is coming, changed most sadly from the thoughtless reveler of a week since. Fear has preyed upon him, and remorse dealt hardly ;—with an anxious step he is hurrying up the avenue,—

"Joe!"

"Massa!"

"Tell me, is she"—but the question was unfinished, for a glance at that face told the answer,—so heart-stricken and imploring,—so compassionate,—it revealed all. He could enter through that door *now*,—he could meet the earnest, silent pressure, and the tearful eye. His brain burnt within him,—his soul felt the iron ;—she was with the angels,—pure and holy,—what connection had *he* with her. Passively he old man led him to the silent room, and there left him to his own reflection and the dead.

Power of agony, that stretchest heart-strings to their utmost tension,—that dost dry the crystal fountains, and wreath coronets of seething fire around the temples, hast thou no compassion? Oh, relentless power, raise thy foothold from the neck of suffering human nature, and give place to softened and subdued grief,—that beneath its milder, purifying reign, there may be an opening for divine repentance.

Gentler feelings are now stealing on the brother as he stands in his bereavement near the lost and loved one. Memory, working busily,



recalls bright scenes of the past ;—dreamily, thought flies along the future and awakens hope. Beat on, sorrowing heart, and with each throb shall arise repentance,—each convulsion brings thee nearer to a unison with the great, beating, sympathizing heart above ! Come then, thoughts of sorrow, marching like a shadowy host along the great bridge which unites the heavenly to the human ! Come then and create repentance for the sin and failure of the former life !

As the brother knelt beside the death-bed,—his face buried in the covering, and hands raised, convulsive, and imploring,—mercy triumphed, and the pent up feeling gushed forth in a flood of tears.

He wept passionately, and long ; he knew not how long, for both time and place were forgotten, in the bitterness of grief, and reflection on the past. A slight touch recalled him ; he saw the dark room, the white covering, and the stony outline of the dead, and felt the gentle pressure of his eldest sister's hand upon him. Sorrowing, they went forth together,—never more, oh brother, to forget the agony of that hour, or neglect its resolutions.

*(To be continued.)*

## Mysteries and Miseries of Yale College.

[The following fragments are from a Poem of the above title, delivered on a public occasion. The whole piece is too long for publication in the 'Lit,' but these extracts are too good to be lost.—*Eds.*]

As the tadpole in his glad unrest,  
The muscles of his tail doth test  
And wriggles away 'neath the noonday sun,  
As he sticks his head in the sand for fun,  
And sings from under the neighboring bog  
As he longs for the time when he 'll be a frog ;  
So students now but half fledged men  
Long for that bright and glorious then,  
When, though they are very like poppies indeed  
That swell for a moment and then go to seed,  
Yet amid all Life's changes, and 'mid all its cares,  
They get up when they please, and say their own prayers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once 't was in my Sophomore year, I studied "Loomis" weak and weary  
Studying that horrid volume of unintelligible lore,

That I might not fall a napping, then my knuckles I kept rapping,  
And my foot I kept a tapping, tapping on my chamber floor;  
Though I tried so hard to stop it, still I broke out in a snore,

A loud and clear, sonorous snore.

While I lay there thus asleeping, and the crickets loud were peeping,  
Chirping forth their melodies, from underneath the door  
Suddenly I heard a squeaking, as of twenty barn-doors creaking,  
Or "appointment men" a speaking, sounding from the entry floor,  
Some bold phantom boldly walking, walking o'er the entry floor,

The like I never heard before.

Then how sadly I did shiver, and my flesh did creep, and quiver,  
As the horrid phantom came the nearer to my chamber door;  
Not a moment staid or stopped he, but into my room quick popped he,  
And into a chair then dropped he, and sat his hat upon the floor,  
And an ancient look it had as it sat there on the floor;

Thus he did and nothing more.

Presently the air grew stronger, I could bear it then no longer,  
For a horrid smell of sulphur, the Phantom then about him bore;  
"My friend," said I, "where d' ye come from? what's the meaning of this  
hum-drum,

I think you've been drinking rum some, and have come in the wrong door,  
That being drunk you have forgotten what's the number on your door."

Quoth the phantom, "I'm a bore."

"Phantom," said I, "thing of evil, thou that art much worse than devil,  
Thou most horrible invention,—thou whose name's 'Bienial Bore,'  
By the man who did invent thee, by the person who here sent thee,  
As thou hopest for ~~revenge~~, tell me, tell me, I implore,  
Can I, can I get a scheme? tell me truly, I implore."

Quoth the phantom, "I'm a bore."

And this Phantom, thing of evil, phantom still though most uncivil,  
Still is setting, never flitting, a most terrible old bore,  
And forgive me if I rant some, for into my room I can't come,  
But I see that dreadful phantom, right behind my chamber door,  
Like a dæmon he is grinning, as he sits behind the door,

This dread fiend, "Bienial Bore."

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### MEETING OF THE CLASS OF '55.

A MEETING of the members of the Senior Class was held in the President's Lecture room, Wednesday, January 10th, for the purpose of electing an Orator and Poet to represent them on the ensuing Presentation day. WM. D. ALEX-

ANDER was called to the Chair, and Messrs. M. B. EWING and G. POTTER were appointed tellers. The following gentlemen were elected:

ORATOR,—ADOLPHE BAILEY, *Vermillionville, La.*

POET,—LYMAN D. BREWSTER, *Salisbury, Conn.*

#### JUNIOR APPOINTMENTS—CLASS OF '56.

##### *Greek Oration.*

WM. H. W. CAMPBELL.

##### *Latin Oration.*

T. K. WILCOX.

##### *Philosophical Orations.*

P. W. CALKINS,

L. L. PAINE,

E. C. TOWN.

##### *First Orations.*

B. D. MAGRUDER,

J. L. RACKLEFF,

L. R. PACKARD,

E. F. WILLIAMS.

##### *Orations.*

N. BARTHOLOMEW,

H. B. BROWN,

C. E. FELLOWS,

L. W. FINLAY,

L. C. FISCHER,

W. JOHNSON.

S. McN. KEELER,

C. MANN,

H. E. PARDEE,

G. C. ROBINSON,

O. S. TAYLOR,

A. G. WILKINSON,

S. F. WOODS.

##### *Dissertations.*

R. M. BAKER,

C. G. SOUTHMAYD,

C. T. CATLIN,

E. A. WALKER,

R. KINZER,

B. WEBB,

E. A. SMITH,

J. H. WORRALL.

##### *First Disputes.*

G. F. BAILEY,

H. DU BOIS,

W. A. BUSHEE,

J. R. FRENCH,

S. CONDIT,

W. T. KITTREDGE,

J. O. DENNISTON.

J. MARTIN,

J. L. WHITNEY.

##### *Second Disputes.*

G. P. BARKER,

J. M. FISKE,

T. BROWN,

J. GAY,

J. CLARK,

T. P. HALL,

J. COLT,

J. N. HALLOCK,

E. O. COWLES,

E. P. NETTLETON,

C. M. DEPEW,

C. RIGHTER.

##### *First Colloquies.*

M. H. ARNOT,

R. C. DUNBAR,

A. COIT,

E. ROBBINS,

C. A. SWIFT.

##### *Second Colloquies.*

F. HODGE,

L. E. MILLS,

S. E. MORSE.

## Editor's Table.

g here in our cosy College room, by the side of a blazing wood-  
 or the close of this College existence, and with the roaring of the wind  
 t, as it tosses the arms of these giant elms like the *bâton* of the conduc-  
 some grand orchestra of nature, there comes over us a fit of reverie and  
 sing, unlike the rollicking vein appropriate for the Editor's corner. In  
 is whole term has been a gloomy one, partly from the aspect of nature,  
 tly from the sudden transition from the turkeys, mince-pies, bright eyes,  
 ristmas festivities of home in general, to the monastic, monotonous,  
 uly, misanthropic, mud puddles of this miserable place. And yet the  
 good enough in itself, and there are many, very many delightful associ-  
 dling around it; but it is a bad place in wet weather, and reminds us  
 er's saying, that "weal pie's very good when yer sure it aint kittens."  
 sent impassable state of the streets places us very much in the condition  
 rmy before Sebastopol, where five miles of dreary mud and slush separate  
 gry soldiers from their rapidly cooling breakfasts. We do not propose to  
 them by the construction of a railroad from our beds to our buckwheat  
 out we often *pant* for the realization of the Yankee's dream, who imag-  
 pair of suspenders which would so contract on his approach to water as  
 him safely over the puddle and land him on the other side. It seems as  
 , while our respected Professor has been lecturing to us on all the varie-  
 meteorological phenomena, nature has been getting up illustrative ex-  
 ats on the grandest scale to suit every case.

o not ask you how you spent vacation, for Christmas holidays you must  
 joyed, unless, like a dilapidated Senior friend of ours, you stayed here all  
 n (as he said) to study law, and cram for a spectral examination. A much  
 nsible plan, for amusement and edification, (considering the source,) was  
 two romantic and susceptible carpet-knights of the Junior class, who  
 , bet as to who should first kiss, salute, or osculate (we stand cor-  
 any young lady friend, out of New Haven, and not a member of either  
 r families. We went along with one of the parties to see *fair play*.  
 ceeded with a buxom *black-cook*, but from the terms of the bet, was de-  
 o have lost.

king of kissing and black-cooks reminds us to make room for the follow-  
 let-doux. It was found in a private drawer of this same amorous Ethio-  
 We vouch for its authenticity on our editorial honor.

DEAR MISS

It is the Power of Love Roused Me to Right thoes few Lines  
 shes Love to give my harte eas, for it is Like The Troubled See that is  
 ually casting up its mire and Dirt Why is the trouble it's Because there  
 ighty Power controls It. My mind is controld by your Flashing Coun-  
 se which Magnify the hart of A many Young man. I am lost an swoleed  
 the an the Last Evening I was in your Presents my Soul leap for joy.

My mind Run Deep in the Valley of Humility an then I comprehended on a fair Damsel that her Looks was so Pleasing an her charms ar so Maseing I fancy no other my True Love but The thou art the Sourse of oll My Joys.

Bare This in Mind if you Pleas you aire the one for me an the only one. I flatter not, it is below my Dignity. The Sweet Kiss I was Permitted to In Joy was sweeter than the honey That Drop from the Comb. it Appeared To me Like the Preahes ointment that Run down The Beard even the Noble Man of God; who was fill with Joys of him who gave him Power to Injoy The Blessing of this world. I Hope to meet you A Gain before Long, for I want to know if I am him or Do you Look for A Nother; Stay Not thy words being sed in Season and out of season. You now the Coccoc is A fine Bird She Bring us Good Tidings and tell us now Lies. So it is with you to Bring me Good Tidings that my harte May melt in Love at the utterance of Consolation to Trouble Mind and to Bleeding Soul. if it is to Mary Say so for the time has come.

No More Respecefully Yours.

The exalted style of this affectionate epistle reminds us also of an old story of professional pomposity and naval technicality, which many have heard, but which nevertheless is too good to be lost. It appeared once in the following form in an English newspaper: Shields, doctor, (looking learned and speaking slow,) "Well, marine, which tooth do you want extracted? Is it a molar or an incisor?" Jack, (short and sharp,) "It's in the upper tier, larboard side. Bear a hand you swab; for it is nipping my jaw like a bloody lobster."

Much longer might we chat with you, were there space, but we are placed in the situation of the gardener from the Emerald isle, who had some earth lying in an unsightly pile on one of his flower beds. *He* finally concluded, after much reflection, to dig a hole in the garden and *bury* it. We can't.

We must bid you adieu for another month, with the western wish, that in *ascending* the hill of prosperity you may never *meet* a friend.

N. B. We revive the following antiquated squib, as an accompaniment of the article on choosing a profession.

"Two lawyers, when a knotty cause was o'er,  
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before;  
'Zounds,' says his client, 'how comes yaw,  
To be such friends, who were such foes just naw!'  
'Thou fool,' says one, 'we lawyers, though so keen,  
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between.'"

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '55.

W. H. L. BARNES,

W. T. WILSON,

E. MULFORD,

S. T. WOODWARD,

H. A. YARDLEY.

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Talfourd.\*

THE name of our author cannot fail to awaken the most pleasing associations in the mind of every reader. He is one of the few writers, whose intellectual companionship assumes almost the character of personal friendship. We at once open to them the chambers of the heart, and admit them unreservedly into its inmost sanctuaries. We feel a glow of pleasure at every utterance of their praises, and indignantly resent every detraction from their merits. It can be said with truth, that wherever the writings of Talfourd have penetrated, they have been the source of much delight to thousands. The air of inexpressible purity that pervades them, has deservedly gained him the esteem of every lover of virtue ; while at the same time, his gentle spirit, and ever readiness to throw over human frailty the mantle of kindly charity, have won irresistibly upon the hearts of all. It may be pardoned, then, if in this brief review of his character and writings, we feel indisposed to take up the scalpel of the critic ; but choose, rather, to speak of them in the spirit of affectionate partisanship.

It seldom falls to the lot of any one individual to attain to high emi-

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\* Tragedies by T. N. Talfourd, Sergeant-at-Law. New York: Francis & Co.  
VOL. XX.

nence in many and various pursuits. To this general rule, however, Talfourd furnishes a remarkable exception. He has been celebrated not only as an eloquent lawyer, an able politician, and a brilliant essayist, but also as one of the most accomplished dramatic poets of his time. Such a remarkable combination of different qualities, and union of apparently so incongruous elements, indicate a mind of unusual symmetry and power. Indeed, the peculiar characteristic of his genius consists in the full and harmonious development of all his faculties. Much, also, of what is termed self-culture may be seen in his writings. They all bear unmistakable evidence of patient application and elaborate art. And yet it is owing, in no small degree, to this harmonizing principle, that we are at first inclined to underrate his real powers. There is no striking irregularity—no grand disproportion which seizes upon us, and impresses us with a sense of greatness. All is smooth, polished, and finely rounded. Perhaps his mind may be best compared to some noble work of Grecian Art, the sense of whose real magnitude is at first lost upon the beholder, while contemplating the exquisite beauty and symmetry of its proportions.

The little volume before us, which has immediately suggested this notice of Talfourd, contains his three tragedies: "Ion," "The Athenian Captive," and "Glencoe." It is through "Ion," however, that the author is best known to the American reader, and upon it his future fame must chiefly rest. It is modeled on the principles of the Grecian Drama, and as a reproduction of the spirit of the antique is, perhaps, the most perfect of modern times. It is surely an evidence of high genius, that in this preëminently modern age, when the Classic is well nigh forgotten, or has only a sort of "dream-like glory from afar," Talfourd has succeeded in reviving the long buried forms of Grecian loveliness, and clothed them again with light and life.

This tragedy is the work of many years. It bears no resemblance to the many hasty written and frothy productions of the present day. Great skill and labor have been expended in its composition, and the author has evidently lavished upon it the whole wealth of his mind and heart. The style is exquisitely polished, and the verse exceedingly melodious in its flow; while the happy disposition of parts, and the wonderful skill with which the plot is woven, show the art of a master-workman. And yet chiseled and artistic as it is, it appears to us so faultless and fairy-like in its graceful proportions, that it almost seems the work of some facile magic, like the fair palace in the Arabian Tales.

Talfourd in his preface gives us the key to its composition. He there tells us that it was written, not so much with a view to scenic representation, as of making it subserve to the expression of some cherished thoughts. Here, then, we have the secret of its tender purity; and we no longer wonder that it wins so irresistibly upon our affections. How truly noble is genius, when it refuses to pander to the public taste, and gives its holiest and most cherished feelings visible shape and form in some beautiful Ideal! Ion, the hero of the play, is the embodiment of moral beauty. The whole character is one of surpassing loveliness, and awakens within us feelings almost too sacred for expression. Virtue and charity were never painted in lovelier colors; and the intrinsic beauty and nobleness of self-sacrifice come home to us with a force seldom felt before. Well, indeed, may we exclaim, as we contemplate this exquisite creation of our author, "thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth!" A strain of the most elevating sentiment pervades the whole piece; while the sad incidents of the story are relieved by the most picturesque and beautiful imagery.

Did our limits permit, we might make many extracts in vindication of our high praise. We cannot, however, deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting, as we conceive, a very beautiful passage, from one of the closing scenes. It is eloquent with the instinct of Immortality; and nobly expresses the great truth, that there is more kindred with our Heavenward thoughts, and therefore more living proofs of their divine source, in our natural affections, than in all the majestic forms of the material universe. It is taken, as the reader will remember, from the final interview between Ion and Clemanthe. She asks him at parting, if they shall never see each other—his reply must find an echo in every thoughtful soul:—

"Yes!

I have ask'd that dreadful question of the hills  
That look eternal; of the flowing streams  
That lucid flow forever; of the stars,  
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit  
Hath trod in glory: all were dumb; but now,  
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,  
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty  
Can never wholly perish; we *shall* meet  
Again, Clemanthe!"



The perusal of this beautiful drama suggests the most pleasant thoughts of its author. We feel that it is the production of a mind singularly affluent in images of grace and loveliness; and the reflection of a soul, like that of his own *Ion*, in whose calm depths "the beautiful and pure alone are mirrored." It is one of those rare gems of literature with which the world is seldom favored, but which, when once found, become to us a "possession for ever."

"The Athenian Captive" strongly resembles "*Ion*" in its leading features. Like it, it abounds in beauty of thought and sentiment, but on the whole is much inferior. "*Glencoe*" is a truly fine drama, but has been generally underrated. As evincing an intimate knowledge of the workings of the human heart, we think it even superior to "*Ion*." It contains, also, many passages of the finest descriptive poetry. These tragedies show considerable dramatic power, and much skill in the delineation of character. They have, however, little of that concentrated passion and intense subjectiveness, which characterize most of our modern dramas. Many of the characters, indeed, are finely drawn, and the conceptions of the author, for the most part, come full and clear to the mind of the reader. But the general tone of the compositions is calm, gentle, harmonious. To us their chief excellence seems to lie in the exceeding beauty of the imagery, and the intrinsic nobleness of the thoughts. Talfourd is rather the imaginative and contemplative poet, than the portrayer of wild and stormy passions. It is not surprising, then, that his dramas have been seldom produced upon the stage. And although "*Ion*" has been favorably received, both in England and America, yet the delicious sweetness of the composition, and the rare spiritual harmony which pervades it, are, perhaps, of too exquisite an order to be long acceptable to a popular audience. How much it is to be regretted, that some of the noblest creations of genius are thus debarred, by their very excellence, from scenic representation; where the real beauty of heroism and suffering can be so truly felt, and their greatness so fitly presented!

The prose works of Talfourd entitle him to a high place among the British Essayists. They have many of the characteristics of his dramatic writings, and bear on every page the impress of his calm, meditative mind. As a critic, he is distinguished by peculiarities of opinion, and the gentle tone of all his criticisms. He discloses to us the hidden soul of beauty, not like an anatomist, but like a lover—a remark which he has himself applied to Hazlitt, but which we may

with even greater truth apply to him. He dwells with affectionate fondness upon the merits of his favorite authors, and pours out in their homage all the riches of his mind and heart. How exquisitely tender are the touches that reveal the beauties of Mackenzie! And how lofty the strain of eloquence called forth in his noble championship of Wordsworth! This latter, considered as an eulogy, for it can hardly be termed a criticism, is one of the finest that can be found in the whole range of English literature. The description of his idol's powers is so vivid and glowing, and as his imagination kindles with the warmth of his feelings, the critic becomes so lost in the poet, that his words flow out in choicest melody, and his thoughts shape themselves into images of witching loveliness, until the dry critique is gradually transformed into a rapturous hymn, or stately poem. Thus he not unfrequently defeats his own purpose. For he paints the object of his veneration in such radiant colors, and entreats us so tenderly and earnestly to love him, that, like the Knight in the old romance, our thoughts are turned from the subject of the eulogy to the wondrous beauty of the suppliant.

The peculiar characteristics of his criticism are its catholic liberality, and its clear and accurate insight. His opinions are never hastily formed, but are the results of much thought and long deliberation. He enters deeply into the spirit of the work which he reviews, and is peculiarly sensitive to its beauties. So intense, indeed, are his perceptions of the beautiful, that he sees it however deeply hidden, and reveals it to us where all had appeared barren to a less gifted observer. His fine imagination, also, though it occasionally interferes with his reason, enables him to give us such a perfect picture of an author's mind as almost to define it to the senses. Thus he often expresses in a single metaphor what others have failed to do in volumes. The following extract, taken almost at random, may, in some degree, perhaps, illustrate our meaning. Speaking of Byron, he says: "The stream of his genius falls, from a vast height, amidst bleakest rocks, into depths, which mortal eye cannot fathom, and into which it is dangerous to gaze; but it sends up a radiant mist in its fall, which the sun tints with heavenly coloring, and it leaves its echoes on the golden and quiet clouds."

It has been objected to Talfourd, that he is too apt to forget the judge in the advocate or disciple. When his favorites are under consideration, it is said, that instead of giving us close, analytical judgments of their merits, he tunes his harp to sound their praises. This, it must be

acknowledged, is in a great measure true. Judged by the code of his cotemporaries, his writings can hardly be called critical. And yet it may be questioned, whether the critic has any nobler or more useful office, than to cast around the productions of genius a clearer and lovelier radiance than have yet revealed them—to describe the high emotions they have awakened in his own breast, and endeavor to touch the kindred cords of sympathy in ours. We confess that to us it is peculiarly pleasing, as we turn over the critical articles of the early part of the century, and mark the general bitterness of their tone, to find some few that breathe a gentler spirit. We had rather bend the knee of the disciple, even though our homage be sometimes misplaced, than ever sit in the seat of the scorner.

Talfourd's general prose style is of singular sweetness and purity. It is richly ornamented, and scattered over his writings in lavish profusion are treasures culled from the choicest reading. The language is strong, but highly polished. His exuberance of imagination, and fondness for ornament, might lead us to suppose, that he would occasionally be betrayed into gaudiness or fustian. But from this his fine classical taste redeems him. His tone is almost always calm and subdued, and the imagery is chaste and finished. And yet with all its elaborateness, his style is by no means artificial. Language with him, is always the clear mirror of his thought—a placid and gentle stream, flowing pleasantly along, amidst branching foliage and lovely flowers.

In reading, one is particularly struck with his fine reflective powers. His miscellaneous writings contain nothing tame, trite, or barren. They are all consecrated by the gentlest touches of fancy, and are rich in suggestive thought. There is no attempt at startling paradox, or fathomless profundity, so much in vogue at present with a certain class of writers. All his essays are the rich fruits of a highly meditative and imaginative mind. Indeed, we know not one, which will not amply repay the perusal of the reader. How tender the strain of sentiment in which Mr. Oldaker discourses on modern improvements! What a world of suggestive thought is contained in that sweet, fugitive chapter on Time! And how genial are the reflections in the Wine Cellar!

But, perhaps, the most pleasing feature of our author's writings is their fine humanity. His are not the reflections of the crabbed moralist, or misanthrope. He looks on life not only with a poet's eye, but also with a human heart. There is always a cheerfulness in his

thought that is truly refreshing. We turn to him with a sigh of relief, from those self-ordained priests of literature, who are forever hurling anathemas at our bewildered heads, and taunting us in bitter irony with our benighted condition. Human frailty with him is a subject rather for gentle and persuasive remonstrance, than indiscriminate cursing and scoffing. It is this remarkable sweetness of disposition that has endeared Talfourd to every reader. With all his lofty ideals of moral excellence, he possesses, in a high degree, that inward sense, which detects "the soul of goodness in things evil."

In concluding these desultory remarks on the writings of our author, we cannot forbear briefly alluding to the circumstances under which they were composed. They are not the productions of a life devoted to literary pursuits, but of leisure drawn from the intervals of professional duty. Indeed, the term works can hardly be applied to them. For the spirit of love in which he labors, and the freshness and heartfulness which characterize them, make them appear rather like the recreations of holiday. We feel that they are no exotics, no forced plants, but the ripe fruits of hours sacred to calm, contemplative thought, and quiet musing. To us instances like this of Talfourd, in this mechanical, money-making age, are peculiarly grateful. Literature never wears a more pleasing aspect, than when it brightens the intervals of professional life, or scatters flowers along the path of toilsome duty. How noble the art that keeps alive, amidst worldly influences, the original beauty of the soul! How divine the inspiration, that, from time to time, woos the worker from the din of busy life to the altar of a sweet and high communion!

Talfourd's writings, as might naturally be expected, are not numerous, and fill but a small space in the catalogue of the age; but they will always be warmly cherished, as pleasant and profitable companions, by those to whose holiest pleasures they have ministered, and whose sense of moral and intellectual beauty they have awakened.

### I (and My Uncle.)

THE exact fraction of humanity, dear reader, which my uncle represents, has never been reckoned. If nature could scrape together more odds and ends like to him, it is barely possible an extra tailor might be constituted. At all events, I have thought it best to enclose him in a parenthesis, as being, in accordance with grammatical rule, "something which may be omitted altogether without injury to the sense."

Good reason for this you shall find in the sequel. But lest you accuse me prematurely of injustice, I will tell you of his latest folly, however it may jar upon your poetic sensibilities.

"Wordsworth," I was saying, "is undoubtedly the greatest poet"—

"Pshaw!" interrupted my uncle.

"Then you probably know nothing about him."

"Begging your pardon, I could quote him by the hour. There's his affecting appeal, "Suck, little babe, oh suck again!" and that mellifluous lament for the "seven lovely Campbells"—stolen, by the way, from the parable of the devils and swine in Scripture.—But seriously, my dear fellow, I have more reason to know him than you think for. When I was traveling in England, I fell in with a Cockney who was at his wit's end, having taken to reading Wordsworth and admiring English scenery. During my short stay there, he clung to me like a shadow, (pity I hadn't made one of him!) and to this day I am undecided which was the greater bore, himself or the stuff he carried in his carpet-bag. But that's not the worst. When I returned to England from the Continent, the first man I met was this d— dear Cockney. Right in the hall of the hotel he swooped upon me, and while I stood puffing and blowing with fatigue and vexation, and loaded down with twenty stone weight of mortal flesh, he apostrophized me thus:

"Hast thou then survived,  
Mild offspring of hinfirm 'umanity!"

—right in the public hall! I hunted up the quotation afterwards, and found it was from an address of Wordsworth to his infant daughter, one month old!—So don't talk to me about Wordsworth, or I'll disinherit you, by the Lord Harry!"

Indeed, these absurdities of my uncle, unmitigated by a certain coarse humor, like an ancient jester divested of his motley, would be absolutely insufferable in any polite society.

Very uncharitable you may think it, to bring in one's own uncle after such fashion, head and shoulders, only for a target to shoot at. Never fear! He may thank his stars if he come to nothing worse. But he will subserve another purpose. I am bashful myself, and feel awkward about coming into company alone. In the background of his potent presence, however, I may make my bow in security and grow friends with you at once.

Alas! that these eternal clouds still flit between me and the sun. I cannot always talk thus triflingly. Not for wantonness am I black as night, nor is ever a sunbeam unwelcome; but perpetually the clouds move up, and shut the silver-lined gates. I am become a perplexity to myself, dwelling alternately in the light and in the shadow. My life is an incoherence,—like this present writing.

You, reader, with a hard brow, and crowsfeet printed on your temples by the harpies, who have preyed upon your comfort and your peace of mind,—you will leave me here in the most becoming disgust. You were ever a man of sense, and time is money. And you, stern moralist, who have no faith in melancholy, or view it only as the small-pox of the brain,—avaunt with your heresies! I am too far gone for vaccination. And if any there be who love to sit in the theatre of the world and lead the dread laugh at folly, insensible to humor and the soft charm of pity,—who were developed prematurely, or by omission of intervening steps, from that hyena with risible muscles playing only while he paws the sand from some too-shallow grave,—Heaven save me from such readers all, and send them on their courses with as little showing of teeth as possible! But you, who know and feel for another's infirmities,—who see that in the simple child, or gentle woman, or wavering old man, to love and honor,—the language of whose genial spirit is ever

“Homo sum. Nihil humanum a me alienum puto,”—

you are a reader after my own heart. You alone will find the slender thread of humanity which runs through my words. In your sympathy, my imaged confidant, I will forget those

“greetings where no kindness is, and all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life.”

You will stand with me at the grave of my love, and never mock my sorrow.

I feel a sense of hollowness and desolation. I have buried that which was once to me the soul of my soul. I have come out of the cloud of glory in which my childhood habited. That beautiful visionary form, which dwelt in the eye of young Ambition, has vanished into thin air.

A most trite complaint, say you, Sir Philosopher? Ah, you know not the measure of my love. It was to me as a teeming wind, which met me in my life's dawn, breathing the voice of mountain-torrents and forest-trees, from the Future whither I was going. It braced and inspirited me, and made me joyous and active as a roe. But it has gone now, moaning adown the pleasant dales of the Past, and leaves me here on the broad champaign of life, with a noon-day's sun beating painfully upon my head.

I was a poet, reader,—in my own eyes. I say it before the scorn of your lip. You think it impossible, perhaps, to perish to poetry and live to common life. You may have wept for "mighty Poets in their misery dead;" you feel a compassionate pang, when Despair and Madness are howling, as is proper, among the ruins of Hope. But if ever a poor devil break through every rule, and survive his final condemnation,—why, you will sooner waste your tears upon the first fool that loses his cap and bells. Well, have it as you will. It is not for me to argue such matter with you.

I am now a melancholy man; an excellent illustration, according to my uncle, of Bishop Taylor's definition, being one who muses long and to no purpose, who thinks much and of nothing, who prates much and of himself, therefore also of nothing. Whatever I may be, I am at all events no longer a poet. No longer a poet, and yet the words smite upon my ear with a cold, iron clang—an immortal knell, which my soul can hear "in the calm of thought" telling the years of the dead. No longer a poet; and yet I love to rove in imagination, where once I caught up aspiration from the flowers and trees, and felt "the stars had feelings," and where in the ear of Hope there were not wanting airy tongues to syllable my own name. To the same fountains where Fancy once drank, Melancholy comes now to fill her sober urn.

Now that I hold you, gentle reader, fairly by the button-hole, I pray you struggle not with your fate, terrified lest you have fallen in with a puling, brain-sick coxcomb, determined to force his fantastic woes upon you against the stomach of your sense. Rather shall you find me readily agreeing, that there is more to weep for, which never can be heard of by mortal ear, than in all those ambitious emotions which have ever taken to themselves tongues of flame. It is indeed for this reason that I entreat your patience. There may be little that is sorrowful in a thousand "Sorrows of Werter;" but shall no eyes "fall fellowly drops," when any soul, however impotent, which has leaped with a glorious passion into the struggle with the world, is flung back crushed and bleeding?

The passion, which I have described as mine, could not well have been without its fruits. I fell into that factitious sadness which is often observed in youthful minds, whose weaknesses run to a sort of poetical centre. It is a condition, perhaps, through which nearly all pass during a longer or shorter period of their lives; but with a few it comes early, and produces marked effects. To me it was at once a pleasure and a pain, where probably the former predominated. It did not therefore infect either my language or my actions with any follies of superlative woe. I loved the green waves of the Church-yard ground and the drooping of the willows; but not to descend into the charnel-vault with its rotted coffins and unsightly bones and skulls. These waters of Marah I fondly fancied were the purest springs of Castaly, and certainly it was there that Poesy seemed sweetest and inspired me most. Even now my melancholy pride reposes by their melancholy stream,—never, alas! to wax well of its deep wound—and sometimes dares to whisper that if it had but contented itself to remain longer under the cloud, it would not at this moment have been so far from its first estate.

The stray lines which I then wrote, were not particularly unpleasing, except to the humor of my uncle, who as my guardian felt empowered to approve or condemn as he pleased. He was one of those unfortunate persons whose lips are made only to curve upward. The curve grew more obstinate and ominous, as my poetry donned a blacker, and yet blacker suit of woe. I was myself, as I advanced toward manhood, becoming conscious of inferiority to my childish dreams; and a frequent sinking of the heart, which had hitherto known only the pulses of confident ambition, exposed me more fairly to my uncle's criticism.

"Why, man," said he one evening, looking up from the publication which contained my latest effusion, entitled 'Alone with my Dead,' "I protest, it may excite compassion to hear Cæsar there whining now and then o' nights; but if he kept it up to all eternity, there isn't a human being who would feel justified in leaving him longer exposed to the chances of drowning. I can't abide your poets who are raining tears forever upon you. There is such a thing as too much water even for a vegetable. But let a poem come over you like the broad smile of a young Spring sun, and how quickly do the little germs of tender humanities swell and stir and burst through the warm crust, and the great flowers which have hung their heads in the cold and wet, look up again and greet the world cheerily! Come then, my Phœbus



redivivus, shake back thy locks dank with the dews of the morning. Come up from the depths where thou hast been grubbing, and beam upon the universe, like a sweep newly emerged from his chimney-top!"

I could not help laughing in spite of myself. "That was almost good enough, uncle, to have been plagiarized." (My uncle has a holy horror of all literary robbery.) "Nay, don't frown—you look as ugly as Thersites. But put on that heavenly smile again, and perhaps I'll make it the first of my sunshine studies. I will try how you appear through a delicate veil of manuscript."

The change which I then determined on was my ruin. I deserted the only vein in which I could possibly have found excellence, and thenceforth my every step crushed the flowers of Hope beneath me. Slowly, but perceptibly, the regard and courtesy, which I had hitherto enjoyed, faded into indifference till I felt the sting of contempt.

"My dear fellow," said my indefatigable uncle, "I would not show the knaves that I care the turning of a straw for them. Get up some sort of a grand climacterical absurdity, and stuff it down their dainty critical throats,—something that will choke them up forever!"

It was strange advice, yet it jumped exactly with my humor; for Poesy, the sword which came down from Heaven, was not to be degraded to the flaying of jackals. And never was advice so literally fulfilled. My verses marked too truly the fatal "grand climacteric" of my poetical life. The editor, whose columns faltered not at the annihilating charge, appended a few remarks, which ended with an apology for saying nothing further, as he had been brought up in the sacred observance of the maxim, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*." My uncle simply expressed himself to the effect that I had "done it;" my friends maintained a compassionate silence; while my enemies—and for once I heartily united with them—declared I was now proved both madman and fool. With somewhat more of bitterness and desperation, my feelings may have been partly akin to those of Charles Lamb, when he sat in the theatre hissing and hooting at the damnation of his own farce.

There had come the first shock of awakening from the long, happy dream. I saw how frail and phantom-like was the object which I had so passionately loved. That fame which I had hoped to win for a "possession for ever," was passing away from my vision, and indeed was soon gone. And as for myself,—you have heard what became of me

already ; or if you prefer my uncle's opinion, he will quote you a barbarous scrap :

" He might have thriven  
 Much better possibly, had his ambition  
 Been greater much. They oft-times take more pains  
 Who look for pins, than those who find out stars."  
 \* \* \* \* \*

There is a certain symmetry and completeness of meaning about a broken shaft. I could wish that I had never marred the symmetry of my broken life-shaft. But I must confess to one dereliction. My mind was certainly unsettled when I fell in love—so I thought—with a maiden some ten years my senior, and who moreover (though I was ignorant of the circumstance) was looked upon matrimonially by my uncle himself. I know not that she had any remarkable peculiarities, except that she was of literary pretensions ; and notwithstanding the inconvenience of a fickle memory, agreed with my uncle in an extravagant fondness for catching and strangling a plagiarism.

" Mr. —," she once observed to me at one of her *conversations*, " if I wore upon my brow the crown of a Virgin Queen, I think I would gladly bestow it upon that man, who should pay me the oblation of a genuine poet, provided I was sure he did not plagiarize."

Before this, my uncle had been either crabbed or silent upon the subject of my wooing. His fatherly concern for me, I thought, made him unwilling—as in truth it was his duty to be—to encourage a union too incongruous to be happy. But now, much to my surprise, he manifested an eager zeal that I should abandon my melancholy whims about having " buried poetry," and take the lady at her word. He himself, though he could not compose a line, might be of use in supervising whatever I should write, and guarding against all appearances of plagiarism. My own passion easily persuaded me. A poem was written and duly supervised. Well do I remember the afternoon when I unfolded my blushing honors to the light of my beloved's countenance. The slight tremor of the voice, the nervous rustling of the paper, the tender cadence of the words themselves,—all are present to my memory. I had sung of the aspirations of youth, of triumphs with sword and pen ; I had buckled on the armor of Fame and won my way to her Temple.

" An architect in its splendor's glare  
 Might have drank his fill of beauty there ;  
 And to me, perchance, 'twas well enough, only  
 It seemed so very vastly lonely."

"Very suspicious," murmured my fair auditor, and the color rushed to my cheek. But I could have sworn to entire originality here, for just at this point, my stumbling Pegasus most manifestly halted. However, I continued :

"The light as it streamed through the tinted glass,  
In its bright flood laving the marble floor,  
Seemed coldly to strike through the thick cuirass,  
Chilling my heart to its deepest core.  
Well cold might seem e'en its source above,  
For it beamed not on me with the light of Love!"

"You may stop, sir," said she majestically, while I remained in a sort of fever-and-ague of spirit, now warming with indignation at her apparent want of sensibility, and now quaking with vague apprehension ; "I am satisfied. Ah! how does your uncle, in whose true poetry of soul I have found an unexpected treasure,—how does he glister through your rust! Mr. —, were it not for the new relation in which I may soon stand to you, I should express myself shocked at your duplicity. In the name of the blind old Melesigines, of Pope, Byron, or of some great Unknown, whose cognomen I forget, but whose pilfered property I distinctly recognize in the poetry you have been reciting, I protest against that piece as a palpable—plagiarism!"

I rushed frantically from the house, hardly knowing whither I went, until I nearly reached the bank of a river which flowed through the meadow below. As I rounded a clump of trees, there stood my uncle, fishing rod in hand, with a face which presented, as he turned towards me, a most uncomfortably warm and ruddy look. In such moods, strange, trifling thoughts will sometimes engage the mind, and as I came to a sudden stand in surprise, I considered whether my uncle would not feel cooler if he lay several feet below where he then stood, with mud-pouts for roses in his shirt-frill, and eels twining among his fingers in place of flower-stems; and whether, being a large man, he would not in such case look as much like a "party in a parlor, all silent, and all damned," as the object which frightened Peter Bell could have done. Mollified by the consciousness of a lofty imaginative power, I began to think better both of my uncle and of myself, and concluded to allow him to work out his mission—*fruges consumere*—in peace. But think, reader, on how slight a thread murder and suicide may have been then suspended!

Hastening home I flung myself into a chair in the library, and endeavored to unravel the tangled sleeve of events; not, however, until

I had come to the solemn and not unpleasing conclusion, that Miss —— was getting superannuated, withering on the stalk, at all events unworthy the interest of a man of taste. But the new relation, and the plagiarism? Just then the breeze through the open window brought into view a dusty scrap of writing-paper which had apparently lain concealed under my uncle's *escritoire*. I took it up listlessly, for already a sort of pleased contentment had come over me, as if I had awoke from a troubled dream. It was part of a copy in my uncle's handwriting of my own unlucky ode! The ruddy countenance by the river-side recurred to my mind, and I thought of Miss ——'s short-reaching memory. I laughed immoderately at the idea of the "great unknown."

Nothing more was necessary to suggest to me that a plausible excuse for an indefinite absence on my part would be disagreeable neither to my uncle nor his nephew. A brief note was accordingly left for the former, and in the course of a short traveling-tour, the intelligence reached me, that the hymeneal bonds had been at last happily cemented.

"Uncle," said I, as I sat after the honeymoon at his new extension dining-table, and looked significantly at his blooming better half, "what do you think of plagiarism, in the mass?"

"Softly—softly!" returned he, with a wink of caution, "eschew all personality. But as to plagiarism, avoid it as you would a snake; or else let it be bold and manly, and from a great writer. I plagiarized myself, once, from a certain poor devil, and—would you believe it?—it was all such wretched stuff that never a soul thought of questioning the authorship, although I am willing to pledge a reward of fifty dollars to anybody that will acknowledge it."

\* \* \* \* \*

But there is little feeling in the smile which these memories provoke. I am not yet arrived at the philosophy which teaches us to laugh at our past selves, as at something alien and not our own. In the dimness of tears, as I sit in my room, I can see the bright image which beguiled my youth, with the flowers of Hope which had so fondly decked it, lying cold and dead upon its bier. Nay, passionately, stormfully almost, like the wrecked old Lear with Cordelia in his arms, I weep and moan for my perished Phantom-child, so beautiful, so early lost!

## The Letters of Cicero.

—Quo fit ut omnis,  
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella  
Vita senis.—*Hor.*

THERE is perhaps no character of antiquity with which a more intimate acquaintance is possible, than with that of Cicero. In reading the orations of the greatest of Roman orators, we are delighted not so much by what is Roman in their eloquence, as by the truly Ciceronian genius, which inspires them all; in his philosophical Essays, the Ciceronian rather than the Roman philosophy is our instructor; while in his miscellaneous works, we are presented not with the aggregate results of a nation's speculation, but with the researches of an individual mind in the various departments of politics, morals, oratory, and the lighter branches of literature. But in the letters of Cicero, we converse with a man who has turned from the labors of the forum and the study to the more genial interchange of family and friendly affection; and the student of Cicero, who is at all acquainted with the peculiarities of his author, will feel assured that if Cicero ever opened his heart without reservation to any one, if he ever spoke the truth uninfluenced by vanity or jealousy, he did so in his letters to his friends.

The letters, which have come down to us, numbering in all about a thousand, are the remains of Cicero's correspondence after he was forty years of age; and although we cannot but regret the loss of his earlier letters, yet the few that remain, are perhaps more valuable than any other portion of his correspondence, as revealing to us his mind in the full maturity of its powers, and placing in the strongest light the activity of his political and literary career. The most interesting portion of the correspondence, and the one on which we intend especially to dwell, is the collection of Cicero's letters to his friend Atticus. These not only contain all the peculiarities of the rest, but unquestionably they give the clearest and most varied insight into the character of their author. Were we to view them simply as records of the political changes of the times, their value is certainly not over-estimated by Nepos, when he pronounces them, "*historiam contextam eorum temporum.*" And yet all the worst features of one of the worst ages of Roman degeneracy, all the bitter animosities of public men, all the confusion and strife of parties, which characterize the fall of the Roman Republic, are described in such

beautiful language, and varied with such charming episodes, that as De Quincy says, "a luxury of rest for the mind is felt by all, who traverse the great circumstantial records of those tumultuous Roman times, viz, the Ciceronian epistolary correspondence." The letters of Cicero, written immediately previous to the outbreak of the civil war between Caesar and Pompey, are strikingly illustrative of that want of decision, which, as we think, often stood in the way of his permanent happiness and success. In one letter, the spirit of an exalted patriotism breathes itself out in words of consolation to his friends; in another a sense of personal injury seems to usurp all the malevolence of his nature; again, turning aside from the real issues of the struggle which awaited the Republic, he judges of men and measures by the varying standard of his situation, his prejudices, and his hopes; and again, when a returning sense of duty seems to quicken his mental vision, so that for the moment he imagines that he discerns a faint ray of hope in the gloom that was rapidly settling upon his country, then does he exclaim in the anguish of despair: "*His ex rebus non spes, sed dolor major, cum videas civitatis voluntatem solutam, virtutem alligatam.*" Cicero's reluctance to take a decided part in the struggle that followed, is only another instance of the same want of resolution, which finally lost him the confidence of all determined men. Cicero was bound to Pompey by every consideration of friendship, family, and patriotism. He felt convinced that Pompey's interests were those of the Republic, but that Pompey himself was not the man to save his country. From Caesar he had every assurance of that great man's friendship, while the neutrality, which was all that Caesar asked, came more acceptable to his wishes, than the decided stand which Pompey and his friends required. Thus irresolute, does he exclaim, "I know the man whom I ought to avoid, but I know not the man whom I ought to follow." But turning aside from these exhibitions of weakness so humiliating to the character of Cicero, we may yet find many redeeming traits in his correspondence. His love of country, is after all, the only living impulse of his heart; his restless vanity seldom interferes with the warmth of his affection for his relatives and friends; his justice and humanity derive additional lustre from their contrast with the recklessness of the age; while the varied charms of his learning and his eloquence grace so frequently the pages of his correspondence, that we feel assured, that if Cicero sometimes fell below the Roman standard in decision and firmness, he invariably rose far above it in grasp of intellect and noble cultivation of the heart. One cannot fail to notice throughout these letters, the remarkable difference between Cicero's

judgment of men and the sagacity he displays in predicting the issues of the political struggles of the times. In pronouncing upon [character, as has been already remarked, our author shows himself by no means an impartial or consistent judge. At one time, in the language of affection, he addresses Pompey as "*nostri amores*," and speaks in the highest praise of his character as a citizen and a man. Not long afterwards, and apparently without any sufficient cause, no words are too strong to express the contempt of Cicero for him who had once been his idol.

The reason is plain enough, why Cicero's letters represent the character of his contemporaries in such various aspects, now exalting and now depressing, not only Pompey, but Cato, Hortensius, Lucullus, and all the great men of Rome, even his own brother Quintus. Cicero was the slave of a vanity and a jealousy that never slept. But as a political seer, his long familiarity with the workings of the Roman Constitution, and his deep insight into the character of the age, eminently qualified him to be one of those who

"Can look into the seeds of time,  
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not."

While it would add but little to the reputation of Cicero as a philosopher to compare his philosophical works with the confessions which abound in his letters, yet it must be admitted that these same letters give a more ample testimony to the literary attainments of our author than any other portion of his works. Throughout his whole correspondence, how frequent and how apt are his quotations from the Greek authors, especially Homer and the tragic poets! In the midst of the most exciting political struggles, how often are his letters varied with requests that Atticus would accept of some treatise that he has just composed! And when the fate of his country and of his own individual fortunes hung on the movements of the hour, how frequently will he close his long letters with instructions to Atticus to send him from time to time the choicest treasures of Grecian literature and art! Cicero, as it is well known, thought not a little of his abilities as a punster; and what is the more remarkable, he employed the Greek language almost exclusively in inflicting upon Atticus a succession of puns, many of which are truly deplorable. Had we the opportunity, a pertinent comparison might be instituted between the sentiments expressed by Cicero in his "*De Amicitia*" and the practical results of his theory as exemplified in his friendship for Atticus. Truly has Seneca said, "*nomen Attici perire Ciceronis epistolae non sinunt.*" Most truly does such a friendship as this deserve to be placed among the few

that have stood the test of time, and become matters of historic interest. Though differing in many respects, their differences only serve to induce them to meet on a ground of common agreement. And while Cicero will gently banter Atticus for his Epicurean tenets, at the next moment he will acknowledge that the life of his friend has been more in consonance than his own with the principles of a true philosophy. We must refer our readers to the correspondence itself, if they wish to get an adequate idea of the unlimited confidence, the warmth and generosity of affection that have given so just a celebrity to the friendship of these two men.

The letters of Cicero written during his banishment, are perhaps more familiar to our readers than the rest of his correspondence; and needless would it be to recall to mind those emotions of astonishment and sorrow with which we first perused such confessions of a littleness of spirit as are given by the great Roman orator himself. When his broken and almost unintelligible lamentations burst upon our ears in quick succession, when we behold him deliberately refusing to be comforted from such sources of consolation as the philosopher and the scholar can abundantly command, when every page of his correspondence displays a childish yet frantic longing after the objects that prosperity had endeared, how are we tempted to exclaim,

"O what a noble mind is here overthrown!"

How little are we disposed to sympathize with a man who utters as the key-note of his lamentations, "*Neminem umquam tanta calamitate esse affectum, nemini mortem magis optandum fuisse.*" And touching as are his expressions of solicitude, especially for the welfare of his wife, what a doubt does it cast upon the sincerity of his emotions, to know that the same man when afterwards recalled to power, speaks of the wife that was once so dear to him, in terms of the utmost indifference. Far higher would Cicero have stood in the estimation of posterity had he preferred even like Cato to die, when liberty was no more! Says Dr. Middleton, "no compositions afford more pleasure than the epistles of great men; they touch the heart of the reader, by laying open that of the writer." And we may add in confirmation of the above, that what little we have written on the general character of Cicero's letters, has been done by us as a labor of love. Admiring as we must, the brilliant talents and services of Cicero wherever he labored, we were led to a perusal of his letters in hopes of becoming acquainted with the heart as well as the intellect of so great a man. Nor were we disappointed. As has been already remarked, no compo-



sitions of their kind exhibit their author in more varied relations than these. Here Cicero is shown to be always the fond father and affectionate friend; on innumerable occasions, the stern and inflexible patriot; invariably the accomplished scholar; not unfrequently the calm and dignified philosopher; but alas! too often the man who was tried by misfortune and found wanting. Little did Cicero think, as he made his familiar letters to his friends the occasion of opening his heart to those he could confide in, that these letters rather than his more studied efforts would settle his character with posterity.

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### A Trip to Lake Saltonstall.

ONE starry evening, when the winds came from Greenland's icy mountains, came also to the appointed rendezvous a ponderous vehicle from the Fair Haven 'Buss Company, in which a chosen body of adventurers were to emigrate for the purpose of skating in those slippery paths of youth, which are located in the lower end of Lake Saltonstall. Our number, which at first was to be twenty, had gradually become as indefinitely large as the summers of a marriage-maneuvering mantrap; and finally nearly forty gallant Sophomores, muffled up as if going in quest of Sir John Franklin, and carrying a few Juniors along to strap skates, build fires, &c., stood awaiting the decision of an incensed Jehu. The driver was deeply read in the nature and obligation of contracts. He *would* do as he agreed. He didn't agree to take only twenty, and he wasn't agoing to take only twenty, and furthermore the 'Buss wouldn't hold only twenty. It was urged by one malcontent that ninety-four Freshmen had once gone in that very vehicle on a fishing excursion to Judges' Cave. On the other hand, it was proven that the gravity of two Seniors had been too much for the springs: that they had broken in a very summary way, and yet had not broken their Fall. The last remark was justly considered to be of more *weight*. Some, like live R. R. stock, were to be transferred to a contingent and prospective 'Buss, in anticipation of which we were exhorted to let patience have its perfect work. Meanwhile Jehu feebly

cries, "All aboard," and in the midst of a general rush, off went the 'Buss and the Bucephali.

The contingent and prospective 'Buss was at length obtained, although we had expected it would turn out a blunder-Buss, and go off without us. Our detachment had a magnificent season. There were several sisters of the lady whom Willis saw in the omnibus, or at least they were as pretty and tastefully dressed as she. Some of our party began an animated flirtation. One susceptible youth made all sorts of tender demonstrations in a manner far superior to his ordinary demonstrations at the black-board. His fingers were disconcerted. His heart went pit-a-pat and the corners of his lips ascended and descended with delicious smiles, like a dumb waiter going down and coming up with warm oyster stews. His fair neighbor of course could not withstand such a battery as this. She replied in accents tender as the kiss that summer evening leaves upon the blushing lips of the Hesperides. She seemed conscious that others were listening. Her manner was constrained, and I could only catch the words "sixpence" — "please" — "hand" — "the driver." Unfortunately she left soon afterwards and all the other ladies soon followed her example. We now had time to examine our vehicle.

I almost despair of describing it, for when we went out we had most of the time to keep our eyes shut to keep them from freezing; and on coming back there was so much cigar smoke that the most lynx-eyed of the party could scarcely see their hands before them. As near as I can judge, it was a long, low, narrow concern, like those mysterious and piratical schooners seen at sea. At one end was a bright spot of red, something like a fat toper's nose, this, I believe, was a lantern. At the other end was the door which, like a fool's mouth, was always open. Although little could be seen, much could be heard. A member of our party who has obtained considerable experience in musical matters, solemnly avows that he never heard a more hideous concatenation and continuation of tortured melody, than that evening pierced the sky, like the shrieks of stabbed hyenas with Beethoven singing base. One daring individual, after holding his breath for ten minutes, hopelessly stretched several joints of his neck in attempting to reach the high passages; while the guttural grumness of some neighbors of his, appeared compounded of half donkey, half bullfrog, and the other half distant thunder. Quite a variety of pieces were tried, and I may say for the honor of our expedition, that everything that was tried was exe-

cuted in capital style, without any of those new fangled notions of mercy which are getting to be by far too common.

Oh, my country, my country, what shall be thy fearful destiny when the stern virtues of our ancestors shall cease to smile upon the eagle of Columbia, when hanging shall be abolished, and the broad winged bird of Jove shall no longer flap its feathers in the sunlight of universal annexation and sempiternal glory?

But we must return to Lake Saltonstall. With only a moderate degree of mental exertion, we shall get there as soon as on the memorable occasion referred to above. Our jolly driver seemed not at all anxious for the annihilation of distance, and the horses had but little enthusiasm, although taking a casual glance at their singular leanness, one might perhaps have thought that they had more spirit than body. But you remember that the ten thousand Greeks at last got a glad glimpse of the Euxine, and many Sophomoric pericardia were thrilled by the remarkable coincidence, to say nothing of some still more striking coincidences with divers posts and bridges, as we slowly hove in sight of the glassy Lake.

In less time than it takes shivering Freshmen to vacate the middle aisle at evening Chapel service, we bounded from the 'Buss. In less than the brief space of a minute many were upon the ice, and not a few were upon their backs also. Others were upon their knees wooing unworthy skate straps, and soon the whole surface of the Lake seemed alive and kicking with hilarity.

Now began a race-course of practical mathematics, not indeed complete, but carried as far as the students' *understanding* would admit. We skated out tangents and cotangents of majestic circles, together with signs and wonders, versed, inversed, and reversed, which it would be perissological to enumerate.

One sad Senior, after several awful accidents, in finding his centre of gravity, at last indignantly exclaimed, that the whole Pond was a "*pons asinorum*." The old skaters were rushing away as if deeply impressed with the idea that their stand depended upon their exertions. For the novices it was of course very hard to remain "*in statu quo*," and they were soon lying prostrate on the thick ribbed ice, lamenting that their own ribs were endowed with far more tenuity and susceptibility; or, in braver mood, were supinely kicking at the North Star as if defying the vaulted heavens to fall and crush them. I afterwards found, however, that these last were merely kicking the cold for refusing to warm the pedal extremities of the bifurcated continuations, which had been so

vainly attempting to form an isosceles triangle, of which Lake Saltonstall was the base. The stinging cold had by this time reached the extremities even of the most sanguine, and there began to be a cry of Fire. Men in general quail at that awful announcement. But we were not men in general. We quailed not. There were we, far from land and College, and the kiss of love, with nothing but the treacherous ice between us and Davy Jones' locker, but still we quailed not—we forty immortal instances of modern chivalry. We were even afraid that the alarm was false. For whence could fire be obtained? What Prometheus had thought of matches? What Caliban could fetch us fuel? There were some individuals endowed with a strong imagination who professed that they had sometimes burned fluid from *Pond's*, but we scouted at the foolish hypothesis, and sent the "jolly Junes" to a rail fence, which lay in most tempting vicinage. Matches were remembered, and we had a fire. Phœbus, what a fire! It would have barbecued Soyer's ox, and made a magnificent cuisine for getting up baby-stake and fricassed missionary for the King of the Cannibal Islands. We, however, being thankful for small favors, roasted nothing of this sort save our own toes, at which of course no body could complain. Congregated upon planks and poles, we thus cheerfully endured all the sharpness of a Polar winter; as our fire, like the city of Horribazobaugh, was situated upon a hillside, the lower half of our happy circle was gracefully reclining against vacancy, with their feet at an angle of  $45^{\circ} 59'$ , and the man who sat lowest overcame the earth's attractive forces only by the extraordinary weight of his boots. There was a lachrymose legend concerning these boots which we cannot now relate.

One unfortunate wight, in attempting to carry out the Napoleonic maxim of piercing the centre, was rushed down to the ice with such accelerating velocity, that he found a watery grave almost above his knees, and some others are supposed to have perished, as they were missing when called upon to pay the omnibus fare.

However, there were two good omnibus loads when about half past ten o'clock we started for those blessed isles of Morpheus in the heart of Blanket Bay, so called in honor of Thomas Blanket, the discoverer. But three considerable obstacles seemed to stare us in the face. The horses were skittish, the driver "tight," and the carriage crazy. The first fact became manifest when our steeds delapsed down a steep hill instead of ascending in the orthodox manner. The second became palpable when the driver, "by the direction of the spirits," undertook, Camilla like, "to fly o'er the unbending stumps and skim along the rails." And the third obstacle became alarmingly evident, when the tire of our hind wheel

dropped off, leaving one-fourth of all our hopes in the dilapidated and multifarious crookedness of a phonographic alphabet.

We glanced round for one of Davy Crockett's alligators, or Sinbad's roc, or, perchance, a stray griffin of Oceanus. But we were forced to exclaim, in the language of the poet, "Nix-cum-a-rous." Far ahead on the head of a steep hill we descried the other omnibus, and a thrill of joy shot through our vitals as we whispered, "We may yet be saved." With all the energy of hope battling with despair—we ran—we sprang—we flew like gad-fly-goaded Io, and shortly piled, pell-mell, upon the wretched occupants of the groaning 'Buss like volcanic strata upon the wandering sheep of Mount Vesuvius.

To define our position it will be simply necessary to throw up thirty or forty coppers and see if "Liberty" or "One cent" is visible. Then suppose all the heads upon the coppers suddenly to become vocal with all the notes of lamentation and suffocation shrieked through all the octaves of despair, add four buffaloes (skins) and eighty cubic feet of cigar smoke, and you will have a faint idea of a night of horrors, which may have been dimly experienced by the inmates of the black-hole or the brazen bull of Perillus.

Three mortal miles out of our directest way rolled our itinerant conglomeration of human extremities, either because Jehu like Hogarth thought that curved lines were the most graceful, or because he wished to avoid throwing a silver sop to the Cerberus of East Haven bridge. At last when the pangs of hunger were fast approaching the agonies of compression and strangulation, and we ominously began to look around for the big boots that we might knock in the head some of the lower tier, and thus keep the upper department from starvation—there was a sudden pause. Our thirty cents' worth of misery and mystery was expended. In the language of Justice, "we had been taken to the place from whence we came." We feebly muttered "Home." Slowly and solemnly we emerged from our living sepulchre. Then did the extent of our suffering become evident. Out of so many that but a few hours before had started forth in the pride of manhood and the dignity of Sophomores, and the 'Buss of the Fair Haven 'Buss Company, a scanty remnant only congratulated themselves upon their deliverance. Some could not tell the time of night. More than half a dozen were compelled to reanimate the vital spark with calorified decoctions of testaceous bivalves. Scarcely one had sufficient strength to carry home the skates he had borrowed that very afternoon, and more than half the devoted band were utterly unable to zigzag to public devotions on the ensuing morning.

## Archibald Braxton.

[Continued from page 154.]

Time dragged slowly at the Grange. Faces shaded with mute sorrow, absence of the usual joyousness and mirth,—even the associations which a thousand little objects brought to memory,—served to make home wearisome and sad. It was almost a relief when the second day of separation came; there was no reluctance in departure from the scenes which were constantly reminding of the dead, by the bitter contrast of the present and the past.

It was hard to come back. Sympathizing glances and the warm and earnest pressure of a friendly hand, the subdued tones, and the gentleness of manner with which all met a sorrowing classmate, though they brought a pleasure, it was not unmixed with pain. He turned almost for relief to compliance with the harsh rules of the College law. It jarred sadly with the finer feelings,—it was hard, with the heart weighed down and the spirit broken, to engage in *double* labor, and with no allowance for the mental anguish, be compelled to enter on severer duty than all others, as atonement for the absence. But the laws of College know not the existence of the heart; they acknowledge one God, and its name is—Intellect.

There are times when the very measures of cold policy, from the indignation which their utter disregard of feeling must inspire, will create a new life in the object of their rigor, and it was the best thing for the mourner that these pressing duties, and a sense of their unkindness, robbed him of the moments of reflection and the memory of the past.

Weeks flew by, and Biennial was approaching. To a stranger who should pass by the old buildings at the hour of midnight, and see light streaming through the panes of many windows, hear the hum of voices, mingled now and then with the noise of laughter, or a general scuffle, it would be a question of somewhat perplexing nature to discover what would be the occupation of the inmates. And if passing by again a few hours later he should see the same light, hear the same sound,—he would gain a bad opinion of the habits and dissipation of a College life. But, my dear Sir, they are simply *cramming*, drawing inspiration from the classics and Souchong, or, perhaps, from the mathematics and the purest Mocha. Follow up the long dark passage, over these four

wretchedly uneven flights of stairway, and you will be able to know better how the thing is done. Rap, tap,—we will introduce you.

In the previous chapter the interior of a College room has been described and with sundry alterations of the reader's fancy, it will serve us as a type. But the grouping and the general characteristics of the scene are different. There are something more or less than a dozen present, piled or tumbled, as you please to term it, in most picturesque if not graceful attitudes about the room. Sans coat, sans boots, sans "weekit," and cravat, they are evidently trying to be much at ease. Inverted chairs, tilted to support the head and shoulders, while the floor assumes the weight, are in wonderful demand; those who have not been fortunate to secure these are endeavoring to derive some compensation by a general stretch-out, and a free use of the body of a luckier friend in the place of cushions. The plump, rosy, pippin-faced individual in the corner, is particularly favored. Perhaps the easy and good humored grunts which he sends forth now and then as a token of disapprobation, mark him as a special object to be teased. Or, the sport afforded, as, discovering this to be of no use, he resorts to muscular exertion, in the language of another individual of the party, is "cow-sum-mate." The gratification of the four friends, who are quartered on him, seems to be unbounded. He of the long legs and slim body answering to the appellation "shanks," is so really and entirely occupied with the torment of the "pippin," that the open Odyssey is scarcely heeded. Are these Master Slenders envious of the modern Falstaffs—why else do the lean men persecute the fat? We have made the interruption to present it as a psycho—well, if not a psychologic, a most curious fact.

Seated in the most approved Eastern style upon the table, which is made to do the duty of a temporary throne, is the lion of the evening, the "*Magister Equitum*," (for the benefit of the uninitiated we will translate,) "Poney-reader." Two large Etnas boil furiously upon the hearth-stone, and the hissing of the flame beneath a chafing dish, coupled with the grateful odor of stewed products of Fair Haven, are the most convincing proofs that the "cramming" is not all intended for the brain. Meanwhile, the assembled party are endeavoring to follow with their text books the translation which falls glibly from their friend upon the table.

Then arose much-planning Ulysses, and brandishing his mighty spear, he cried aloud—"Tom, are those oysters done yet?"

"Don't see anything of that kind in the text," was the grave response.

"Pshaw, you know what I mean, I really think they must be, let's finish up this section and refresh."

Again the reading goes on for some minutes till the book is ended—closed with a loud slap, and the party gratified by Tom's information that "all 's ready, and in prime condition."

"Where 's Archy?"

"Send after Archy."

"Wait a moment and I 'll serve a summons on him," exclaimed "Pippin;" and sitting down he dashed off the following:

By authority of the "Crowd of Souchongs," you are hereby commanded to appear at meeting of the S. C., in N. M., on July 10th, at 12½ P. M., then and there to help, aid, assist and succor in devouring whatsoever said Crowd shall have then provided.

Signed,

Dated at Yale College, 185—.

*Præs. Souch.*

"Come along now, gentlemen; where 's my posse comitatus?" and seizing a boot in one hand, while the other held the summons, he crossed the entry and commenced a thundering tattoo upon Braxton's door.

"Open in the name of the law!—Come, come, Archy, there is no use in resistance, the decrees of the Souchong are unchangeable as the Medes and Persians, you know; can't let you be making a blue of yourself," he continued, good humoredly, as he saw our friend still inclined to offer a remonstrance,—that 's right, a few moments frolic and we 'll put the 'σελυμητις' through in fine style."

Books were now thrown aside, each one helping himself to the tea and oysters, and a conversation on the all-engrossing topic became general.

"Have you your Biennial pantaloons yet?"

"No, Chatterly's at work upon them; gets up a good article don't he? the last Class rushed all analytics on his wristbands last year."

"Well, I only hope we don't get *some* formulas, that 's all, or rushes will be scarce in spite of wristbands."

"Come, fellows, hurry up, we 've three more books of the Odyssey yet, before we put through the Alcestis."

"Wide awake, wide awake."

"Con-sum-mate!"

"One more cup of tea, and a polka,"—and whistling an accompaniment, away go Shanks and Pippin on a full swing around the room. Others join in with an utter disregard of chairs and crockery, bumping this, upsetting that, and demolishing the other, until tired out and awakened they are ready for "the three books" and continuance of the



cramming. Wishing them an easy "scheme" and successful effort on the morrow, we prefer to leave them.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Naught that's mortal long can last,  
And Biennial is past;  
Every rush and fizzle made  
Every body frigid laid."

The transition from the drudgery of Sophomore to the independence of the Junior year, the realization of the thought that they were now members of the "upper Classes," and permission to engage behind North Middle in that manly occupation usually accorded to, as a known prerogative of the Juniors, (we refer of course to their *classic* recreation, p-tch-ng c—ts,) the whole tenor, in short, of the Junior life was adapted to dispel the recollections of the past. The exertions of the Sophomore year and Biennial labor, seemed to have exhausted all the energy of study and to make them look upon the Junior as a year of pleasure. Every afternoon saw crews sauntering along Chapel street and displaying to the gaze of lady passers the trim boating costume with its jaunty man-of-war hat, and exquisite *carelessly* loose tie. Every moonlight evening swift boats shot out on the calm bay of New Haven, bearing fair freight to the Old Fort or the Light, and the song of manly voices kept time to the oar-beat, or came floating on the waters in reply and challenge to the softer echoes from some favored boat, now and then perhaps accompanied by the sweet tones of the flute.

Picnics were planned, and the rough sides of Mount Carmel, and the steepes of Roaring Brook lent their aid to pleasure, and were frequent witness of flirtations and good cheer.

The old rooms of North Middle all at once seemed to become vocal and to pour forth catches suited to the parlor or the serenade, rather than the smoky atmosphere or the boisterous merriment of College. Nor was this all, for, unlike the vocal Memnon, old North Middle sent forth sounds *continually*, far from sweet toned or harmonious; the violin squeaked, flute squealed, and flageolet burst forth in shrill screams at all seasons, to the great discomfiture of studious Freshmen on the ground floor, or the envious Sophomores in the room above. The handles of the foils were dusty and the boxing-gloves kicked in exile underneath the lounge; portraits of great musical composers had replaced the torn-down etchings which had portrayed "Tipton Slasher" and the glories of the gamecock and the Union races. Mysterious looking parties, cloaked, and with

dark lanterns, issued at a late hour from the building, and were next seen in proximity to York Square, Crown street, or Grove Hall. From cessation of all music in their absence, and the prevalence of boquets on the next day in the College, it would not be difficult to infer their errand or the meaning of the musical enthusiasm.

As the winter came on, sleigh-rides took the place of boating; skating and coasting parties were as frequent as the former picnics, and the white crusting of the hills on Tutor's lane and Sachem's wood, crunched to the pressure of the gliding runner,—the smooth surface of Lake Saltonstall was creased in a thousand places by the sharp steel of the skater, and bore often the light weight of ladies as they were drawn swiftly over it on the handsleds of the gallant Juniors. Winter passed by as to all appearance it is always passing in "the third year," full of life and merriment, and with more association in the world outside the College. Archy's bill at Fowler's for Cologne and cardamon was unlimited, and his patronage of Lutz and Ryan carried to an extent almost alarming. It was quite surprising how frequent upon Wednesday and Saturday afternoons his steps tended down street to the Post, and how often upon his arrival there, it became necessary to return in search of something to the College. If he was thus compelled to meet more frequently ladies and boarding schools on their *shopping* expeditions, surely, though a strange coincidence, it could be by no means an intention. There were envious people who, however, thought it might be, and it needed not the polite attentions of our friend, as a member of the Spoon Committee, to crushed bonnets and lost slippers on the evening of the "annual jam," to procure for him the name, among many, of a ladies' man.

His letters home soon abounded in mysterious allusions. Yet, in answer to the frequent inquiries of Constance, "who *she* was?" and what he meant by "being possibly surprised," his replies were more carefully indefinite and incomprehensible. Rumor among classmates had however settled it, that a pair of black eyes at Grove Hall had completely "smashed" him. When, at the close of Junior year, the owner of the black eyes spending the vacation eastward, Braxton found it necessary to see something of New England, doubt was banished, and the handsome Georgian was pronounced "engaged." Was he?

(To be continued.)

### Charge of the 56th.

With a crash, with a smash,  
With a dash onward,  
Into Biennial hall,  
Rushed the bold hundred.

Into Biennial hall,  
Rushed the beld hundred,  
For up came an order which,  
No one had blundered.  
"Forward the Soph Brigade!  
Onward with ponies' aid!"  
Into Biennial hall,  
Rushed the bold hundred.

"Forward the Soph Brigade!"  
No man was there dismayed,  
Not though the Juniors said  
They flunked and blundered:  
They did not make reply,  
They did not reason why,  
But bound to rush or die,  
Into Biennial hall,  
Rushed the beld hundred.

Tutors to right of them,  
Tutors to left of them,  
Tutors in front of them,  
Looked on and wondered.  
For when the Chapel bell  
Toll'd out its mournful knell,  
Boldly they rushed and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell,  
Rushed the beld hundred.

Flashed all their weapons bare,  
Flashed all their pens in air,  
Wasting the paper there,  
Skinning from penies while,  
All the Profs. wondered;

Plunged in the classic smoke,  
 With many an inky stroke,  
 The Latin lines they broke;  
 Onward, right on they rushed,  
 Rushed the bold hundred.

Tutors to right of them,  
 Tutors to left of them,  
 Tutors behind them,  
 Spouted and thundered;  
 Answering with a yell,  
 Those that had fought so well,  
 Came from the jaws of Death,  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that had rushed of them,  
 Rushed of one hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
 O the great rush they made!  
 All the Profs. wondered,  
 Honor the rush they made!  
 Honor the Soph Brigade,  
 Noble one hundred.

### The Tutor's Ghost.

The fly-leaf of an old copy of Puffendorf's Law of Nature, in the Library, is the following memorandum:

It is known that on the 22nd day of April, 1799, the members of College had the following excellent dinner in the hall of said College, viz: Baked Shad stufed with white Beens.\*\*

Mentioned this circumstance one evening to an old graduate of the College with whom I chanced to be passing part of the last vacation. "Speaking of beans," said he, "reminds me of a queer story which is somewhat current in my college days. A Ghost-Story in which the said vegetable played quite a part. Did you ever hear it?"

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This inscription can be verified by a reference to the volume. There are copies of Puffendorf. It is in the oldest; we have transcribed it *literatim* and are not responsible for the orthography.

"Not to my knowledge," said I, and expressed an earnest wish to be enlightened upon the subject. So he told me the following story, which I jot down for the benefit of those who may be in the same state of ignorance in which I was.

"It was a great many years ago, before the American Revolution, before the old College laws were done away, that the event I narrate took place. Among those old laws was one requiring a constant use of the Latin language in rendering excuses, and in common conversation, so far as practicable. It is said that even at the College commons the conversation was carried on for the most part in Latin.

"Of course a word or two of English could be pardoned from the undergraduates, or at least from the three lower class; while Seniors and Tutors were expected to discourse in the pure Ciceronian tongue. It is said the term Hog-Latin had its origin from a frightened Freshman, who wishing a slice of pork, asked for it in the following terms: '*Da mihi slice of hoggum*;' but I cannot vouch for the authenticity of the anecdote.

"The advent of a new tutor was then, as well as in my time, regarded with considerable curiosity, especially by those who were under his particular charge. His antecedents were most carefully discussed. His stand in his class ascertained. Various anecdotes of his college course circulated, and in short, a complete inventory made of his qualifications, social and mental.

"At the time of which I am speaking, there was a much better opportunity afforded for ascertaining the character of the tutor, than when I was in College, or, I presume, even at the present. He took his meals at the commons with the students. They heard him discourse upon the weather, or touch upon the news of the day, all in Latin. Woe be to the tutor who made a mistake in speaking. Some of the critics would be sure to notice it, and there was no peace for the erring.

"It was the commencement of a new year, that the event occurred, to which I have made such a long preamble. One of the old tutors had accepted a call to preach, and a new one had taken his place. A meek and lamb-like look had the new tutor. He scarcely ever was seen to smile. He spoke in a voice weak and tremulous, as if afraid of its own echo. He had a leg not much bigger than a corpulent broom-stick. His body was thin and lank. But his head, by its size, seemed to atone for the smallness of the rest of his frame. As it was the fashion then to wear tight-fitting silk stockings and breeches, and a cocked hat, you may perhaps imagine the figure our hero made in the

streets. He resembled an animated pair of tongs surmounted by a huge pumpkin.

"The first sentiment the students felt for him was pity. But this was quickly dispelled, for they soon learned that in the recitation room, he had no pity for them. Then they sought an opportunity of ridiculing him. It was not long in coming.

"During the first week of his tutorship he had not scarcely dared to speak at the table for fear of blundering in his Latin. What little he did say was uttered in so low a tone that no one could hear him. What he wished was learned more from his looks than from his words. But practice emboldened him. He ventured a remark or two about the weather which were unexceptionable. He talked politics in language worthy of old Rome. At last, however, he failed, and *such* a failure!

"It was bean-day, that is to say, Saturday. The new tutor had taken a long walk and came in a little late to dinner. The senior tutor, who carved, was busily talking with his neighbor, and did not notice his quiet entrance. He sat a moment or two, and then, as he was very hungry, by reason of his long walk, ventured to pass his plate. He asked for what he wished in a low tone. The senior tutor did not hear. Again he spoke, in a louder key, and the students were still that they might hear him. He saw their eyes all fixed upon him and he became embarrassed. The blood rushed to his face. He could not think of what he wished to say.

"*'Da —'* said he, and cleared his throat as if something had suddenly fallen into it.

"*'Da mihi,'* and stopped to cough by way of gaining time to think. The Latin name of beans had fled his treacherous memory. Just then the senior tutor turned and saw him sitting there.

"*'Quid velis?'* asked he. The big drops of sweat stood on the big brow of the big-headed tutor. Speak he must, for to keep silence was to confess ignorance. There was no resource but to speak English. So he answered—

"*'BEANS.'*

"The senior tutor dropped his knife in deep astonishment. He had long presided at that table, and had never before heard a word of English from a tutor. The momentous consequences of such an event were not to be calculated. The example to the rising generation seated at the table with him, the encouragement it would afford them to use common English instead of classic Latin, all flashed upon his

mind. Even then he could hear the half-suppressed titter of the students.

"He did not fill the plate which was before him. He rose from the table, and beckoned for the new tutor to follow him.

"Meekly and quietly rose the thin-legged man from the table. Hurriedly and tearfully did he crowd his enormous hat over his brows. Slowly and solemnly followed he the older tutor to his room. Silently and sorrowfully did he receive a lecture upon the enormity of his delinquency.

"I shall not report your case to the other members of the faculty, was said by the kind old Tutor in conclusion, 'as this is your first offense, and a great deal of allowance is to be made for your inexperience. But if ever the offense is repeated, if ever I hear such a word from your lips again, I shall feel it my duty to report it to the President. Speak English! You might as well talk Indian. Anybody can speak English, the wild savages talk Indian, but the learned converse in Latin.'

"Confessing the heinousness of his offense the younger Tutor took his leave. But a new prospect was opened before him;—a prospect of mortification and almost insult. That night a small package, neatly wrapped up, was left at his door. He opened it and found a pint of white BEANS. He chanced the next recitation to ask a student concerning the doctrines of Pythagoras, and he received an answer that one of their peculiar doctrines was the inculcation of a total abstinence from BEANS. One day a paper was passed around in the recitation room, which excited so much merriment in every successive one who read it, that he demanded it. After the recitation was over he perused its contents. It was simply an

#### EPICRAM.

When our recent Tutor is heard to speak,  
This truth one certainly gleams,  
Whatever he knows of Euclid or Greek,  
In Latin he don't know BEANS.

"In truth this ill-omened vegetable now haunted his whole existence. Go where he would, he could not escape it. He saw the thought of BEANS lurking beneath the half-suppressed smile and mischievous glance with which his approach was regarded by the students. He saw it in the condescending and pitying air with which the senior Tutor viewed him. The winds that whistled through the crannies of Old South Middle, seemed to utter the name of BEANS; and it was

taught up and repeated a thousand times by the murmuring branches of the trees. Even the town-boys learned the story, and if he met a company of urchins in the street, some one would say, 'There goes the Tutor who don't know BEANS.' Perhaps this may be the origin of that common saying concerning any unintelligent person, that, to use a circumlocution, he is ignorant of the aforesaid garden vegetable.

"But the worst was yet to come. During the stay of our hero in College, he had conceived a passion for a certain young lady, who was, while he was an undergraduate, quite coy. But upon his accession to a tutorship, which was considered quite an honor, she had encouraged his bashful advances. Although he had 'never told his love,' he had reason to believe that she was not entirely indifferent to his attentions, nor displeased by them. Imagine, then, his astonishment at a most chilling reception with which she greeted him when he called a few days after the occurrence I have mentioned. He tried to think in what he had offended her. He reviewed his whole conduct and could find no neglect with which to accuse himself. He rose to depart after a few moments of frigid conversation.

"'For the future, sir,' said she, as he was leaving, 'you will please call on other members of the family. My parents will be most happy to see you, but I shall be otherwise engaged during your visits.'

"It was too much. His diffidence was banished by her scorn. Down on his knees fell the poor pale-faced, bashful tutor, and addressing her in tones which would have moved the heart of a marble statue, (supposing they have hearts,) exclaimed:

"'Will you *never* see me again? Do you know how dearly I love you? I have dared to hope that you loved me—would one day be mine!'

"'Be yours!' replied she, drawing herself up in the most approved tragedy style, 'I would as willingly marry an idiot. Do you suppose that I would have a husband, (unless he was a great deal better looking than you,) of whom the very boys in the street could say, 'he n't know BEANS?' Go, sir, and never let me see you again.'

"The sad Tutor went his way sadder than ever. From that time he was indifferent to his books, indifferent to his class, indifferent to everything. He wasted away to a mere shadow. His breeches and stockings hung baggily about his attenuated walking sticks, for legs could not be called. Everything dwindled away but his head. It, by the diminution of the rest of his body, seemed to grow preternaturally large. Finally, he disappeared.



"One morning he was not in the Tutor's box. It was thought he had 'slept over.' Noon came; he was not there. His room was entered. No one had slept there the previous night. Inquiry was made for him, but no clue or trace could be found which might lead to his discovery. The last that was seen of him he was walking up a cart-path which led into the woods from the end of College street. All search for him in the forest was ineffectual. There was a current report that he had drowned himself in the Creek which leads up near the foot of East Rock. But no one ever knew. At all events the cart-path in which he was last seen is, to this day, called Tutor's Lane; and, when I was in College, it was said his ghost might be seen on clear moon-light nights, dressed in the same old style, walking up and down the lane, and sometimes venturing down to the residence of his lady near the foot of Elm street, where it wandered among the bean-poles of her father's garden. And once, indeed, I had the good fortune to see it.

"When, and how?" I asked.

"It was near the close of the summer term. There was a little social party of us assembled at a friend's house and I had told this same story. One of the ladies lived near that part of the city where I had located the residence of the ghost's loved one, when I proposed that I should walk home with her to point out the real house; for she averred the whole story to be a creation of my own. We neared the house. It is on the right side of Elm street as you go towards State, and stands quite a distance from the street. Fancy our surprise when we saw there in the yard, leaning against a tree, in a pensive attitude, the Ghost. He seemed to be gazing up to the chamber where formerly his beloved had dreamed. There was the same enormous cocked hat upon his head, the same clothes loosely hanging about his limbs, which the tradition had described. We could see in the clear moon-light his loose coat flutter in the breeze, and his arms gently waving, as if imploring some unseen one to pity him.

"The lady with me clung to my arm trembling and frightened. I was startled, but assumed as brave an air as possible.

"It is the ghost!" whispered she. 'I will go and speak to it,' said I, while my knees smote together like Belshazzar's.

"Don't, *pray* don't," said she, and I did n't. But I had all the credit of bravery, and as many thanks for protection, as if I had found out who or what it was. And the young lady firmly believed that she had seen a ghost, until I informed her of one unfortunate circumstance that destroyed her illusion.

“ ‘What was that?’ I asked.

“ ‘I’ll tell you. The next day I was passing that same house and what should I see up in the cherry-tree, in the front-yard, but the Ghost. There he sat calmly and composedly looking vacantly into the air. I was astonished.

“ ‘Bob,’ said I, carelessly to a fellow-student who was with me, ‘that ’s rather a queerly dressed gentleman up in the tree yonder.’

“ ‘Ha! ha!’ said he, ‘I had a great time manufacturing him. I came down last night to make a call and get some cherries, and the lady of the house mentioned that they were very much troubled by the birds. I proposed making a scarecrow. So she went up stairs and brought down some old clothes and rigged out the *gentleman* in the tree. We left him under the tree last night. They have given him his present lofty position this morning. He looks natural, don’t he?’

“ ‘Very,’ I replied, but I never told Bob this veritable ghost-story; and what was very strange, I managed that the young lady should also keep the secret so that no one ever knew how badly we were deceived.”

Thus ended the story.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

TO PROFESSOR OLMSTED.

SIR:—At a meeting of the Class of ’55, held this day, (24th Feb.,) on the occasion of the termination of your last course of lectures to that Class, we, the undersigned, were appointed a Committee to present you the following resolution:

*Resolved*, That the Class of ’55, having listened to the late course of lectures by Professor Olmsted on Meteorology and Astronomy, and having received therefrom an unusual amount of instruction and pleasure, do hereby return to Professor Olmsted their sincere thanks, and express towards him their very high appreciation of his services and kindness; with the assurance that neither his instructions nor his courtesy shall ever be forgotten.

In behalf of the Class,

|                   |              |
|-------------------|--------------|
| N. W. BUMSTEAD,   | } Committee. |
| D. L. HUNTINGTON, |              |
| S. T. WOODWARD,   |              |

TO MESSRS. N. W. BUMSTEAD, D. L. HUNTINGTON, S. T. WOODWARD, *Committee*.

GENTLEMEN:—I could not but be greatly pleased with your note, expressing such respectful and affectionate sentiments towards me on the part of your Class. Assured, as I have been, of the lively and intelligent interest which

they have taken in my lectures on Meteorology and Astronomy, I have felt it a high privilege to lead them through the delightful and varied fields of creation over which we have roamed in company. Happy is the lot of the teacher when he can truly say *labor ipse voluptas*, and happier still when he can find pupils who make him such kind returns.

I beg you, Gentlemen, to express to your classmates my most fervent good wishes for the happy termination of their academic course, and for their future progress to the highest seats of usefulness and honor; and to assure them that while I live, I shall ever hold among my most cherished recollections my connection with the Class of '55.

Very Truly Yours,

DENISON OLMDEN.

Yale College, Feb. 26, 1855.

#### CLASS MEETING OF '56.

The Class of '56 assembled on Wednesday, Feb. 7th, for the purpose of electing Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine. John H. Worrall was called to preside, and Messrs. Arnot, Peck and Richardson were appointed Tellers. The following gentlemen were chosen :

|                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| G. F. BAILY,       | North Salem, N. Y. |
| J. M. BROWN,       | Frankfort, Ky.     |
| W. H. W. CAMPBELL, | Chelsea, Mass.     |
| H. DU BOIS,        | Fishkill, N. Y.    |
| L. C. FISCHER,     | Baltimore, Md.     |

#### SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

At the regular Election, Feb. 21st, the following officers were chosen :

| LINONIA.       |                        | BROTHERS.       |
|----------------|------------------------|-----------------|
|                | <i>President.</i>      |                 |
| H. GIBSON,     |                        | C. R. PALMER.   |
|                | <i>Vice-President.</i> |                 |
| S. CHITTENDEN, |                        | C. M. TYLER.    |
|                | <i>Secretary.</i>      |                 |
| E. A. SMITH,   |                        | B. D. MAGRUDER. |
|                | <i>Vice-Secretary.</i> |                 |
| S. O. SEYMOUR, |                        | J. C. DAY.      |

#### PRIZES.

Prizes awarded to the Sophomore Class, for English Composition, second term.

|            | 1st Division. | 2nd Division.                       | 3d Division.                      |
|------------|---------------|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1st Prize, | A. H. STRONG, | { J. M. HOLMES,<br>N. C. PERKINS,   | C. NORTROP,                       |
| 2nd Prize, | F. E. BUTLER, | { S. J. DOUGLASS,<br>A. M. WHEELER, | { H. C. PRATT,<br>D. G. PORTER.   |
| 3d Prize,  | N. D. WELLS,  | M. TYLER,                           | { J. P. BUCKLAND,<br>L. D. HODGE. |

## Editor's Table.

GENTLE READER, are you indolent? Nay, smooth away those ugly frowns, and banish that look of virtuous indignation. Indeed we mean no offense. We would only awaken your sympathies in our behalf, and pour into your gracious ear the tale of our troubles. Ah! how sadly do we need your commiseration. Here for the past week have we been flying 'round in a perfect agony of care and business; and, like the poor dove cast out from Mr. Noah's ark, have found no rest for the sole of our foot. Up and down Chapel street, from printer to contributor, and back again from contributor to printer, has been our daily round. Already, as Mr. Weller would say, we are, "wisibly vasting," and have actually been obliged to postpone our lithograph until we recover lost flesh. Ah! "Maga," "Maga," sad indeed were the days we wooed thee, and evil the hour when we were first beguiled by thy charms.

But even in our busiest moments, we must confess that we 've had one never failing source of relief. It 's consisted in flying visits to the lofty sanctum of the "smoking" editor. How refreshing to mount up there, above all the din and turmoil of this busy world, and contemplate the philosophic indolence of its worthy occupant! To us, as we burst in panting with fatigue and vexation—out of humor with mankind in general, and printers in particular, it is like the balm of Gilead, or the pouring of oil upon troubled waters. We advise you, reader, if ever you are faint and weary with incessant labor, to pay a visit to this same sanctum—there thou shalt listen to words of the most genial philosophy, and behold naught around thee but "images of rest." Speaking of indolence—we have a peculiar philosophy of our own upon this subject. It is not yet, however, fully matured; but perhaps at some future day we may give it forth. At present we will only remark, that they, of all men, are our especial aversion, who are continually striving to turn this fair earth of ours into a vast workshop—who, not content with leading a life of drudgery themselves, must need perambulate the streets, like the Angel Gabriel with his horn, and shout their everlasting cry of "work," "work," into the ear of every poor loiterer; rousing him from his pleasant dreams, and dispelling, perchance, lovelier visions than ever crossed the shadow of their own ungentle souls.

"Now taste and try this temper, sirs,  
Mood it and brood it in your breast;  
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,  
That man does right to mar his rest,  
Let me be deft, and debonair,  
I am content, I do not care."

But to return to "Maga." We tell you in confidence, dear reader, that she is somewhat of a vixen. You've no idea what a capricious and whimsical thing she is. Here she keeps us running about, correcting and re-correcting—fitting and refitting before we can suite her fastidious taste. She is also very capricious in her moods as to when she will appear in public. Sometimes it takes a deal of coaxing to get her out at all. Then again just as we've settled down to a good, comfortable time of domestic quiet, she suddenly bursts in upon us, all arrayed in holiday attire—sends us on ahead, trumpet in hand, to proclaim her

approach, and what is worse, expects us, after she has passed, to dance some unsightly jig for the amusement of the bystanders. Now we don't suppose, reader, you'll believe anything so absurd of a person of our quiet character; but the pains with which we are even now practicing the steps prove to us, that it is a sad reality. But, after all, we've a real affection for "Maga," and are proud to escort her into company. Indeed, we should get along very comfortably together, were she not so terribly coquettish. This is a sad failing of her's. Would you believe it!—some five new candidates for her favors have just appeared upon the stage; and we occasionally detect her bestowing upon them the smiles which of right belong only to us. Really this is too bad. The truth is, she's about to cast us off. O that our head were waters, and our eyes a fountain of tears! But surely she might wait until we were decently buried before entering into a new alliance. Never mind! It's, at least, some consolation to know that she'll serve our rivals exactly the same trick; and just when they think that they've wholly won her little heart, she'll coolly give them "the mitten," and smile upon some new comer.

But we weary you, reader, with our grumbling. In truth we are sadly out of spirits to-night. The blustering March winds are howling fearfully, and ever and anon startle us with their dismal shrieks. How the old Elms toss their arms, moaning and groaning as if in deepest woe! A poor night, indeed for jesting and trifling! And yet we would not have it otherwise. A fitting dirge is this for Old Winter!—yes! far more fitting than the sunny smile with which at first the young Spring greeted us. But we feel little joy at his departure—nay, we would drop a tear of regret upon the old man's bier. It reminds us too forcibly that our dream-life is well nigh ended. Many of us have passed our last winter under the protection of Alma Mater; and this awful dirge speaks sadly to us of College friendships soon to be interrupted, and heart-ties soon to be broken. The termination of our connection with you too, dear reader, is fast approaching. It is not our purpose, however, to write a valedictory. We leave that to a far abler and worthier pen. But as we now, individually, bid you "good-bye," and appear before you, perhaps, for the last time, we cannot refrain from assuring you of our hearty good will, and expressing it in the words of the Monks of old—"Benedicite! Benedicite! Pax vobiscum."

MANY of our readers will doubtless remember some very beautiful stanzas that appeared in the third No. of the "Lit.," under the title "Olden Memories." We have lately been informed, on excellent authority, that they were published some years ago in the "Boston Miscellany," and were written by Lewis J. Cist, Esq., now of Cincinnati. We must apologize to our readers for this oversight, as we have no design to present to them any but genuine College articles. We would inform the gentleman who sent us the above mentioned stanzas with his own name accompanying them, that his two subsequent articles have been received; and also that they have been rejected solely upon their own merits. The first, entitled "Pun-gent," though doubtless intended as a specimen of wit, we cannot but regard as a perfect miracle of stupidity; while the second is far too erudite and *classical* a production for our pages. Perhaps the best advice we can give him, is that he reserve his wit for the corner of some country newspaper; and carry his stolen wares to the piratical journal of the Harpers. We beg that, in future, he will favor us with neither the one, nor the other.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '55.

W. H. L. BARNES,

W. T. WILSON,

E. MULFORD,

S. T. WOODWARD,

H. A. YARDLEY.

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On the Date of the First Public Commencement at Yale  
College, in New Haven.

It is stated by President Clap, in his *Annals of Yale College*, (p. 24,) that "on September 12, 1718, there was a splendid Commencement held at New Haven." The occasion was one of unusual importance. The large Collegiate House, which had been about a year in building, was nearly completed, and the hall and library-room therein were now first opened for use. A few days previous had come the joyful news of Governor Yale's bounty, in grateful recognition of which the Trustees, at this Anniversary, solemnly named the new building YALE COLLEGE.

The true date of this famous Commencement is the *tenth* day of September, 1718. It is so given by President Woolsey, in his *Historical Discourse* of 1850, (p. 24,) quoted from Johnson's (unpublished) *History of the Collegiate School*, a work which President Clap probably never saw.

The erroneous date, first mentioned, is found in every other good printed authority on the subject, as in Douglass's *Summary*, 2: 185; Holmes's *Life of Stiles*, p. 386; Trumbull's *History of Connecticut*, 2: 28; Kingsley's *Historical Sketch in American Quarterly Register*, 8: 18; and elsewhere generally.

In the year 1718, the twelfth day of September was Saturday;—a day wholly improbable for Commencement;—the convenience of the Trustees and of the public requiring that it be held near the middle of the week.

In the record of the meeting of the Trustees at the Commencement in question, the date is, “at Commencement in Newhaven, Sept. 10th, 1718.” The original manuscript of Johnson, a contemporary authority, reads clearly Sept. 10, (*ten* in figures.)

There is still preserved an original paper, dated Newhaven, September 12th, 1718, subscribed by seven of the Trustees, which refers to certain Scholars who were “prevented from receiving their Degrees \* \* \* on the Commencement held here the day before yesterday.” A letter of thanks to Hon. Jeremiah Dummer, subscribed by the same Trustees, and dated N. Haven, September 10th, 1718, contains the following sentence:—“Indeed, Sir, our small beginnings ashame us that we can no more suitably echo back our grateful acknowledgments from our new Hall in our now *Yale Colledg*, as our hearty acknowledgment of our bountiful Benefactor, the Hon’ble Elihu Yale, Esq.”

In favor of the date of the *twelfth* I can find no other original authority than two letters of the same seven Trustees, both dated New Haven, September 12th, 1718;—one to General Nicholson, and one to Governor Yale. The first begins thus: “Before us in our present Commencement, meeting in Yale Colledge, in the fair Town of N. Haven in the Colony of Connecticut, lies a catalogue of splendid books, &c.” The other commences, “We, Trustees of the Collegiate School of Connecticut, fixed in the Ancient famous Town of New Haven, have convened on our Academical Solemnities, where we have had the Honour done us of seeing the names of the famous Books sent us from your Honour, &c.”

The two letters last named appear to have been the occasion of President Clap’s error, and were they our only source of information, we might naturally adopt his conclusion. But they do not necessarily conflict with the other evidence; and as the testimony for the *tenth* is precise and positive, while that for the *twelfth* is not quite definite, there can be no doubt which date must stand.

E. C. H.

## Spirit Rappings.

THE subject of Spirit Rappings is often treated lightly, and certainly nothing can be more laughable than its absurdities. But it has a serious side also. We must always keep in mind the great wickedness of Spiritualism, the positive condemnation of necromancy which is contained in the Bible, the extreme irreverence which Spiritualists exhibit upon the most sacred subjects, the indecency of their coarse jocose familiar treatment of the dead, and the mischief which they are doing to society by furnishing excitement to the superstitious element of weak minds; and then we will be filled with the greatest indignation as well as with the most profound contempt. Having lately attended one of their public meetings I have thought that some might be interested in a short account of what I saw and heard. But first let me make two general remarks.

I. I have often been lost in astonishment that any persons could be found honestly believing in such outrageous impostures. In the records of history, however, we will find that no fraud or imposition was ever started which did not secure some sincere disciples, and every one must have noticed in his own experience that no person ever attempts to impose upon society without succeeding in deceiving some members of it. There is probably such a balancing of invention and credulity in the human mind that it is impossible for man to invent a story so improbable but that some men will be ready and even eager to believe it. It is sufficient proof of this supposition to point to a single sincere believer in Spiritualism, for we cannot imagine that a more improbable story than that will ever be coined. But it still remains a wonder that men and women who are esteemed calm, honest and sensible, should be led away by such an outrageous and wicked superstition.

II. These Spiritualists sometimes say that those who are dissatisfied with their explanation of these pretended phenomena are bound to furnish a better, and none being offered that is satisfactory they triumphantly exclaim that theirs must be the true solution. But the facts themselves are extremely questionable, and when candid, cool-headed men have sought to investigate the matter, the manifestations have almost uniformly ceased. And even supposing the facts to be such as they claim, and granting that no satisfactory explanation of them has been given, we are not bound on that account to accept their theory. Indeed,



if the facts continue and no other explanation is offered for years, I do not see that the world is therefore bound to accept the most improbable and unnatural one that can possibly be imagined. Every unexplained wonder is not to be ascribed to the intervention of Spirits. There are feats of legerdemain which rival if they do not excel these "manifestations," and which the spectator is utterly unable to account for. We have all heard of that celebrated trick where a shawl belonging to one of the audience is handed to the conjuror, placed by him in a box in full view, concealed for a moment by a cover, and then transported instantaneously to the top of a house a mile off. All ordinary precautions are taken against collusion or substitution, and no one is able to explain the mystery; but I never heard that any person ascribed it to the action of Spirits. If the magician had asserted such assistance he would have had quite as good a claim to be believed as any Spirit Rapper, and the feat itself is quite as dignified an occupation for immortal Spirits as either pulling noses, tipping tables, or telling lies. Nor are we bound to disprove their theory. The burden of proof in a claim so extraordinary rests entirely with them. We are not bound to admit their claim without the most overwhelming amount of evidence, and perhaps after all our real duty in the matter is resolute scepticism. There are some subjects placed by their very nature out of the pale of argument, where the ordinary rules of logical warfare do not hold. This I believe to be one of them.

It is one characteristic of these people that they have separated from all Christian organizations, and instead of assembling to worship God in humility and contrition, get together in a public hall to wrangle and blaspheme. I had supposed that they professed to meet for worship, and consequently was somewhat surprised when I entered the hall to find persons gathered in squads in different corners of it, lounging about on the backs of benches, and talking over the news of the day or some late extraordinary "manifestation." In one corner the usual little shriveled, weazen-faced old man was selling newspapers. The ringing of church bells and the distant sound of chimes on that warm bright Sunday morning formed a pleasing contrast to the sights and sounds within the hall, which seemed dark, and cold, and cheerless as if no light could enter there. There were about a hundred and fifty persons present; they appeared to be of a character fitly illustrating the dangers of "a little learning," and almost all of them had something strange and unpleasant in their countenance, as if they were besotted by their superstition. There were a few strong-minded women present, and some persons whom I took to be merely spectators. They were gathered in knots around the

room conversing in loud tones, and I approached and listened to them. One man, so garrulous as nearly to silence all the rest, was holding forth on some distinguished men with whom he had conversed the night before. Lord Bacon seemed to be taken under his especial care and favor. He had just received "a very fine communication from him on the nature of Christ." He could always recognize the language of Bacon, "because he reasoned out everything." Napoleon also came in for a share of his patronage. He had formerly been very much prejudiced against that individual, but having had much conversation with him lately, his former ideas had become modified, and he now believed him to be quite a worthy gentleman. In the course of this monologue he said, in an off-hand matter-of-course manner, "We see men raised from the dead." I do not now remember the precise connection in which the expression was used, and have not yet been able to make up my mind as to what he meant, but there can be no doubt that he said it seriously. For ought I know, the Spiritualists claim this power.

The meeting was called to order by some one's moving that brother W. take the chair. The singing with which it is customary to open their meetings was dispensed with, and then some opening remarks were made by the chairman. He lamented very much the difficulty of identifying spirits, and stated that undoubtedly they did assume false names in order to give greater weight to their communications. (What nice Spirits!) After him succeeded several speakers less noticeable, and I was disappointed at finding that some whom I had supposed mere spectators were deeply tainted. The visitor to an insane asylum sees many whose cheerful and innocent looks make him doubt that they are patients until their first rambling sentences convince him of his mistake, and it was so in this assembly of Spirit Rappers. I sometimes could not help thinking for a moment that the whole thing was after all a farce, and that none really believed what they said. I soon heard something that tried my belief in their sincerity more than ever, but their credulity as to facts seemed to rise with the occasion and appeared equal to any flight. One person read from a paper a paragraph narrating an instance where a spirit was distinctly felt and had seized a man by the wrist; he wished to know whether any person present had met with such a case as this. He (honest ninny that he was) must admit that he had not. Such a question in such a place was sure to receive a satisfactory answer. A spirit of invention that forges lies and seeks for hearers to stuff them into, will never be backward when the hearers themselves are clamorous for food

to satisfy their gaping credulity. The question not only met with one response, it received a dozen; there was an eager race to see who could tell the biggest lie; spirits were not only felt but seen; happy and fortunate was the speaker who came last, for he had a chance to outstrip them all; and truly he did. I cannot give a connected account of this man's performance, but shall content myself with a mere sketch written down from memory; but it does not contain by any means the worst things he said. He began with a prayer, and from that slid off by unperceptible degrees into a stump-speech, so that although his remarks undoubtedly contained both, it was impossible to say where the one ended and the other began. He stood the whole time on the edge of the platform, with his eyes closed, and in a stiff erect attitude, occasionally moving his arm with a quick, violent and mechanical gesture. This I at first supposed to be merely the result of his awkwardness, but I afterwards ascertained that it was assumed for an object, for in the course of his remarks this (at the best) poor deluded fanatic declared that his body was now entirely out of his own power, and was the "medium" through which "a convention of spirits of the sixth circle" were addressing that assembly. And since names were of use to some he would state that "the convention was composed of Washington, Franklin, Adams, Fox, Wesley, Byron, and others." He then proceeded to state in what particulars his opinions had been changed since the time when he "was alive and in the flesh."

The epithets used in the beginning of this article may have appeared harsh to some, but I trust they do not now, for insanity is the mildest word that can be applied to the man who utters such ravings, and to the people who sit and listen to him with grinning satisfaction or gaping awe-struck superstition.

There is one branch of this subject that is almost too painful to dwell upon. It is melancholy to reflect that some men, eminent in their various professions, should be deluded by this thing, but the fact itself furnishes no shadow of an argument for Spiritualism. Ever since the world began great men have been deluded, and no error has ever been started but can claim the sanction of some great name. Some eminent men were deceived by the celebrated Cock Lane Ghost, so similar to this imposture. William Cowper was subject for a time to a delusion almost identical with that of Spiritualists, had a man to dream for him, and sometimes heard voices on waking in the morning, directing him what to do during the day. Sad therefore as is the position of these men, it is not unprecedented, and while we must be grateful for their valuable past

services we are not bound to tolerate for an instant the base superstitions to which, in their declining years, they have so unworthily lent their names. But these men are exceptions to the mass of Spiritualists. It is proverbial that superstition and scepticism are not far apart, and they are united in many of these men. Many who before were sceptics are now Spiritualists. Men who found the truths of Christianity too hard to believe have accepted these impossible fictions. Some of them are filled with an insane thirst for notoriety, and being unable to find any other means of becoming conspicuous, leap upon this dung-hill and crow over all the rest of the world.

Such is a faithful, unexaggerated narrative of what happened at this meeting, and no words are too strong to express the mingled indignation, contempt and abhorrence, which we ought to feel at this coarse tampering with the most hallowed subjects. I left before the performance was over, and everything had been so strange that when I quitted the hall I felt as if I had been straying into a distant country and been witnessing the ceremonies of Eastern pagans or mountebanks.



### Criticism.

In the King's name, let fall your swords and daggers.—*Play of Critic.*

*Ut sæpe summa ingenia in occulto latent*, exclaimed Plautus. How often genius is kept in obscurity or crushed in its first essay by surgical criticism. In the University as well as in the world, timid talent must languish, unless it chances to fall upon the appreciation of a *coterie* who detect ability in ambush, and feel it a subjective duty to encourage in another the genius which inspires themselves, and are filled with compunctions if they do not. Goldsmith would have died of sheer sorrow, and not the bruialike but generous Dr. Johnson sought for him and saved him; and Melancthon needed the Saxon courage and sympathy of Luther. But sometimes (and it is sad) genius is combined with little-ness, and then shows a wonderful want of tact: for unmindful of its empire and judicial duty in the world of letters, it descends to the pit, to box and brandish the small arms, and invariably loses both dignity and temper. There are, it is true, some literary *sans culottes* who merit

severity, but contempt and silence is better than fulmination. It is unworthy of real genius to take an awful, didactic attitude, and pass *ex cathedrâ* critiques on new worth, struggling upward through the mass of jealousy, old maxims, musty style, and the egotism of age, which bury from the sunlight of inspiration, and coop up all growth of originality. For these very censors, who handle the imperium with so much *gusto*, and are so laconic in their death-warrants, may be themselves enticed in turn with effect, for even the instep of the Apollo Belvidere was found to be unnaturally large by a poor *cobler*.

It would be a thrilling inquiry to enter upon, to wit : which method of expression has been most active in the development of science and literature?—the rigid, prosaic style of the metaphysician—the glossy, elaborate, and unimpeachable style of the essayist, like Addison, or the sharp, angular style, the bold flights, and climax of such writers as Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Burke.

With only a hint towards those impassioned and bold writings of men termed original, which have produced such convulsions in political history, and effected such results in society, we pass on, frankly of the opinion that they are coequal in importance.

Let not the writer, then, whose chief happiness is found in giving his subject “a tawdry suit of laced qualifications,” who studies rhythm and cadence before argument, who loves a graceful period better than a point gained, who would go on a pilgrimage to Mecca for a trope of rhetoric, whose aim results in mere linked sentences, polished and rounded, *ad unguem*, condemn as *fustian*, the rugged and original expressions of the warm thinker, who concentrates in one word, odd though it is, half a dozen of the lukewarm, moonlight sentences of the former—who looks out upon life and mankind as a sphere of reform, and with prophetic soul strikes out with a philanthropic and firm purpose, into new lines of thought, whose garb must of force be a novel style, for he loves to deal the Ajax Telamonian home thrusts, instead of the polite, *carte*, and *tierce* of the effeminate Paris.

There is a vital difference between your smooth sentence fashioner, and your rugged thinkers. The one writes *objectively*, the other *subjectively*. The one draws a landscape, throws a Claude Lorrain light around, and is himself a Heyblean bee in the middle of it—he describes admirably, resembles the poet, lulls also suspicion of bad syntax, but shows himself behind the arras, moving the panorama, and setting up the rainbows. The latter is *in his subject*—they are a unit; it is not his style that is so unique, it is his *thought*; he wants you to see not himself exactly, but

but his *thought*, and has to come near you personally, so as to thrust the apex in your face if you do not.

Educated men ought to be more generous and not so prodigal of harsh verdicts. Often without a blush, do they send to the tomb of the Capulets, talents far superior to their own, and others see it and recognize their motives. The writer of this, presented in disguise a fine extract from Burke to a professional man not a thousand miles off, and saw it perfectly anatomized. Jeffrey was glad to eat his own words afterwards, when he discovered the object of his truculent criticism, in the irritated Byron. An anonymous article of our own grand Mr. Irving, was once dreadfully hacked and mutilated by a fussy little critic, and reminds us of Walter Scott's big dog Maida, who never lost his gravity when yelped about, by the little terriers who followed him.

Now don't be alarmed ; *reviews* are indeed necessary, but let not the function of eliminating error and exposing it with the spirit of Cato, of an impartial and necessary censorship, lapse into a "green eyed jealousy," and Calmuck assault on mere style, into the temper of Procrustes who would crush down in his vice and render monotonous thoughts which would spring back on removing the pressure, as elastic as ever.

Poor Coleridge was eccentric in style, and never had any peace from some who did not scruple to steal his *life-fire* to enkindle humanity at large, and glorious is it that now he is loved and appreciated ; for often was he made to feel that like Petrarch nature had made him different from other people—"singular d' altrà genti."

He was accused by those who were not worthy of his notice, of repetition, an unjust charge, which, if true even, is to his honor, for he did not steal from others, and it is said, a certain divine race of horses recruit their fainting powers after a heat, by opening one of their own veins with their teeth.

We have remarked that there are three styles of writing, all of equal merit,—which should get along without jostling,—which redeem the world's intellect from painful sameness and idiosyncrasy, and give light and shade to an otherwise staring uniformity.

One preliminary remark and we will consider briefly these styles and their intrinsic worth.

Tersness and immediate conviction is the grand aim of all styles of writing which do not aim at a poetical result. The novel writer may amplify, for he must be an artist,—he wishes to *please*, not to *convince*. The effective writer will not wrap flowers of rhetoric about

the sword and blunt its force ; he may have polish, but it is that of the Damascus blade, not for ornament, but to facilitate its thrust.

And now, the style of the Metaphysician. This must of necessity be Spartan, alphabetical, and uniform. Stern logic is rather hostile to the *afflatus animi*, or moments of visions. A strict terminology with a thin edge that Saladinlike shall cut a cushion with a sword, and split a metaphysical hair with a broad-axe at ten paces—an eager search after the most homely expressions as being common to the most minds, not as always the most significant, or best understood by *literati*, but by the unlearned, for moral truth must be hewn out for the whole race by these necessary masons, whose office and just pride it is by a process flinty and dry, it is true, to lay the ground-plans of the world's thoughts and heart, the substratum of all rational action and science—and they wish their words to be so plain *that he who runs may read, for they write to prompt to religion, sincerity and heart-work, not so much to delight and adorn the intellect, as to content and sublimiate the soul.* Hence this cold style is a touchstone of sincerity, the diamond is within the rugged ore and must be sought for with tears and faith ; and there are no beauties external, or fabrics to beguile into a moment's listlessness or skepticism. With nothing in style to divert, the true heart comes at once to the summum bonum.

Let us revere then this method so self-sacrificing for us, that looks to the ends rather than to the means.

And the smooth style of the essayist is of equal worth. The world's ruggedness is relieved by expanse of smooth lakes and verdant lawns. The gentle stream, meandering quietly through the meadows gives grace and beauty to the landscape. In the long run, it is as useful and as ornate, as the tumbling cataract or mountain torrent, but we would not forego the latter, and nature's complete taste ordains both. We wish not all monotony, or all things rugged or grotesque. Differences in style, after all, are but differences in constitution. Addison, Goldsmith, and Irving, are men of gentle temper, of unyielding good humor, of a constant equilibrium, who can step aloof from the smoke and din of events, retire into an elegant abstraction and look speculatively out upon human nature, not ascetical, but yet retiring, preferring to paint and quote humanity free from the vexation of its political and social duties, rather than center into a valorous sympathy with it, and fight its battles against oppressions, despots, false prophets, and infidel philosophy. They are too amiable and graceful for pungent dispute, a kind of Non-resistants in letters, our worthy conser-

vaives and antiquaries, who keep the dust off of antique tomes, and garner up the maxims and beauties of past intellect. Others reform and prophesy, and hew out the "Simplons for society to advance; they smooth the rugged ways, relieve the friction, wreath the wheels, and write its history."

Now we beg pardon for alleging one fault against this class of writers—it is, that they, of all others, are the most ungenerous critics. Seeking to detect the elegancies, or ridiculous features in literature and social life, they come to regard their own style as the central idea, the only standard, and all deviations are more or less heresies; hence they look not to the warm, *impassioned soul*, couched in a writer's style, a brusque word, or inelegant phrase shocks and condemns. They believe themselves a golden zone, and the outside belts are frigid. They are apt to forget that men's minds are not all run in the same mould; that to make some strong writers adopt their own central standard would ruin them; that if they themselves show life in their style, others might have the form but not the *animus*, and you would think of Socrates' remark when he saw a beautiful woman, "What a pity such a beautiful woman should be a walking statue." Thus is there danger of bowing at the shrine and fulfilling genuflections while the spirit escapes unnoticed. Rochefocault well says, "A man who is always well satisfied with himself is seldom so with others, and others are as little pleased with him." Criticism should always then be reluctant.

Finally, the style of the original Writer.

Now we do not like Carlyle's wholesale coinage of words. But do not extinguish him for that. If they are jagged, they are only the stalactites of a deep cave, and they may hurt our heads, but the deep cave would not be so wonderful without them. After all, the oddities of some original writers are not in their words, but in their thoughts; strike out their quaint words and the thought is denuded—lost. There is somehow a strength in his shaggy phrases as mysterious as in Samson's hair. Thomas Fuller, Junius, and a host of writers, wrote in simple words enough, and yet are accused of bombast, and why? it is in their thoughts, and they designed it to be—they had an end to attain. The very oddity of writers secures attention, while others are quietly inurned in dust upon the shelf. Novelty strikes us, and we demand it. Common gold-leaf binding we are tired of, and we take up sooner the odd, antique bound volume, just because it is odd.

Remove what is severely termed *gasconade* in some French writers,



and their power of aggression evaporates. Confine the swollen thoughts of Victor Hugo, Michelet and Lamartine within the old smooth groove channels, and all angles, fretwork, and impetus is lost. The fact is, there are "many men of many minds." Men are at issue not so much on style as on thoughts, and to think to make men write alike, is like the above mentioned robber, Procustes, extending his captives on an iron bedstead, stretching the short and cutting off the too long—a process very destructive to some, though a reason of freedom to others.

Let no one condemn a writer superficially, or look at mere phrases, but go under the surface and examine the force and strength of thought. "*Qui hæret in literâ, hæret in cortice.*" Whoever clings to the letter clings to the bark, says an old proverb, and it is true.

We have preferred to write in this sociable way, not in a captious or advice-giving spirit, but with a desire to soften the asperities of our College intercourse, to lower our self-conceit, and to ascertain our true bulk. We may all learn something from each other, and we may all learn, too, to be careful about building in our pride airy fabrics that will tumble in ruins around us, a year after we graduate.

An article of more thought would have been gratifying to us, as we take leave of the "Lit;" but we have sacrificed our ambition here to a sense of usefulness.

T.

## The Washing Day.

### AN ODYSSEY REMINISCENCE

A VERY great number of years ago,  
 How many precisely I really don't know,  
 (But if anxious for dates, go elsewhere to learn 'em,)  
 There dwelt in the midst of the "Mare Internum,"  
 On an island of very contracted dimension,  
 Unworthy a moment of our attention,  
 (A spot that we Yankees would scarcely have linked on,  
 But in those ancient days there was many a thing done  
 That we in our time could hardly have winked on,  
 And this little island was then called a kingdom)—

There dwelt an old chap who was King of the place—  
 Now he had a young daughter with a very fair face,  
 And a form the very ideal of grace,  
 The heiress apparent to the throne of Phaecia,  
 And her name do you ask? Well, it was n't Lucretia,  
 Nor any sweet name that pronouncing I'd please you,  
 But a simple, harsh, rough, unpoetical name,  
 That would n't excite the most transient flame—

Though so fair, yet Nausicaa, (thus we are taught,)  
 Had what we should consider a serious fault,  
 Though perhaps in those days it was n't so thought—  
 She was not very neat—(and I blush to relate it,  
 Though bound as a truthful narrator to state it)—  
 She was not very neat in the care of her wardrobe,  
 And her clothes showed the need they were in, of a hard rub.

But one night in a dream the "gleaming eyed goddess," a  
 Person of whom we read much in the Odyssey,  
 Stood by her bedside, and whisperingly told her that  
 If she hoped to be married before she should older get,  
 If she ever expected the young men to propose,  
 She had better reform and wear better clothes.  
 "On this hint" she acted, as the old darky said  
 When brought up to trial for daring to wed  
 An innocent white girl, of wonderful charms,  
 Who had cast herself into his rascally arms,  
 Beguiled by hearing him spinning his yarn—  
 On this hint she acted, and the damsel turned over,  
 And Bridget who slept in the garret above her,  
 Heard a deep resolution that she'd have a lover  
 Ere the light of the next washing day should be over—  
 And from this strong purpose no power should move her.

Well, washing day came—of course it was Monday;  
 Though I'm not informed that those heathen knew one day  
 From another; or even knew how to keep Sunday.  
 After breakfast was over, and the dishes all washed,  
 To her royal paternal Nausicaa rushed—  
 "Pa, please your Majesty, I wish you'd tell John  
 To get up a cart and put the dirty clothes on,  
 And take me and Bridget down to the pond—  
 There's a heavy week's washing, too much for one,  
 And if she does n't have help, Bridget won't get it done."  
 The monarch looked down from his lofty throne,  
 And answered in royalty's gentlest tone,  
 While his face with a smile of benignity shone—

"Does our daughter think she oughter?  
 Then we would n't wish to thwart her,

Go, go, princess royal, accomplish your work,  
 But first sew a button on our linen shirt.  
 Ho! John, you rascal! d' ye hear! Now go,  
 And get up the wagon, and don't be slow,  
 For if you are, you 'll certainly bear  
 Somewhere on your person, a royal scar.  
 The young princess, John, wants to go to the river,  
 So take her down there, you rascal, and leave her.  
 Don't stand there, sirrah, and quake and quiver,  
 But stir your stumps, get rid of your dumps,  
 Or your pate will get some Herculean thumps."  
 "So please your Majesty, I will,"  
 Quoth John, and bowed his head until  
 He made both ends meet on the floor,  
 Then backward vanished out the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The rolling sun,"—although, to make bold,  
 And a great absurdity plainly unfold,  
 The people generally ought to be told  
 That the sun as yet has never rolled,  
 Yet the poets who say it are manifold—  
 "The rolling sun" had nearly done  
 The race he had that morning begun,  
 When this fair maiden, and Bridget her girl,  
 With their clothes all wet, and their hair out of curl,  
 Amused themselves on the grassy strand  
 With tossing a ball from hand to hand,  
 When from Bridget's hand it quickly popped,  
 And into the water suddenly dropped;  
 As the ball sunk into the sluggish stream,  
 Nausicaa gave a terrible scream.

Now, as you must know, on the night before,  
 Half a mile below, there was cast on the shore  
 A famous leader of the Trojan War,  
 Who, since that ten years' siege was o'er,  
 Had wandered about in condition forlorn,  
 Till his boots were worn out, and his trowsers torn;  
 Being left rather suddenly by the wreck of his bark,  
 He had floundered around in the woods in the dark,  
 Till stumbling over a verdant mound,  
 He fell and measured his length on the ground;  
 When being too tired or lazy to rise,  
 He lay till sleep had o'erpowered his eyes.  
 When the sun arose, he continued his doze,  
 And uttered melodious sounds through his nose;



But that awful scream that Nausicaa gave,  
When her beautiful ball sunk beneath the dark wave,  
Struck on his dull ear as he lay sleeping there,  
With such force that he jumped full a foot in the air;  
"Jerusha!" he cried, "well, now! what in thunder?  
To what sort of land have I come *now*, I wonder?  
A shriek sure I heard as when on a time  
All my lovely companions were turned into swine,  
And sought for my aid with their loud squeaking voices;  
Jerusha! I'll go and see what the noise is."  
So he rising advanced to the edge of the wood,  
And getting behind a thick bush there he stood,  
While the balls of his eyes nearly gushed from their place  
And his opening mouth occupied half his face—  
He saw the young Princess of Coreycæ there,  
With her golden hair and her form so fair,  
And cried as he gazed with incredulous stare,  
"Βασιλεὺς τῶν θεῶν! if for me you've a care,  
O where am I now, I pray tell me where?  
These forms before me are certainly human,  
Not even my wife is a handsomer woman.  
I'll speak to them though, be they women or witches,  
But how shall I hide this great hole in my breeches?  
*O me miserum!* O cruel Calypso!  
How could you send me away on my ship so?  
I'll walk boldly forth, tell how I've been troubled,  
This girl would n't notice the hole were it doubled."  
The girls heard a sound, and turning around,  
They saw this old soldier invading the ground—  
Both started; one ran—Nausicaa stayed  
While the hero's eyes wandered from mistress to maid;  
At last taking courage he made a bold venter,  
And spoke with a bow, *ἔκτα πρὸ πάντων*—  
"I reckon, dear madam, you don't know who this is,  
But be assured ma'am I'm the hero Ulysses;  
But the shadow, it's true, of my former self,  
But not ready yet to be laid on the shelf—  
The trim that I'm in, is not, I acknowledge, a  
Very neat one, but hear my apology—  
My vessel last night was wrecked on your coast,  
My clothes, except what I had on, were lost,  
And all on board are food for the whale,  
Except myself, who tell you the tale;  
I slept in the woods, and am not very clean,  
In fact, I'm hardly fit to be seen;

And so you won't be offended, I hope,  
If I ask you, 'how are you off for soap?'  
And if you can give me some sort of old cloak,  
You'll oblige me extremely"—Ulysses thus spoke.  
Nausicaa answered—"I'm happy to meet you,  
Pray stop at our house, and take tea, I entreat you,  
My pa, by the way, is the King of Phaeacia—  
Here's soap, and a towel, warm water, and all  
That you need for a wash, and I'll lend you my shawl."  
Ulysses with gladness these articles took,  
And thanking the maiden ran down to the brook.  
Pretty soon he came back quite altered in mien,  
For his hair was combed and his face was clean;  
And—to shorten a tale that's too long—at that minute  
John came with the cart, and put the things in it;  
Then the Princess, the hero, and Bridget, took seat,  
And John started off on a trot up the street.  
As they drove through the town, whenever they'd pass a door,  
The folks thought Ulysses a foreign Ambassador,  
For such nondescripts as men with shawls,  
Had never yet graced the Phaeacian halls.  
As the damsel expected, the Monarch addressed  
With the kindest of words his eminent guest;  
And seeing the rents in his clothes, made a loan  
Of a very respectable suit of his own.

Now how he invited his friends to tea,  
That all might have a chance to see  
The distinguished arrival, of whom they had heard;  
And how Ulysses never demurred,  
But mixed with his stories such awful big lies,  
That those who believed, disbelieved their own eyes;  
And how they drank, and smoked, and sung,  
Till the roof of the Coreyean palace rung;  
And how Nausicaa looked so sweet,  
With face so pretty, and dress so neat,  
That she brought young fellows by scores to her feet;  
And how, in short, they'd the jolliest time,  
That ever was known in that heathen clime;  
For all this, I'm compelled by my natural modesty,  
To ask you to read in Old Homer's *Odyssey*;  
In the original Greek, you'll find it, I fancy,  
An excellent tale, but I really can't say;  
I found it myself, I am willing to own,  
In the work of that greatest of publishers—*Bohn*.

## A Grammatical Question:

### *Novi Portûs* vs. *in Novo Portû*.

WE have frequent occasion to use the Latin name of *New Haven* in the locative case. Shall we say *Novi Portûs* or *in Novo Portû*? Following the analogy of Latin nouns of the second declension, the form *Novi Portûs* has been here often adopted. But to this there are several objections.

1. The use of the genitive of the fourth declension is not directly provided for by the general rule, as given in our common Latin grammars. The name of a town in which anything is said to be, or to be done, if of the *first* or *second* declension and singular number, is put in the genitive; but if of the third declension or plural number, it is put in the ablative."

2. Although at first view, the fourth declension might seem to have some resemblance to the second, yet on a closer examination, it will be found to have a much closer alliance to the third.

3. By an exception to the general rule, even a noun of the first declension, if it have an adjective agreeing with it, is put in the ablative; e. g., *Longâ Albâ*, not *Longae Albae*; *Albâ Helviâ*, not *Albae Helviae*; *ipsâ Alexandriâ*, not *ipsae Alexandriae*; *totâ Tarracinâ*, not *totae Tarracinae*. See Ramshorn and Madvig.

4. But a more conclusive reason, deduced from general grammar, is that in all the forms, whether of the first and second, or of the third declension, thus used to denote the place *where*, we have the remains of the *locative* case, which pervaded the Indo-European stock of languages, the termination of which was *i* or *e*, and not *s*. See Christ. Spect., March, 1837, p. 129.

From the foregoing considerations it follows, that *Novo Portû*, or *in Novo Portû* should be used rather than *Novi Portûs*.

J. W. G.

## The Philosophy of Indolence.

I REMEMBER when I was a boy at school, toiling with a dog-eared grammar and a well-thumbed lexicon over the old classic page, and just beginning to look forward to what I fancied to be the romance of college life, that among the creations of the Greek mind, the story of the Lotos Eaters had for me a singular interest. I cared little for the long narrative of Ulysses' wanderings on the island of the grim Cyclops, or on that of the magic Circe, or in Cimmerian shades, or for his repose in Ithaca when the suitors of Penelope were dispersed, and order was restored to his island government; nor yet did I find pleasure in the account of

"Thebes or Pelop's line.  
Or the tale of Troy divine."

But in the dreamy summer afternoons, when with my head resting on my dictionary on the desk, I could look out from the open window of the school room on the calm landscape with its waving fields of yellow grain, I used to try to fill out the picture Homer drew, and wonder if it could ever be realized. The island was not laid down in any map I knew, and this working busy age had not sent out discoverers for it. It was located probably far off in some southern sea, where the ripples break and murmur on the shore with slumbrous music, where the air is hazy and golden as in autumn, where the streams trinkle with a sleepy sound down the rocks, and where by blue and dim mountains faintly defined against the sky, the groves of majestic palms and oleanders wave slowly in the breeze. Thither had drifted the band of adventurers with the Trojan hero, and there, as the poet tells us,

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;  
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore  
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam,  
Then some one said 'We will return no more;'  
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home  
Is far beyond the wave, we will no longer roam.'"

And I thought that this fable had a deeper meaning than is at first apparent, and a world-wide significance. Do not men now seek in some

potent drug to find forgetfulness of worldly ills? Do they not still long for that quiet repose which the Lotos Eaters found? And do they not now say as then, "there is no joy but calm?"

Even now, sitting in my chamber, I find in this fable a text, in which lies shadowed my own theme. But I am growing half forgetful of it in the tumult and bustle of the college life of to-day, and as I look over the old catalogues, regret that I was not here rather in the good old days, when men with big wigs and gowns sat in the Tutors' boxes, and when perhaps President Stiles reposed in the antique old arm-chair now standing in the Library. How I love to contrast the old picture of the college, where the students are represented as easy and grave, and bowing to the Tutors who move slowly by them, with the restless, busy throng who, intent upon study, now pour anxiously along the college walks. Then the discipline had not by gradual and wary approaches assumed its present severity, and there was little more to occupy our time than a pleasing round of pompous formalities. Then so many of the books we delve over were unwritten, so many of the tortures we are subject to were uninvented, and not even the bold-est imagination had conceived of a Biennial.

But I try to make amends for this by occasional visits to a quiet inland town not far distant, where there is little to disturb my reveries, and where quietly I can develop the philosophy of which I write. There the spirit of modern improvements has not entered. It is out of the way of the railroad lines, and you are carried thither by the old-fashioned stage-coach, which, driving up to the door of the little inn, and setting the geese to cackling who are by the road side, starts the town for the moment from its quiet. The old landlord, and a few old men sitting in the gateways of the houses near by, move slowly out at your arrival. They are all old men whom you see, for the younger portion of the community have gone out to seek their fame and fortune in the wide world. The town is built in the old style, with queerly shaped, weather-stained houses, half embowered in the trees, and nearly all of them, and even the steeple of the church itself, are surmounted with a wooden rooster, though what its significance is in such a place I never could imagine. Down the middle of the streets, in which the grass is half grown, stand long rows of elms, which offer a pleasant shade to the traveler who loiters beneath them. There, on the stoop of the old inn, it is pleasant to sit at twilight, watching the sign as it swings slowly in its place, or to join the group that are listening reverently to the stories of the "oldest inhabitant." Nor is



life here without its romance. I might tell you of the legends which I gathered of its early Puritan settlement, or of the strange incidents connected with the uninhabited house in the outskirts of the town which was reported to be haunted, or my own adventure when I wandered so far in the woods as to lose my reckoning, or my meeting with the old Peddler at evening. But I may offer them at some other time for your hospitable pages, and now must for the once hurry on.

How strange is it that men have always formed for themselves an ideal in rest! In the labors of the day we look forward to the rest of evening, and all our lives long do we look for that rest which a secure old age offers us. Even the world longs for that repose which will follow its tumults and its battles, and how often have its wise, calm intellects dwelt with Kant upon the ideal of a universal peace. The incident which the Italian poet relates has always had for us a touching significance. You will doubtless remember that in Italy Dante tells us that he met an old monk, with dusted sandals and a staff, wandering restlessly about, and when he asked him what he sought, he simply replied "pace."

I have often amused myself in noticing how authors dwell upon this ideal, and how pleasantly they recur to their idle hours. Even rough Sam Johnson, sturdy old worker, when he gave some of his best papers to the world, entitled them *The Idler*. So Thomson built for us that stately Castle of Indolence, adorning it with all the charms of his fancy :

"A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass  
For ever flushing round a summer sky."

And so too, one of the youngest of our female poets echoes the strain, sentimentally singing,

"Indolent! indolent! yes I am indolent,  
So is the grass growing, tenderly, slowly,  
So is the violet fragrant and lowly,  
Drinking in quietness, peace and content;  
So is the bird on the light branches swinging,  
Idly his carol of gratitude singing,  
Only on living and loving intent."

To this spirit, briefly illustrated as it is here, the world owes some of the fairest fruits of literature. It was not necessary for Cowper,

who inaugurated a new era in poetry, to tell us in his own verse that the world called him an idler. His quiet retreat at Olney was the very home of indolent luxuriant ease. How justly does Irving too say of Goldsmith, that "it was his truant disposition which threw an unconscious charm over everything he wrote, bringing with it honeyed thoughts, and pictured images, which had sprung up in his mind in the sunny hours of idleness."

But the artist as well as the author loves to dwell upon those scenes which indicate repose in nature. The world will never cease to linger over the sunny landscapes of Claude, for he above all has reflected upon the canvas her deep serenity. Thus artists are led to gather in the lands of the indolent Italian, until it has come to be the home of art, where the air is balmy and golden, and the sky deep and creamy, as it is pictured in the fairest of their own works. Of such scenes does the great poet of nature sing,

"Not less to feed voluptuous thought  
The beautiful forms of nature wrought  
Fair trees and lovely flowers;  
The breezes their own languor lent;  
The stars had feelings which they sent  
Into those gorgeous bowers."

And Tennyson has rarely described them more beautifully than in the ode beginning as follows, if my memory serves me :

"Calm and still light on yon great plain,  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main."

We might fill our pages with such descriptions did our limits permit, for the repose of which we speak is the first element in art, and Winkelmann tells us that the great characteristic of the Grecian masterpieces is "majestic composure of attitude and expression."

But I hear the step of the Editor on the stairway, for from his frequent visits it has grown familiar; happily my key is turned and he goes away, muttering at my repeated delay. I have thus briefly illustrated my theme in literature and art, and have merely traced its outward forms and external relations, the preliminaries of my task. The philosophy of which I spoke I might give now, but I must leave it until another time, for in truth I am—too idle.

### The Island Paradise.

FOLDED in the embrace of the noble Ohio, lies the island which is historically famous as having been the residence of Blennerhassett. In that spot, so secluded and so full of beauty, the wearied exile sought a home where he might once more be at peace. The storms of political strife were convulsing his native land, and Blennerhassett, fondly attached to a life of study and retired ease, left home and kindred that he might find in our Western wilds the opportunity of gratifying his desires. Success crowned his efforts; and a few short, happy years smiled upon him in his beautiful island home.

On the ground where, but lately, the humble log-cabin of the pioneer had stood, a stately mansion "rose like an exhalation" at his bidding, stretching almost entirely across the eastern end of the island, and having a frontage of more than a hundred feet, it presented an imposing appearance to the voyager as he descended the river. Nothing which the most refined and cultivated taste suggested, as a means by which the natural beauty of the spot could be enhanced, was left undone. A well-kept lawn, rivaling any in Old England, stretched from the house to the river; beautiful gardens bloomed on either hand; here and there stood a noble monarch of the forest, giving dignity to the scene; in the distance rolled the bright river, between banks clothed with majestic forests; and still further, were lofty hills, receding like wave after wave and fading on the horizon. The same exquisite taste reigned in the interior arrangements of the house; here was found everything which could gratify the eye, please the fancy, or yield solid and homely comfort.

Blennerhassett was a man of highly cultivated mind; generous and open hearted in disposition; polished and urbane in his manners; but unsuspecting, and little used to the ways of the world. He received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, and was admitted to the Irish Bar, but never practised. Possessed of an ample fortune, he rather chose to devote his time to intellectual pursuits and scientific investigations. When he left Europe for America, he brought with him an extensive and well-selected library, and also all the instruments necessary for prosecuting his studies in Astronomy, Chemistry, Electricity and Galvanism. The latter sciences, then in their infancy, had but recently attracted the attention of philosophers; their novelty possessed great attractions for such a mind as Blennerhassett's; and, accordingly, he pursued them with great ardor.

But if, wearied with the close application of the library or the laboratory, Blennerhassett sought rest and relaxation in less laborious pursuits—the studio afforded him the pleasant means of obtaining both. The natural beauties of the landscape; the features of beloved friends; the glorious visions of poets; all found subjects for his pencil. Or if sad memory brought up mournful recollections of his native isle, reminding him that he was an exile, a stranger in a strange land, and he sought an influence which would glide

“Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, and steal away  
Their sharpness, ere he was aware,”

Music lent its heavenly aid to cheer, and comfort, and enliven. Blennerhassett was not, however, a mere copyist and imitator, only able to reproduce in sounds and colors the splendid conceptions of other minds. A fine fancy, aided by a lively imagination, enabled him to be original; one of his compositions, called “Blennerhassett’s March and Quickstep,” is still extant, and shows that his ability in this direction was very considerable.

Mrs. Blennerhassett was the fit companion of such a man, the fit mistress of such a home. Gifted with great natural abilities, and accomplished in an extraordinary degree, she might have been one of the most brilliant ornaments of English society. But like a true woman, who considered the household her proper sphere, and who valued the approbation of her husband more than the applause of courts, she gave up everything else and devoted herself entirely to domestic duties. She sympathized keenly with her husband’s line of study; together they read the noble classics of ancient and modern times; together they sought to understand the arcana of nature; and their congenial tastes gave to social pleasures an added zest. Nor did this excellent woman confine herself to her own household; she was as a ministering angel to the sick and the afflicted; and many now preserve her name in grateful recollection. A noble, exalted character was hers; and such being the case, it is painful to see what liberties modern romancers have taken with it. For instance, a string of miserable verses, called “The Deserted Isle,” and written by some modern genius, has been palmed off upon the public as the production of Mrs. Blennerhassett’s pen; but her cotemporaries, even those most intimate with her, never heard of this, or any similar piece, before.

Such was the home renowned far and wide as the Island Paradise, and

such were its amiable occupants. But happiness like theirs was too great to last, and, as the primeval Eden had its destroyer, so did this modern one. Aaron Burr, ex-Vice-President of the United States, visited the island for the first time in the spring of 1805. But not finding Blennerhassett at home, he only remained upon the island about two hours, and then pursued his journey westward. All the published accounts of this visit are erroneous; Safford, in his *Life of Blennerhassett*, comes nearest the truth; he is mistaken in saying that Burr was accompanied by a Mrs. Shaw. It is probable that even thus early Burr intended telling Blennerhassett something of his plans, but the main object of the visit seems to have been to gain necessary information, before taking decisive steps. At any rate, after having seen Blennerhassett's wealth and influence, he determined at once to gain so valuable an auxiliary. The means employed to accomplish this design are characteristic of the deep subtilty, the unfathomable craft for which Burr was notorious. After returning to New York from his western trip, he wrote Blennerhassett a letter; in which, acting the part of a disinterested friend, he mingled the most delicate flattery with vague, but dazzling hints as to the possibility of acquiring immense wealth by speculating in lands at the South. This communication had the effect of fully rousing Blennerhassett's curiosity. He was instantly flattered by the attention shown him; his coffers, already showing the effect of the immense outlays at the island, urged him to action; and accordingly, he returned Burr a favorable answer. Other letters passed between them, and in August, 1806, they met for the first time, at Blennerhassett's residence. Henceforth the whole history of the illustrious exile is but a gloomy tissue of disappointment, suffering and wrong. He joined Burr's traitorous and ill-fated expedition; his time, his talents, his property, were all devoted to the cause, and its failure brought ruin upon him.

After the plans of Burr had been prostrated by the vigilance of the authorities, both he and Blennerhassett were forced to seek safety in flight. The whole country was aroused, and every effort was being made to bring them to justice. Now that the whole extent of the danger was revealed, men no longer felt that vague, undefined dread of impending calamity, which no prudence could foresee and no skill avert, but vigorously exerted themselves for the public good. Several of the principal conspirators were at length arrested, and brought to Richmond, Va., for trial. Burr being the master-spirit, was first brought to the bar. Everything conspired to make this trial memorable in the annals of the country. Never before had such an array of talent been seen here; the

judge, every man of the counsel, the prisoner himself, were renowned for their intellectual powers and their learning. The high social position of the accused, the fact that he had filled with distinguished ability the second office in this great Republic, and that he had solemnly sworn to support the Constitution, aggravated the guilt of his offense. Had a generous and noble spirit impelled him to use his great talents and mighty influence for the good of the race, an immortality of honor, love and respect would have been his. The character of Hastings, as drawn by Macaulay, will stand equally well for a portraiture of Burr, and in it can be discovered the reason of his infamy; in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except *virtue*.

Nothing sufficient to warrant a conviction on the charges of treason or misdemeanor, could be proved against Burr, and he was accordingly discharged. Proceedings against the others were also dropped, since the charges were the same in all the cases, and government had not succeeded in convicting the chief criminal. The grand jury of Ohio afterwards brought in bills against Burr, Blennerhassett and others, and these bills are pending even at the present day.

When finally released, Blennerhassett gathered together the remnants of his once splendid property, and moved into the northern part of Mississippi. Once more, a few years of prosperity and comparative happiness were his; but reverses followed. The war of 1812, breaking out about this time, destroyed the market which southern cotton had always found in England, and thus Blennerhassett lost the only means left of retrieving his fortunes.

During the remaining years of his life, he was allured from place to place, by hopes as bright and unreal as the rainbow. In 1819 he removed to Montreal in the hope of obtaining a vacant judgeship, but was disappointed. Reduced almost to absolute poverty, he had no resource left but to prosecute some reversionary claims in Ireland, which he had hitherto considered worthless. This effort failed; and he applied for a place under the English government, but met with no better success. "Having resided a sufficient time with a maiden sister in England to find his plans for the future prostrated, he removed to the island of Guernsey. Here, in the year 1831, wearied with the turmoil of life, he sank to his eternal rest in the sixty-third year of his age." Thus closed the eventful life of a man, who, though not great, has yet won a place in the memories of all men by his virtues, his talents, and his sufferings.

Mrs. Blennerhassett shared all her husband's wanderings, and after his death returned to this country. She lived for some years in New York city, and several times petitioned Congress, with the hope of obtaining reparation for property destroyed on the island. But she was unsuccessful, and after lingering a few years in poverty and obscurity, she passed away. No weeping relatives performed for her the last sad duties of respect; by stranger hands her eyes were closed and her body committed to the tomb.

The glory of the Island Paradise has long since faded; its splendid mansion has been leveled with the ground; and its once happy occupants are gone. All is ruin where once beauty reigned supreme; and this ruin is attributable to Aaron Burr solely. The baneful influence of that great, bad man, of whom it has been truly said, "he cherished no friendship: he returned unhonored the drafts of gratitude: he kindled by the very fireside of hospitality the flames of lust," lured the unsuspecting Blennerhassett to deliberate destruction. We may imagine that as that dark spirit, seamed with the scars of terrible sins, wrestled in mortal agony with death, the remembrance of this great wrong must have forced itself upon him, and added tenfold bitterness to the stings of remorse.

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## Archibald Braxton.

(Continued from page 187.)

A FEW weeks elapsed and the fall term opened. The old barracks that had stood so dreary and forbidding in appearance through the heat of summer, with their brick walls growing darker and more sun-baked, as successive days were added to their age, seemed to throw off their sullen shadows at the evidence of life around them. The huge, iron-sheeted doors of the halls swung back,—the faded green blinds were thrown open, and the windows, with their ancient, narrow little panes revealed;—like the sudden opening of a masked battery, or the transformation of a sleepy merchant-man into a double-decker, riddled with ports and bristling with the signs of vigorous activity.

The old bell rang out from its tower with an iron clang, with a joyous, clear note, as it recognized the old tone, and rejoiced in freedom

from its long continued silence. Freshmen heard the clamor with a sense of wonder, and the more initiated shuddered as the sharp tongue of the ancient bell-dame warned them that the days of rest were over. The dark entries teemed with life, and their worn steps echoed back the sound of shuffling feet. Seniors, who but last term wore frockcoats and *no* whiskers, now indulged in the long tails and exuberant foliage,—who but last term pitched cents and run races in the rear of College, now were sauntering lazily along the same paths with the dignity of four classes on their burdened shoulders.

The excited Freshmen bustled up and down with assumed importance as they chattered with the College sweeps for articles of furniture, gave orders to the barrow-men and carpet-shakers, and believed they were obeyed. Porters struggled up the long stairs, staggering under loads of trunks and boxes, tables, chairs, and bedding. Dusky faces met you upon every landing, proffering their assistance in rejuvenating stoves, ready to become obedient boot blacks for a “mere consideration.” Once more the long-legged dunners of our friends, the tradesmen, made their visits frequent to the College grounds. Once more, “Editors of the Yale Lit,” sat with barricaded doors,—scratching their weary heads in silence as they wrote their leaders for the coming number, starting, as a foot-fall or a whistle warned them that the “Devil” might be near them. Little feet were pattering on the stairway and bright faces peeped in at the room doors with a—“Want some flowers to-day, sir,”—“Apples, sir,”—“*Popped* corn!”—Poor little bipeds! They were ignorant that the day was coming when they would be ousted by an indefatigable Dutchman who could open pockets while he drew smiles with a talismanic “Goot bye, shentlemens.” College was now fairly open, to the sorrow of the students and the gratification of their attachés.

In a front room of the upper story of “Old South,” with the sun beating down upon his polished boots as they rest upon the scratched sill of the window, sits A. B., Esq., member of the Senior class in a venerable institution. Comfortably wrapped up in a *Persiene*, with a gold embroidered scull cap drawn carelessly upon his forehead,—he is meditating. We at least infer so, from the abstracted way in which he is gazing at the smoke wreaths, as they curl up lazily from the end of his cigar. Percival is writing busily at a secretary near by. The appearance of the room has been much improved by the presence of a large number of books, well-bound, and selected, most of them apparently recent from the shelves of the bookseller, and forming a



good nucleus for a library. Evidently, Archy is preparing for his future labors, looking to the day of graduation and its after duties.

"Perce."

"Well?"

"Do you remember that little blue-eyed girl at Miss E——'s?"

"Yes, what of her?"

"Why, she was confounded pretty,—that 's all, and—and, as she's here now, I 've a great mind to call on her."

"What do you think Sophy 'd say to that?"

"Hang Sophy!" was the ungallant reply,—“I hope, Ned, you 're not fool enough to suppose I cared anything for *her*,—why, man, she has 'nt one single particle of intellect,—found that out in time, thank Heaven,—she does well enough for a flirtation or so, but to think of those great black eyes goggling one for a life time! Faugh! No Sir!—and A. B., Esq., in his horror at the vivid picture drawn by his imagination, threw his cigar out the window, rose most energetically from his arm-chair, and——sat down again.

"Strange alteration of sentiments, Archy,—I 'm afraid your letters to Constance last term would n't match well with your present action."

"Oh, well, *you* may think what you please; I ought to know what I am about, though."

"Certainly you *ought*," replied Percie, drily, but the question now is, *d o you*?"

"To be sure I do,"—and to prove his knowledge and divert attention, Archy leaned forward to touch off a powder package which by dexterous management he had landed on the window of the friend below him, and was most industriously striving to set fire to with a piece of lighted punk tied to a long string,—“There she goes!"

"Who goes, Sophy or the blue eyes?"

"No,—the powder:—blew out three panes, and scared Collins half to death; hold on till I see the fun,"—and glad of an excuse to get out, away went the owner of the gown and skull-cap to the room below.

"*Varium et mutabile fœmina*," says the Poet,—might we not, with equal justice and with more propriety, substitute for "*fœmina*"—Senior. Oh ye fair ones who make Grove Hall sunny by your presence, and remove the shadows which would else be clustering in Crown street,—look twice, we beseech you, and think often, before trusting to the india-rubber conscience of a—Senior.

"Take care, take care,  
He is fooling thee!"

A few days after the above scene, a strange looking party, four or five in number, issued from the entry. Their coats of the coarsest rustian, seemed to have had their tails appropriated to make flaps for the numerous pockets, while the boot legs ran up to a most aspiring length and the *tout ensemble* of each individual was the nearest to that of a submarine diver in his armor, or bisected merman with a pair of india-rubber boots on. A long gun, powder-flask and shot-pouch, added to each, finished the equipment and prepared the ducking party to do execution in the harbor and astonish all the feathered population. Lumping in a carriage which was waiting for them at the corner, they were whirled off rapidly down street, over the Wharf bridge and towards the "Light." Thence exchanging their conveyance were soon gliding stealthily along the water or among the sedges as they went beneath the pressure of the punt,—moving forward in obedience to the steady push of the boatman.

"There 's a chance,"—bang !—bang !—"bagged them both !"—"no you did 'nt either"—and the sport goes on till the birds grow scarce and the "Shanghai" larder is supplied. Night is coming on, too, and the party giving up the sporting with reluctance, creep back to New Haven in high spirits and with wearied bodies, to renew it at some future season.

Thus the Senior year is passing, amid multiplicity of lectures,—and most arduous duties,—a strange mixture of the student and the man of leisure,—a commingling of anticipations for the future, pleasure and hard labor for the present, and regrets for past time. One afternoon saw our friend on horseback, dashing on the Avenue or along the main street, and another kept him with a closed door to the completion of a labored essay, or in close attention to a chapter on Morality or Metaphysics, to say nothing of "Self-government," and "Political Economy." One night, at the concert, or the party, or the lecture, and another, on the floor of the political arena, as he sought the Freshmen suffrage, ran for office, and electrified them by most eloquent addresses, and Society enthusiasm,—until he had gained the Presidency.

Time flew by in the last year upon eagle pinions, and the spring vacation and its cramming were upon them before they had realized the passage of the two terms. Then in quick succession came "Biennial" with its anxious moments,—the last day's examination,—the "degree" gained and the joyous "Presentation." The long list of Caroli, Gulielmis, *Archibaldi*, et cetera have been read off from the steps of the Chapel pulpit, the Latinity of the Seniors tested, the Class

Valedictory given, and the Poem applauded. The half-starved *Alumni* come forth from the Faculty dinner to enjoy the desert of the afternoon.

There is one spot where the Elms stretch their long arms,—not “in quest of thought,” as our friend “Nicholas” tells us, but as though they would afford their friendly shade to make pleasant the last scene of the academic life. Seated in a circle in this place, which has been so often trampled by the “stag-dance” of preceding classes, and made hallowed by associations which will cling around such,—are the present Graduates. They have met together for the last time as a body, for they will not all be present at the closing ceremony of Commencement, nor all answer to the muster in the future Class reunions. It is hard to tell whether such a ceremony should be sad or joyous, for despite the boisterous merriment and exuberance which arises from the prospect of a freedom, there is something tender in the thought of meeting for the last time, to break strong ties, and lose individuality as a Class forever.

In the center of the circle are the class Band, with horns, flutes, and violins, braying, piping, or saw-filing, at the option of the owners,—toot,—toot,—bum,—bang,—boo-o-o—in a most melodious discord. Songs are distributed, pipes filled, and the smoke cloud rises,—trembles as the chorus of a hundred voices rings out in a merry cadence, and then breaking, soars off,—a fit emblem of the separation of those at whose parting it received its birth.

“Braxton on the history of the Class !”

“The Class History,”—“Braxton !—Braxton !”

“In a moment, gentlemen,”—and our hero mounts upon a cask and proceeds to give in burlesque a description of Class exploits and the wonderful success of its *early* graduates. Speeches follow, and the joke, and song, till the lengthening shadows bring a warning, and a preparation for the final ceremony. The ring is spread out, the last pipes smoked in College, laid down,—and the “Stag-dance,” with its rush, and their destruction ended. Again the ring forms, and each classmate moves around it to grasp each hand for the last time, and exchange a parting blessing.

The band strikes up, and the long procession march around the College, plant their ivy, and return to cheer the buildings. The bell whirls round with a brazen clamor,—the promoted Classes hasten to their seats in Chapel, while at leisure in the galleries, Braxton, Percie, and their classmates look down at *Alumni* on the scene before them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reader, as the Editors of the Class of '55 end their labors, *we* must end our story. Archibald has bored *us* quite as much as you ; oftentimes have we had an inclination to expel him, or to sink him with a mill-stone necklace in the waves of Lethe. If, however, in the *semblance* of a story we have painted true scenes of our College life and recorded some allusions which may in the future bring back pleasant memories, we have not failed in the object of our labor, and with thanks for your attention would now bid you

“Vale, vale, in æternum, vale !”

### Club Notes.

“The turnpike road to people’s hearts, I find,  
Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind.”

“LUCUBRATE for the Lit”—said one of the board editorial ; and his voice echoed along the walls of the almost deserted clubroom, while the plates and dishes, all strewn as they were in postprandial confusion, rattled a response to his gesture, put in by way of earnest. For but a half dozen of our four and twenty *suntrapezites* lingered at the table. The rest had already started for the whited sepulchre of College street, where subjects, skeletons, and jawbones most do congregate ; where Freshmen tremble when they are initiated, and Seniors put on the capstone of their dignity. What a regard for the “fitness of things” is shown in its location, standing as it does right opposite to the ancient cemetery where lie those who experienced the wear and tear of medical treatment to no purpose. The law school alone can vie with it in this respect. The half dozen continued to break their bread and morsel their meat, leaving us to consider the request. Lucubrate ; and why not ? To-night we will make the attempt ; for if quiet be favorable to the *ca-coethes scribendi*, to-night should produce the very crisis of the disorder. North College is always calm in its dignity, respectable in an eminent degree. But the appalling stillness which now reigns from ground floor to attic, in entry north and entry south, will not pass for respectability. It is as the dumbness of ignorance. What has become of its inmates we

do not know. Some of them probably may be found at Brewster's Hall, giving divided attention—an indefinite fraction to the lecturer, the rest to the fierce attacks which are made now “to the right of them, now to the left of them,” with eye (not brass) artillery. The others we cannot account for; two were with us an hour since, but cigars were “in front of them,” a cloud arose, and they vanished from our vision and our room. The philosophers will have it, that in order to sound there must be an auditor; but it does not follow that there must be no such presence in order to perfect stillness; and we are here, *erectis auribus*, listening in vain for a footstep, and with the *cacæthes*, consequent thereon, in vigorous existence. But where shall it vent itself? We have it. We will write of Shanghae. Do not turn away, reader, as you might from a *Tribune* leader on foreign affairs, and our relations with China. We don't know anything about the celestial Shanghae, or if we did, should keep it to ourselves, and the china relations we propose to speak of are by no means diplomatic.

Our Shanghae is in York street. No brazen prowed-vessels are necessary to reach its confines, for rubbers and brogans are sufficient with which to ford the waters that at times lie between it and Trumbull Gallery. There are no little people with capillary pigtailed, nor any missionaries there. If there be pigtailed at any time, they are such *de facto* and roasted ones; if any missionaries, such only in embryo. A few years back, when silks and teas made up all of our Chinese imports, this explanation might have sufficed. But now, in out-of-college society at least, let our titular word be used, and ten to one, a barn-yard bird is meant. But do not, we pray you, when you read it here, conjure into presence a formidable looking rooster with huge spurs and comb. Our Shanghaes are so fortunate as, according to an ancient philosopher, to wear the semblance of birds without feathers. They do not slumber on timber cross-pieces, and certainly do not wake the early echoes of morning by noisy demonstrations, all such duties devolving on the Lyceum bell.

Just when the year 1854 was beginning to be talked and written of in anticipation, a crisis in the history of student boarding-houses arrived. For months previous the fare there provided had been a crying evil, and the complaint general. Landladies worried and apologized, but there was no reform. For was not there the war in Europe to fall back upon? What a subject for one fond of tracing the progress from cause to effect. The Russian bear grew uneasy in his lair, and forthwith men, rising from their books, more rapacious than any bear, Rus-

sian or other, ever was, were greeted with puny potatoes and poor pies, thousands of miles away at No. — College street. The Turkish soldiers must have bread, and instantan ours became dark and ominous-looking. They must have meat. There was but one way of meeting the demand. Inferior joints and lean fowls upon our platters, told what it was. Thus matters assumed a threatening aspect. A corporeal revolt seemed at hand. It promised to be a violent one—to turn the tables completely. But relief came; oil was poured upon the troubled waters; the Shanghai Club was born.

It dragged through no helpless infancy, dependent upon the good will of those around for existence, but as Minerva sprang from the head of Jove, full armed, and an armfull for any celestial lover, so it rose at once to a "local habitation and a name." Before that it was forty-eight hours old, it numbered more than a score of members, and of these many still remain. They rejoice in being the only real and original Shanghaes, and tell of its first days with as much gusto as one might suppose William Wyckham would of Linonia's, could he stand in her present beautiful hall. Halcyon days they were. M. Guizot tells us, that in periods when nations (or clubs) act spontaneously, freely, without premeditation or design, we recognize what history calls their heroic ages. This then was the heroic age of the club. Its golden age has succeeded, and seems destined to continue unto the end, giving no opportunity to the baser metals to share the glory of naming its durations.

All great institutions have their peculiar characteristics. The church Protestant, the church Catholic, this democracy and our club. The salient points of the first three are known to all. The specific difference of the last is its dining hour, to wit, six o'clock. While others as darkness comes on, tablewards plod their weary way, inwardly protesting against tea not at all Herculean in strength, and butter it may be altogether so, our mess files lightly off to the principal meal of the day, their classic coena. This plan, coeval with the club existence, has been found to work admirably. If it has any drawback, it is that it necessitates cold lunches at noonday, at which the only feasting done is that of reason, the only flowing that of sugar-house syrup. It may be that it is not healthy, but here as elsewhere, doctors will not agree. We therefore, with no criminal intent against our gastric organs, take the benefit of the doubt. A look at the body corporate is worth the trouble. The organization is strictly republican, and adorned or deformed with no unnecessary office. A simple stewardship is its only distinctive station;

and right well is it filled. We beg to introduce its occupant. Lightly, his honors rest upon him, and his responsibilities trustily. For after all he has but little to do with the keys and cares of the housewife, and thinks a deal more of curls than of cookery. Here are four-and-twenty able-bodied young men in the full performance of physical and mental labor. The clatter of knives and forks is loud, but the hum of conversation louder. It would take many Hazlitt's to write down the table-talk which is thrown off here day by day.

Two interesting episodes in the club existence occur to us at the moment. One was in its early days, the macaroni war. For notwithstanding the Italian name, there are many individuals who have no liking for the wheaten pipestems, and detest their insipidity. Such were many of the Shanghaes, and loudly did they protest against the introduction of the vile dish. Others clamored, take our turnips, steal our steak, but with our dying breath we will sing, steward, spare that dish—and it was spared. For as the contest thickened, so did the macaroni, and the antimacs were, in very self-defense, forced to make a formal surrender; but to the present time, set down the day of its date as a *dies irae*. The sentiment in regard to the other event is unanimous. A bona fide sugarcured ham of the best kind seems a rarity hereabouts. Such a one, however, the club luncheoned on the other day, and by the avidity with which it seized upon it, testified its gratitude to the donor. An informal presentation of it had been made. Pop, went in a toasty way—Here's to the *hamlets* of Ohio. The diminutive was meant to suggest pigs feet *in futuro*; but the steward gravely remarked, "None so deaf as those that won't hear."

We have here an epitome of college society, perfect in its way. Whatever topic excites the interest of Alma Mater, finds punctual mention and full discussion. Here are prize men, and men who are prized; men who excel in composition, disposition, and opposition to Know-Nothingism, and every other ism under the sun; debaters and wranglers; some who have expended much fluid over the driest of metaphysical points, and made rushing an every-day practice; others who regard such practice "more honored in the breach than the observance," and can decline telling "what the author says" upon a given point with the most imperturbable dignity of tone. Do you suppose the stewardess could discriminate? Perhaps not; we have often thought that a cook's division of mankind must be threefold. Heavy eaters, moderate eaters, and they who eat what is called nothing at all. We suspect this last class has no existence in college. Dr. Bethune would write, "died from eating too

much meat," as an epitaph upon the tombs of many of the American graduates, who do not live to receive their second degree. We fear the learned gentleman is right. In no country in the world is that miserable disease, the dyspepsy, so prevalent as in our own. The men who enter this institution, for example, are in general spirited, hale, the sons of active fathers. It is by an effort only—an effort of which the German student knows nothing, and the Englishman but little—that they tie themselves down to study. The effort costs many too dearly. The physical will not give way entirely to the spiritual, and its claims are put forth most frequently at the boarding tables; farmers from the fields are not half so hungry as we from our tasks. We do not live to eat, but in eating to live, often need restraint lest we eat too much. But we are moralizing. William! another cup of coffee.

We have spoken of the origin of the club. For this it was indebted to the desires and necessities of the class which will next leave these halls. When that time comes it must end. Already it begins to feel the pangs of dissolution, and the breaking up last term seemed but the precursor of an everlasting one. Then the place which knew it shall know it no more for ever. Another association may be formed in the same locality, with the same name, and with the same regulations, but its identity will go no farther. Ours can have but one being, and that not transferable.

This dismal March night, reader, while the wind is singing winter's requiem, at each door and window—(yesterday's snow, however, suggests that spring is as yet but a "grass widow,")—we have attempted to write of the Shanghae Club. We trust that you will pardon our temerity, especially if you are a fellow-member; but at all events the record is made, and thus far our object gained. For we would have the antiquarian student, who many years hence may read these pages, know that it began successfully, flourished vigorously, and ended happily. We have done. The task has been a pleasant one, and in rising from it we feel much as we do when we ring our napkin and push back our chair after one of the club's best dinners.



## Memorabilia Valensia.

### SOCIETIES.

AN oration was delivered before the Linonian Society at the eighth regular meeting of this term, by Mr. G. C. Robinson, of the Junior Class,—subject—"The hero student." On the same evening a poem was read by Mr. G. W. Buehler, also of the Junior Class,—subject—"Night."

A poem was read before the Brothers Society, at the ninth regular meeting, by Mr. B. H. Smith, of the Freshman Class.

### PRIZE DEBATES.

The Sophomore debate in the Brothers took place on Wednesday Evening, March 7th, on the question, "Ought the time for the naturalization of foreigners to be materially lengthened?" Umpires—President Woolsey, Prof. Silliman, Senior, Ex-Governor Bissell. The prizes were awarded as follows:—

1st prize, J. M. HOLMES,  
2d " C. NORTHEOP.

The Bishop prize debate in Linonia, took place on the evening of March 14th, on the question, "Ought we to sympathize with the Allies in the present war?" Umpires—Prof. Porter, Dr. Stiles, Prof. Silliman, Junior. The prizes were awarded as follows:—

1st Sophomore prize, A. H. STRONG,  
2d " " G. PRATT,  
3d " " A. F. BEARD, E. F. SANDYS.  
Freshman prize, J. GARRARD.

The Freshman debate in the Brothers occurred on the evening of March 21st, Question—"Do the signs of the times indicate Degeneracy in the American Character?" Umpires—Governor Dutton, Hon. H. B. Harrison, Prof. W. A. Norton. Prizes as follows:—

1st prize, W. A. ARMSTRONG,  
2d " W. S. ALEXANDER, P. L. SWEET,  
3d " T. M. ADAMS.

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### Editor's Table.

AN, old "table," we approach thy rotund form for the last time, and as we place our arms upon thy familiar surface, we pray thee that thou wilt yield all thy remaining inspiration to our Editorial farewell, and prove a "medium" indeed!

How we wonder, gazing upon thee, as we linger musingly on the outskirts of a new idea, what has been thy history, for thou art old, and well thatched with years, as thy brown sober face doth clearly indicate! Not always, we fancy, in thy long College life hast thou been as now an "Editor's Table." Perchance, in days of yore, when such things were more orthodox than now, the College Faculty have gathered round thee for a friendly rubber of the old style, and staked their continental shin plasters upon thy face. Or perchance, thou wast the table of that illustrious character William Wyckham, and upon thee, if so, he doubtless first laid the infant Linonia, now so old and hale; and wrote autographs for his admiring classmates! Or, in more modern times, before Neal Dow's discovery of the philosophers' stone, which hangs so like a mill stone, about the necks of, the would-be drunk:—before all this, we say, how many social Saturday nights have culminated about thee, and from thee inspiration gone forth in gallons! Ah, yes, old table, thou speakest to us of the past—thou art the link which binds us to the years, and the persons, that are gone from Yale and from Earth. Would that, seizing our poker, we could make of it a magic wand, and summon around thee once more, all thy former owners! How gladly would we share our new box of Havannas with them for thy sake, and cease our midnight musing over thee, while we should post them up in the college crows of the last half century! Especially polite should we be to all the members of that mystic fraternity—the Editors; who doubtless would recognize in thee, battered and worn as thou art, many a familiar feature, and might tell us something of thy past history. Tables aside, dear Reader, what a pleasure it is, in these days of novelties and know nothings, or, as a friend of ours expresses it, these *knock down and drag out days*; what a pleasure it is, to be among things that are old, and substantial, and changeless!

We were just about, alas how natural is it, we were just about to say a *new ring*, in reference to those "Old Elms." For the sake of beings able to *prove* to skeptical friends that the poetical thought was veritably new, we took down our oldest volume of the Magazine, thinking to run over the Tables of each in order, and thus be able to say that the idea was, in every sense, original. Imagine how we were "taken down" to find the identical thought in black and white, on the very first page which met our eye. So the "Old Elms" we can't speak of. But then, gentle Reader, is it not agreeable while you sit in our fourth story chamber and think upon the phenomena of this fast age, to occasionally glance about you, and reflect that *here*, at least, the vandal hand of change is next to powerless. We sit in venerable chairs—study venerable books, and learn to love the "livery of age" which clings to each familiar object.

Mr. Emerson, in his late lecture, told the audience that Coleridge once in an address, publicly thanked Heaven, that he had never been guilty of pronouncing a sentence in French. The "smoking" Editor who sat near us, remarked that he had heard somewhere another story of Coleridge, illustrative of the same antipathy to the "court language." It ran thus. At a dinner party or convivial assembly on one occasion, an individual in describing a certain dissipated character of the day spoke of him as a *row-e* (roué). Coleridge, ambitious to correct so horrid a blunder, and anxious to show the company that even *he*

would never have been guilty of so unpardonable a *faux pas*; turned towards his nearest neighbor, and remarked that the gentleman meant—*blaze* (blasé).

Another *bull* of the same genus was that of the waiter at a late public dinner in London who, when the President gave as a toast, in compliment to the Turkish minister, "The sublime Porte and the Turkish Ambassador," echoed it down the table: "A supply of port for the Turkish Ambassador." The point of the joke was in no wise lessened by the fact, that the Turks drink no wine.

Appropos of bulls—we heard once of two Irishmen who were going to fire off a cannon "for a bit of fun," but being of an economical turn of mind they did not wish to lose the ball. So one of them took an iron kettle in his hands to catch it; and stationing himself in front of the loaded piece exclaimed in a loud voice to the other, who stood behind it with a lighted torch, "Touch it off lightly, Jemmy." It is perhaps unnecessary to add that these were the last words of the lamented Hibernian.

We have been trying our best of late to feel that it is Spring. We have started for "the Post" without our overcoat on several occasions, and made desperate efforts to look warm, but a gust of March wind circling round the old State House and nearly lifting us bodily into the air, would dispel the fond illusion in a moment. By the way, what a fine field for a frolic does the Green afford these same winds, and how they must enjoy the unbridled fury with which they whistle over it! Ere this meets your eye, dear Reader, the time will have come which Capulet speaks of,

"When well apparel'd April on the heel,  
Of limping winter treads;"

the time of daffodils, and pale primroses, and violets "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes;" the time of lounging beneath the elms, and above all, the time when "the little lower than the angels," don the fairy finery of Spring which flutters so gracefully around us, as we perambulate Chapel Street. We never did like those horrid muffs within which, on winter days, the ladies hide those hands, "in whose comparison all whites, are ink"—nor those combinations yeleft, furs, which positively remind one of the primitive times when the female aborigines, out of pure economy, were wont to make the game which their lords might take, subserve the double purpose of food and raiment. Speaking of Chapel Street—we were standing in the doorway of a public building a few days since, when there came along a pair of young ladies, both of whom perhaps, in times less *fast* than these, would have been regarded as "little girls;" as the aggregate of their ages would probably have been less than twelve years. As they were passing along, one of them suddenly stopped and said to the other—"Jane, let's go back and meet the students,"—precocious age this, thought we, as we turned our steps collegeward.

A friend has just handed us the following, which he found in a cranny of his South Middle room. From the appearance of the paper it must have been written many years ago, and will therefore be interesting to antiquarians. The line which suggested the impromptu effusion heads the page, and is marked off into feet as follows:—

O et | præsidium et | *dulce decus* | meum.

*Hor. Lib. I. Car. 1.*

As we sat at our Horace one warm sultry day,  
Quoth chum, looking up in a very dry way,  
"How great are the changes which time has wrought!  
For who in this age could ever have thought  
That a bard would have paid a high compliment thus,  
By calling his patron a 'dull seedy cuss.'"

and reverts instinctively, on perusing this outburst of antique wit, to the fact that punning is no modern college failing; but that it has come down to us unchanged, with the customs of other days.

The state election so near at hand will be one of peculiar interest to many of our senior friends, from the fact that they are to cast their first ballot, and assume the new dignity of *sovereigns* at that time. South College, we understand, has hoisted the banner of "no sumptuary laws." South Middle is conservative, and tends to cast its entire vote for George Washington. North Middle has made an *owl* and by some species of legerdemain has made an *eagle* of him, and cries for "liberty and union one," &c. North College is vibrating like a pendulum between "hard" and "wooly head" influences, and may be counted down as doubtful. An anti-Know Nothing friend of ours, has just written upon us, to get our opinion on the following questions,—1st. Can we conscientiously vote for a *Minor*? 2nd. Can an opponent of the Roman Catholic influence in this state, consistently travel on *cross* roads? We give our opinion on the result of the elections until the votes are counted, we doubt not, it will be found that "the great principles of our ancestors have been nobly vindicated!"

Our seniors are getting ready for presentation day. From many a room we hear occasional sounds of a somewhat discordant harmony, as the inmate on the fiddle or sax horn prepares to distinguish himself, as a member of the presentation band." By the way, there has always seemed to us to be a peculiar fitness in this matter of music on presentation day. How eminently is it, that each successive class after a successful conflict with "bienen" and the manifold dangers of a four years' war; should disband with flying, and with all those inspiriting influences, which, even bad music, does to men!

Now, dear Readers, we must transfer our Table to the Devil who waits for us: and for the last time in our official capacity, utter our eternal *pax vobis*!

A contributor of the article in a former Number of the Magazine, entitled "Memories," and which we afterward alluded to, as a plagiarism, has called our attention to the fact, that the initials which accompanied it, were not his, and that he never claimed the article as his own.

Editors of a Magazine however, must always hold the contributor of an article responsible for its authorship—over whatever signature it appears. It is manifestly the only safe rule of action, and it is the one by which we have been ever guided.—Eds.

## TO OUR READERS.

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Our connection with the Magazine ceases with this Number, and, in closing our editorial career, we can but return our hearty thanks to those whose sympathy and active efforts have so much assisted us. Our successors we would encourage by assuring them, that there is much pleasure as well as much toil connected with the management of the Lit., and we bespeak for them the same coöperation and support that we have enjoyed. To all—readers, contributors, and classmates—we would say Farewell.

W. H. L. BARNES,  
E. MULFORD,  
W. T. WILSON,  
S. T. WOODWARD,  
H. A. YARDLEY.

## TO OUR READERS.

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IN accordance with the wont of our honorable predecessors, we premise a few words in regard to the Yale Literary, the conduct of which devolves upon us with the present number. Upon the issue of those for July and August the volume will be complete. The "Lit" will have then received its complement of prætexta vols. and will enter upon its majority. Hitherto it seems to have enjoyed eminent success, and if ever firmly established among us, it should be now, sustained as it is by an agreeable prestige of twenty years. We would not be considered, however, as vaunting its long and noble career for the purpose of covering defects of which criticism may hereafter convict us. These, we trust, will be few, and the magazine respected as under previous regimes, otherwise than for mere age. As to its history, we make no mention,—'twere gratuitous on our part to do so to the very diligent readers of the "Lit."

The character which we shall endeavor to impart to the magazine, and the style of papers desired, require an additional remark. Our aim will be a just—if possible, an elegant variety—to have the light and the more substantial matter, through their various gradations, equally distributed in each number. This, perhaps, is the true type of a College periodical—the fact of any other intending the gratification of many. In as wide a range as this we think it in our power to avoid

objectionable extremes—the florid or eruptive, and the (so termed) *metaphysique* styles, both of which are somewhat epidemical in our literature.

We therefore earnestly request our fellow students, without the exception of particular classes or departments, to coöperate with us by a ready supply of articles irreproachable in these respects. They must be aware that it depends on them in a great measure, whether the Lit. assume any character.

In conclusion, we return our sincere acknowledgments to our Classmates for the trust which they have thought fit to confide to our charge, hoping that our efforts may not prove altogether futile, nor ourselves unworthy.

YOUR EDITORS.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '56.

G. F. BAILEY,

W. H. W. CAMPBELL,

J. M. BROWN,

H. DU BOIS,

L. C. FISCHER.

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*Montaigne.*

He who in opposition to long established habits of thought dares to attempt a new field, who possesses sufficient acuteness to discern old errors, and originality to strike out a new course, deserves, even in his failure, the admiration of reflecting minds; but the successful rebel from fame, the daring heretic in letters, who not only throws off the dogmas of his age, but revolutionizes the literature of coming time, wins a celebrity most enduring. Of course the mead of praise should be dependant on the native talent of the recipient, his varied attainments, the extent of the revolution effected by him, and the precedents for reform which might have excited the spirit of resistance. A political revolution, fruitful of good results; a new idea in the arts; a new principle in practical mechanics, will immortalize the projector; and not the less important in its effects and more deserving of praise, is an improvement in the writing of books; for books form the mind, which governs.

The style of thought and composition in the sixteenth century was eminently precise and formal in conception and detail. Each thought was adjudged its place in the order of the work, and the structure of periods made a matter of almost mathematical rule. A sameness in all the books of the time was the result of such pedantry. Dry and musty



tomes multiplied, and the ingenuity of writers seemed taxed to devise the most unusual forms of expression. This style extravagance had rendered ridiculous, yet usage had sanctioned it. The critics applied to all works the same Procrustean rule; the writers feared the critics, and the evil continued to grow stronger. Once establish a rule, and give to its workings the sanction of the learned, it will be difficult to reverse, or even modify it; for prejudice supports what good sense may abandon.

To break through this vicious artificialness there was need of a man who should be an exception to the race of authors, one who should combine rare learning and observation with a powerful and subtle mind; who would write, not the formal chapters of a didactic moral work, but the current of his own thoughts, and above all, one who would say what he thought in his own way, without fear of critics or desire of book-making.

Michael de Montaigne, the person who was to have such an effect upon the literary world, seems to have been favored by nature with all necessary for the work. His father, an excentric man, but admirably fitted for the task, undertook to give to the future essayist all that should make him a prodigy of learning and science. Unsurpassed advantages were within his reach, and the future showed how fully rewarded was that care which so thoroughly imbued the youth with all that the ancients could teach. Yet for a while no extraordinary effort in any department of letters appeared to give any indication of his future fame, and it was only until he had attained his thirty-ninth year, that, deserting the Court, he retired to his estate, there to pen a model for future writers.

Of a cast of mind peculiarly reflective, devoted to a retired literary life, Montaigne was an anomaly in his age. Though a landed proprietor, he took no part in the struggles then going on for the possession of the French crown. Though bred to the law and political life, he voluntarily deserted the Capital for the seclusion of his chateau, and there, undisturbed by the confusion of the affairs of the kingdom, and the tumult of the raging civil war, in calm retirement he indited his volume of essays. However adverse to all rule this collection may be, it introduced a new era. The rambling thought, the disconnectedness of the writings, have a peculiar charm. They are not the didactic treatises of a moralist; yet they are crowded with precepts which would do credit to the profoundest of philosophers. No vaunt of wit or philosophy appears in his pages, yet he proves himself ready at either, and insensibly becomes a profound moralist by a candid recital of his own thoughts.

Any man may write of himself after some manner, but to do so with perfect candor is the most difficult of tasks. Few are there who would not accuse themselves of faults, of dark and repulsive crimes, rather than frankly acknowledge their weakness to the world or to themselves. Men will much more willingly avow themselves Robespierres in crime, than confess to the reveries of a Malvolio, where one's littlenesses are freely admitted. Boswell, in his life of Johnson, is undoubtedly candid, even where self is concerned ; but the reason of such openness lies not in the strength or integrity of the author, but his stupidity, his total obtuseness to all delicacy of feeling. Montaigne, on the contrary, contemplates himself narrowly, and with wonderful fairness. The little foibles disclosed by the examination are accompanied by too many amiable and sterling traits not to be overlooked, or valued for the contrast, which makes the brightness of his excellencies the greater, without tarnishing the whole. His defects are freely admitted, but they are only such as would beset any philosopher placed in like circumstances. His instinctive veracity in all things forces the belief that equal candor characterizes his essays ; for he acknowledges at the start that his book is the only one of its kind, and premises with an assertion of impartiality in all things ; which is instanced in his description of himself as " of slothful wit, a slow understanding, a languishing invention, and of an incredible defect of memory." We know not how to reconcile this account of his boyhood with the reality of his maturer years ; but we may at least discern a spirit of self-depreciation where conceit might reasonably be expected. Notwithstanding all the fairness and candor of the essays, the very plan of the work necessitates egotism in its details. Where self-examination is the object, self must be the theme, and it should not be a fault with our author that vanity sometimes appears in his works. It is natural that one whose sole occupation was to analyze his own feelings, should become absorbed in himself, and forgetful of every thing save the existence of his own mind, whose workings he labored to understand.

Dignified as is Montaigne in his own power of thought, we do not detect that overweening confidence which would ignore all previous knowledge to set up a theory of his own. The ancients are held in reverence ; the wise who preceded him are lauded : he willingly accepts instruction at their hands, and as willingly accords them due acknowledgment.

Some would perhaps object to the essays on the ground of pedantry, a cumberous jumbling of quotation, rather resembling the work of a bigoted pedagogue than a refined man of letters. But they will observe

that each quotation is apt ; each extract peculiarly adapted to the use made of it, and each author cited not so much to exhibit the learning of the writer as to exemplify what he says. The weight of authority drawn from antiquity rather dignifies the ancients than detracts from the essayist. Moreover, if there is much of example borrowed from others by Montaigne, surely pardon may be granted him in consideration of what he has given out of his own brain to more modern writers. Pope drew most of his *Essay on Man* from the famous "Apology for Raymond Sebond," of Montaigne. Indeed, the identity of most of the thoughts is too striking to admit a doubt. Out of a multitude, let us take the first parallel that offers. In the first epistle of the *Essay on Man*, we find—

"Go wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense  
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;  
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,  
Say, here he gives too little, here too much.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;  
All quit their sphere and rush into the skies.  
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,  
Men would be angels, angels would be gods."

Montaigne thus expresses it :

"Presumption is our natural and original disease. The most wretched and frail of all creatures is man, and withal the proudest. He feels and sees himself nailed and riveted to the worst and dearest part of the universe : and yet in his imagination will be placing himself above the circle of the moon, and bringing the heavens under his feet. 'Tis by the same vanity of imagination that he equals himself to God, attributes to himself divine qualities, withdraws and separates himself from the crowd of other creatures, cuts out the shares of the animals, and distributes to them faculties and force, as himself thinks fit." The parallelism is not so striking as some others, but it is the first that comes to hand, and will serve to illustrate, though it is not the best example. An examination will show that even where the idea is not the same in both writers, the drift of meaning of the one bears a marvelous resemblance to the expressed thought of the other.

But Pope is not the only writer who has used the thoughts of Montaigne. Bacon's *Essays* are modeled upon those of our author, and contain palpable traces of ideas borrowed from that rich treasury of thought. In many places only an abridgment of the original sentence is given. Sterne, too, it is asserted, has imbibed, doubtless insensibly,

or no one would lay the charge of plagiarism at his door,) a mode of thought wonderfully similar to Montaigne's.

While, then, such minds give such deference to his writings, is it too much to demand a pardon for his minor imperfections? While such testimony is so freely given, is it too much to say that the work deserves Lord Halifax's encomium—"that a copy should be in every cottage window"? The easiness of its style is a powerful auxiliary to the soundness of judgment exhibited in the work. The author does not *teach* us his ideas, he talks us pleasantly into them. He assumes nothing of the pedagogue, but is throughout an easy, affable friend, seeking to interest rather than astonish, and aiming to enable others to benefit by his own experience—a philosopher who has diligently noted the varieties of a lifetime.

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## Hans Anderson.

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### A LEGEND.

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Avaunt, and quit my sight! let earth hide thee!  
 Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold:  
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,  
 Which thou dost glare with!

SHAKESPEAR.

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OV. TRYON:

SIR—Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your Majesty's service, was taken in my camp as a spy, he was tried as a spy, he was condemned as a spy, he will be hanged as a spy.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

P. S.—He is hanged.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

It was near the hour of sunset; one of those autumnal sunsets which the Highlands of the Hudson, by their peculiarly tranquil mildness and beauty, throw a susceptible nature into a dreamy yet nervous sort of trance, and which make the old hills and hoary mountain sides seem as within the boundary line of the dim shadow land, that a figure in the prime of youth and strength might have been seen leaning, as if

wearied with his day's toil, pensively upon his rake, on one of those slopes which rolling down a gradual descent for miles finally lave their green edges in the river.

He appeared to be musing ; for Hans Anderson, though he was courageous and had done good service in the early part of the revolutionary struggle then pending, was still a solitary and thoughtful man. His countenance had none of the sharp angles of one of your analytic minds, which dwell with intensity upon the veriest minutiae of a subject, but the full, rounded face of one whose thoughts were his pastime, and who having caught the goblin-like form of an idea, however wild, shadowy or romantic, let it flit like a pleasing but unstable Ariel through his brain, and give place to another as useless and grotesque.

Perhaps he was regarding old Sol, who sinking behind the green yet rugged heights of Dunderberg, gave a good night kiss to the evening sky, which, coy and maiden-like, blushed crimson upon the spot where the loving salute had been administered ; and the color spreading over its surface, grew almost imperceptibly dimmer, until merged in its own deep azure blue overhead, yet all suffused with the softened and subdued light of modest pleasure ; and thought with pride as he gazed that the delicate tints given to the Italian sky by the poets and travelers he had read, did not even equal this his own mountain sunset.

Or maybe he was admiring the vast extent, and unrivaled beauty of hill, valley, mountain, and river spread out before him, and wondering as he watched the serpentine course of the Hudson, as it narrowed and disappeared behind some green promontory, or spread into a broad, deep, placid bay beneath, whether the waters would not roll more swiftly, and the ripples send forth a gladder murmur, when that liberty for which his countrymen were then struggling, and of which, as was usual with him, he had but a vague and shadowy idea, should have been gained. But whatever may have been his meditations, a change seemed to come over his thoughts, and turning quickly, he gazed long and intently at an old oak which crowned the hill in his rear. And well might he gaze, for this tree marked an epoch in the life of Hans. Upon its lower limb, then in full view, he had assisted on a cold drily morning in hanging a young, promising, handsome British officer, who, caught a spy in the camp, had been condemned to die without mercy by the indomitable Putnam.

With his own hands had he tightened the cord about the victim's throat—with his own ears had he heard the muttered, agonized prayer of the poor wretch—with his own eyes witnessed the death struggle,

the writhing frame, the livid corpse. As he looked, the imagination of Hans pictured a cord, and the outlines of a form barely visible; doubting the evidence of his senses, he rubbed his eyes, glanced again, and beheld the officer suspended exactly as he was on that eventful morning: his flesh fairly tingling with horror, he wheeled round, shook his powerful frame to convince himself that he was awake, and ventured another view. O! who can describe his speechless terror as the corpse deliberately lifted its hands, untied the death knot, and lowered itself gently to the earth? A moment it seemed uncertain what to do, but it was only for a moment; for with an erect port and military step it marched straight for the spot where stood, or rather tottered, the horrified Hans.

The very terrible and unearthly character of the adventure appeared to fascinate him, though struggling against it with the energy of desperation. He would have fled, but his limbs refused to do their office; he would have fainted, but very fright sharpened his faculties; he would have shouted, but an incubus of terror weighed upon his tongue, and clogged his utterance. Narrower and narrower grew the space which divided Hans from the corpse. His dead, leaden eyeballs were staring steadily at his own. He even marked the livid weal about the neck, and the deep black indentures on the wrists. But on, calmly, deliberately, awfully on it came until within a few feet, and a stone wall separated them. Hans could endure no longer: with one mighty effort he cried, or rather shrieked, "For God's sake, who are you?" No answer. "Speak! for the love of Heaven, speak!" But the sole reply deigned by the corpse was a scarcely perceptible, yet ghastly smile.

Its cold white hand was already on the wall, in another instant he knew, felt it would be upon him. His frame quivered in every fibre, he thought his hour had come; but the extremity of his fright unloosed his shackled limbs,—back many paces he sprang, and shot like an arrow for home, his terror imparting to him a tenfold swiftness. Stone walls and rail fences afforded no obstacle, lofty bars were vaulted with almost superhuman agility; the very cattle paused in feeding, and looked amazedly at his velocity. Through the thick trees of the orchard he slackened not his pace, but continued his headlong, even perilous course, and plunging right down the perpendicular descent which led to his home, dashed in upon the little family circle with his glaring eyes starting from their sockets, his hair erect, his face ghastly and wan, as if from an age of suffering and misery.

The prominent part Hans Anderson had acted in the tragedy of the  
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spy, and his solitary, imaginative character were so well known in the village, that any not very startling, even though supernatural adventures, would have excited little wonderment in those days of nightly visions and ghost walkings.

But his boldness and daring had also been proven in many a wild contest with the savage denizens of the forest, and no less savage marauders of the neutral ground; and the good people felt so convinced that it must have been a more than common, even awful occurrence, which could have palsied the limbs of a man of such stamina, that no little excitement reigned in their midst; and it was finally resolved to call a council of war of all the old gossips and spinsters, and thoroughly canvass the matter.

As the shadows of night were enveloping in their dingy mantle the old hills and homesteads, this self-constituted committee poured into the little back kitchen of the Anderson family. No gilded gas burner emitted its brilliant flame, deadening imagination and dispelling mystery. Not even the flickering light of a tallow candle shone from the casement; but it was a chilly evening, and the crackling logs blazed in the old Dutch fire place, whose broad mouth, indicative of vast hospitality, would have swallowed up a dozen modern ones, stones and all; while the sparks flying up the chimney in a thousand grotesque shapes, and the ruddy glow reflected from the sooty back, hardly bringing out from the dark the forms of the company, made the buxom lasses look more fresh, and their lips more inviting, and the old gossips' countenances, with their sharp, angular features, seem so ghostly and wierd-like, that an indescribable, half trembling sensation of mystery was felt by all.

Hans Anderson told his story in a few manly sentences, and its wonderful character combined with their own situation caused a visible pallor to overspread the countenances of the guests.

Especially the fair Kathrine Van Twiller, whose large, full eyes gazed half lovingly, half pityingly upon the sufferer; for it was more than suspected that of the many suitors to the hand of the plump heiress, Hans was the most acceptable, the chosen one.

The dead silence which followed this narrative was broken by the bluff, hearty voice of Diedrich Teneyck, whose full cheerful tones would have exorcised all the spirits in the colony. He said that for his part he did not believe in ghosts, they were old wives' stories gotten up to frighten little children, and weak minded grown up ones. At this bold assertion the younger portion of the company exchanged scared glances,

the elder frowned indignantly at his heresy. For, continued Diedrich, as I was returning home late one dark night— Here the elders frowned again, for Diedrich was a roystering blade, one of your devil-may-care fellows whose motto is, enjoy life, and let late hours be no obstacles; and many was the barn yard which had been emptied of its feathered denizens; many the gate which had mysteriously started from its hinges on a tour of observation, and been found in a neighboring millpond; many the good couple who, aroused from their slumbers by the shoutings of some midnight reveler, cursed Diedrich as the cause, and hoped their own offspring would avoid him, as they turned again to their quiet sleep. For,—continued Diedrich, not a whit disturbed by this unfavorable reception, (we take the liberty of polishing a little his rough speech,)—I was returning home late, and had arrived opposite the gate at the end of the lane which leads up to the hill to our house, when a vivid light, and brilliant as lightning, shot directly across my path, and stood there quivering and gleaming like a thing of life. With the graveyard on the right, its white slabs seen through the dusk, looking so cold and horrible, and on the left, the ravine through which the brook tumbling over the stones, appeared at that midnight hour to send forth awful sounds, and this infernal light in front, you may imagine I was in no very comfortable position. So I hastily retreated around the corner of Widow Van Brout's house, but on venturing forth again there still stood the light. Get home I must, so gathering all my courage and strength, I dashed through at full speed, and behold it was nothing but the blaze from an old tallow candle in the window of my mother's bed-room.

Neat Widow Van Brout, who was believed to have cast longing eyes on the youngster, notwithstanding his wildness, and kept her cap set until she could no longer endure his obstinacy and obtuseness, broke in with the exclamation, that not to believe in ghosts was wicked, absolutely wicked; she was astonished how any one could be so depraved. She had often seen the light herself, and it was derived from no tallow candle, but shone from the grave of an old soldier who had fought in the French wars, and been killed by lightning.

Beside, when her last baby was sick, she beheld lying on the casement of the open window, a child wrapped in the habiliments of the grave, and so much resembling her own, that she rushed forward, shrieking with agony, to prevent its falling out, but just as her hand touched the garment, it disappeared, and returning much relieved at



what she regarded as a vain fancy, for she had been watching several nights with her sick boy, the poor thing lay dead in its cradle.

And that her dear lost Abraham, her late husband, had awakened her from a sound sleep one night, by crying out, "See, wife, see, there he is, he has come for me, I must go;" and raising up, she beheld a sight which froze the blood in her veins, a figure standing by the bedside, beckoning to him with its skeleton fingers, grinning horribly with its bony jaws, a single tuft of mouldy hair on its forehead; she immediately fainted, and that was the last time she ever heard the voice of her darling Abraham. Here the good lady's feelings completely overcame her, and she sank back sobbing into her chair, a shudder ran through every form, and casting frightened glances about, they drew nearer together.

Many more wild experiences were related, which as a faithful chronicler I would transcribe if space permitted. They were of haunted houses, of walking spirits, of midnight quadrilles by the buried dead, of the flame wreathing the candle in the form of a winding sheet, and one especially peculiar, of a funeral procession which started from the Depeyster mansion, the evening of the day before the old General's demise, and moved with a slow and solemn pace up what is now called South Street. Grim figures clothed in sable black, carried torches which sent forth a sickly glare, a pair of skeleton horses covered with the same material drew the hearse, and all marched slowly and deliberately on over the frozen ground, without the sound of a tramp or the rumbling of wheels, until they arrived at the family vault, when the vision abruptly disappeared.

Finally this Congress, like most Congresses even in our day, not having succeeded in anything but to plunge the subject into deeper mystery, and frighten each other, took their way homeward with more tremulous and hasty steps than they were wont.

From this time forth Hans Anderson was an altered man. His countenance still retained the haggard, care-worn expression which it had assumed on the day of the adventure, and instead of his former open manly manner, he became cold, suspicious and sullen. He seemed to be haunted by the memory of some great wrong; he groaned deeply in his sleep; wild cries came from his bed chamber, and whenever he ventured into the fields alone he returned more sullen and troubled than ever. This change was soon noticed by the villagers, they all knew of its cause and marked him out a man doomed by the vengeance of the dead.

There was one eye alone which shone for him more lovingly, one hand which returned his grasp with an answering and sympathizing pressure, one heart to which his presence gave a pleasurable flutter, and this was Kathrine Van Twiller, his betrothed. Friends endeavored in vain to wean her from an attachment which they believed would be fatal. Rival suitors made merry with the misfortunes of poor Hans; but the frown which followed the sallies warned the joker, that such at least was not the path to the lady's hand and fortune.

With that trait which so distinguishes woman, and for which we love her the best, of ever feeling the more strongly for a favored one in proportion as he is immersed in difficulties, was Kathrine eminently endowed, and the more sullen and morose grew Hans, the more did her young heart yearn to comfort and cheer him.

She urged an immediate union, and it was finally resolved upon. Gaily was the Van Twiller mansion illuminated on that eventful night, and the rustling of silks was heard in every apartment, for the old patron was a wealthy and hospitable man, and an affair so important as the marriage of his only daughter was not neglected by the surrounding gentry. The ceremony was impressively performed by the gray-haired Dutch minister, yet with a perceptible quiver in his voice, perhaps from age, but more probably because a vague suspicion came over his mind, that it was hardly right to bind such a happy girl to that gloomy man.

The tables groaned under their load of delicate viands, and the old negro who plied the catgut nearly melted in his earnest endeavors to satisfy the anxious heels. The company seemed universally to enjoy themselves, even though the large hooped dresses of the ladies, and the powdered wigs, heavy garments, stuffed proportions, ruffles and furbelows of the gentlemen, precluded the idea of that indiscriminate hugging so common in our day.

The last reveler had departed, and the groom with his bride stood alone before the cheerful fire. She was leaning fondly with both hands crossed upon his shoulder, and as she gazed at his countenance, now less dark than it was wont, an heroic thought flitted through her brain, and brightened her features, that she was to be the instrument which should reclaim to happiness and hope, a gloomy and lost, yet noble man. But a cold breeze was felt by both, and turning, there, in the half open doorway, stood the spirit, in British uniform, just as it had before looked, the livid weal about the throat, the marks of cords on the wrists, all horribly visible. An expression of sullen despair crossed the counte-

nance of Hans, while his wife stood speechless with terror. Slowly the spirit raised its wan finger, and pointing it at Kathrine, spoke in a voice which sent the life blood to her heart—"When the turtle shall have nine times crossed the porch, thou wilt be where I am, and the spy revenged."

A year passed by, but with no change for the better in the case of poor Hans. He grew, if possible, more bitter and sad; he spent days in solitary and gloomy musings; he neglected all ordinary occupations, and incurred the fierce displeasure of his father-in-law by his reckless conduct. It was reported that the murdered spy never left him, but was always present in both his sleeping and waking hours. He even became a drunkard, and sought to drown in the bottle the gloom which he could not dispel. Everywhere was he avoided or approached with shuddering. Yet the intensity of his suffering seemed to intensify the affections of Kathrine, until she almost worshiped him.

But Arnold's negotiations with the British were now in full progress, and sloops of war far up the river, from one of which troops landing, easily drove the small body of provincials from the heights around P——, and sacked the town. The Van Twiller family took refuge with the other villagers in the woods, but became separated from Hans in the tumult. On returning, they discovered that the enemy, not content with the slaughter of human beings, had waged war even against the brutes, cutting off a turtle's head, and leaving the animal on the piazza of the Van Twiller mansion, where it lay quivering, with that tenacity to life which enables it when so mutilated to survive for weeks.

But night came on, and Hans Anderson was not found in his accustomed seat. The morning of the second day arrived, still he did not appear, and now a terrible suspicion crossed the mind of his wife that she would never see him more. Day after day passed, yet brought no tidings of the wanderer; but the bloom disappeared from the cheeks of Kathrine, and a dangerous palor usurped its place. It was also noticed that every twelve hours the headless turtle accomplished one journey, the length of the piazza.

The moments dragged slowly and heavily along, and though they cast no light on the whereabouts of poor Hans, each one took away a portion of the very life blood of his young wife. Every one saw that she was dying—hastily dying of grief—and unless her intense mental excitement was relieved, madness or death must speedily ensue. Anxiously did the parents canvass the question would he ever come, earnestly did they watch, but no Hans appeared.

The morning of the ninth day, the sun rose beautifully over the autumnal hills, casting a rudy glow on the river and mountains, and dame Van Twiller threw open the broad hall door to enjoy its light. But her attention was arrested by the headless brute, which, turning its mutilated front towards the river, made one last effort with its dying energies, proceeded a few feet, and expired. Startled, she turned quickly, and called out, "See, Kathrine, see;" no answer was returned, but to the mother's horror, the daughter lay writhing in the death struggle, her limbs stiffening, her eyes set and glared, her features convulsed with internal suffering, and her rigid arm pointing at the window, through which, before the affrighted gaze of the matron, flitted a half seen figure in British uniform, a look of triumph on its leaden countenance; it passed, and Kathrine was dead.

Many years afterwards, a party of hunters discovered, in a dismal and secluded dell, the skeleton of a man, and upon his head the remnants of what had once been a cap, in which was worked the name, Hans Anderson. He had probably been overtaken there by drunkenness, and slain by some wild beast; and thus was the spy revenged.

C. M. D.

## College Bell.

### I.

Hear the ringing of the bell!  
Morning bell!  
What a hoarse cacophony the brazen lungs expell!  
What a clanging, clanging, clanging,  
On the frighted ear of morn!  
While the fancies overhanging  
Every sleeper, as the banging  
Of the "fortieth" forlorn  
Ope'd the doors of Caucasus,  
With an echo thunderous,  
Like morning mists, are melted by the monode of the bell,  
Of the bell, bell, bell, bell,  
Bell, bell, bell,  
By the monode of the madly rolling bell!

## II.

Hear the chiming of the bell,  
 Evening bell !  
 How the happy harmonies melodiously swell !  
 How the pulse of even' thrilleth  
 To the mellow, throbbing tone !  
 How the heart of passion stilleth,  
 While the evening anthem trilleth,  
 From the bedral up aboon !  
 O peaceful is the spell,  
 As a goddess-fingered shell,  
 Of the mellowly, and holily, and stilly pealing bell,  
 Of the bell, bell, bell, bell,  
 Bell, bell, bell,  
 Of the Even'-thrilling, Passion-stilling bell !

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## College Humbugs.

"Humbug, an imposition under fair pretences ; a person who thus imposes."

WEBSTER.

It may seem hardly necessary to define "Humbug," since Barnum's autobiography has been published. And indeed that book, in detailing the history of a life of imposition, admits us behind the curtain, and shows us all the elaborate machinery of tricks and lies which has hoaxed the world with Feejee mermaids and woolly horses for thirty years. The machinery is so simple and yet so cunningly contrived that we cannot decide, between the craft of the deceiver and the credulity of the deceived, at which to wonder most. We find a new meaning for the word "humbug," when we read how a dead monkey pantalooned with a fish tail, announced and described in a well arranged and plausible train of lies, attracted thousands of visitors, and deceived everybody, as long as its owner chose to exhibit it. Of such successful humbuggery as this the whole book is an exposition. But this is a very different thing from the humbug of College, which is our subject now. Different objects and different means of attaining them, belong to the world's humbug and to ours. So that we shall have to start with

the most general definition of the word, and apply that to the article among us. What are some of our College humbugs?

One of the most specious and hollow is reputation. Reputation, everywhere "the bubble," proverbially worthless and delusive, is in college acquired, maintained, and lost with peculiar ease. The suddenly acquired fame of any of the first men in College may at any time be as suddenly lost, "because it has no root." Springing up in a moment, as mushroom growth is but for a short season; the first breath of suspicion, the first hint of a test, withers and destroys it. Of course there are exceptions; there are among us some whose early and deserved reputation has been only justified and extended by each new trial of their abilities. But these exceptions confirm, rather than disprove the general rule, that college reputations are ill-founded, undeserved, and fleeting. And this arises naturally from several causes.

Our number, of both rivals and spectators, is not so large but that any slight success or superiority over others may be magnified into a victory over all. Our objects of pursuit are so ill defined and (in the mathematical use of the word) transcendental, that it is difficult to graduate all the various degrees of excellence. Then again secret societies, besides the many conflicting interests and contending cliques of ambition, often cause an undue exaltation or depreciation of their respective champions.

These causes are all external to the individual, whose reputation is concerned, and hence we must add to them the usual catalogue of ricks and lies, with which human nature, weak and depraved, conjures up golden clouds to envelop and conceal its infirmities. That contemptible meanness which will win a prize, or found a reputation on another's scholarship or talent, is unworthy of a student, unworthy of a gentleman. This then is the humbug of Reputation.

In close proximity to this, we see another great humbug, a monster whose torturing grasp we are even at this moment writhing, the demon Politics. Was there ever a greater paradox than this, politics in a literary institution, where all come to engage in literary pursuits, and strive after literary attainments? Think of politics among the children of a family, or the members of a church! Why then should

be found among the children of a common Alma Mater, the members of a brotherhood of learning? This monster periodically pokes a huge nub into those fountains of our improvement and pleasure, our secret and literary societies, and stirs up the sediment of human passions which had settled to the bottom during the long interval of rest, pol-

luting and poisoning their waters, and turning them into the foul channels of ambition and intrigue. Like the man in the eastern fable, who, by raising a board from a little hole in the earth, let out a huge and malignant demon confined there by a magician's spell, the approach of the political season seems to remove the customary restraint from the vilest qualities of the heart, loosing upon us in all their hideous deformity, low ambition, envy, jealousy, intrigue, and a thousand other refinements of wickedness.

Yet with all this mischief there comes no good. There is nothing in the world so empty and unsatisfying as college politics. It is, indeed, "great cry and" remarkably "little wool." "It is all vanity and vexation of spirit." After all the trouble and speechmaking, all the anxiety and running to and fro, all the bad feeling, intrigue and counter-intrigue, of the campaign, what is gained, what is the immense proportionate profit? The empty, soon-forgotten honor of an office, the mention of a name in the Yale Lit., the pleasure of working hard during the hot days of summer for a numerical victory in the next Freshmen class! Truly, a noble reward, a desirable result, of three years of careful plotting, and three weeks of anxious, toilsome, intriguing drudgery! Add to this the impossibility of always having the best men in office, since politics knows nothing of merit or demerit, and the certainty of injuring the literary societies, by making them the arena of political, not literary contests, and we get some idea of the amount of evil in that greatest of all humbugs, College Politics.

Again, there is a great deal of humbug about our college style of writing. We try to do so much that we fail to do even what little we might do well. We try to humbug ourselves with the idea that we can think as deeply and write as well as men of twice our years, and ten times our experience. As might be expected, we fail, and the failure ruins our style of thought and writing. In thought, we try to be profound and metaphysical—we succeed in being unfathomable and incomprehensible. In expression, we try to be mature and eloquent—we succeed in being artificial and prosy. This artificial style of thought and language ruins our writing, and greatly injures our college Magazine. We are none of us capable of writing long novels, or profound treatises on government, and if we try, we only mystify ourselves, and bore our readers. Let us not think that we are full grown men and old citizens. Let us not forget that we are students, and great guns in College. Let us only remember that we are men, young men, some of us boys, and try to express, naturally and freely, the thoughts and feelings

of our age and position. The very good view of this subject expressed in the introductory address of the Editors from the Class of '55, did not quite succeed in excluding everything of the kind from their pages, though there was a perceptible improvement in this respect. Let not the improvement end with them, but let it be our endeavor in the coming year to banish art and restore nature, the true, honest expression of Student nature, of which we need never be ashamed, to the pages of our cherished and justly-prized Magazine.

Many other phazes of humbug must remain untouched for want of time to do them justice. The shade of Prof. Richter howls mournfully a request to be noticed, but I can only mention his name, and leave the rest to the memory of my readers. The "Analysis and Synthesis of the Sentence" gazes imploringly in my face, but I can only glance back a denial, and look away. A faint sigh from "Prize Debates" is borne to my ear by the midnight wind, but I pity their wasting disease and approaching dissolution, and leave them for a *post mortem* examination.

Let me not be thought to assert that there are no deserved reputations, no honorable elections, or no good writers in college. I have only attempted to show that there is a prominent element of humbug in college reputation, politics, and writing, as a general rule, with exceptions, of course, in each particular. I hope at some future time to be able to show that there are realities, stern realities, in our college life.

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### Fortiter, Fideliter, Feliciter.

THESE words have been adopted, at a regularly convened meeting of the Class of 1858, as their motto, and engraved, by their direction, on the stamp or seal of the class.

We delight to record a fact so honorable to the classic taste and correct feeling of our younger brethren, as the adoption of this beautiful sentiment as the watchword of the class.

A philosophic mind is not satisfied with the passive admiration of the beautiful. It seeks to analyze its emotions, and, where the case requires it, to go even into detail.

The words before us, when examined in this spirit, illustrate several important principles in language.



The first thing to be observed is *the similarity of form* which these words present. Each of them consists of two parts; viz, the crude form, so called, and the adverbial termination *ter*, which has not yet been satisfactorily explained. Thus, *fortiter*—*forti*+*ter*; *fideliter*—*fideli*+*ter*; *feliciter*—*felici*+*ter*.

Of these crude forms, the first, *forti*, is perhaps a stem-word; the two last, *fideli* and *felici*, are derivatives.

The next thing to be observed is *the alliteration*. Besides the homoioteleuton, or the resemblance in the termination, which has naturally arisen from the repetition of the adverbial form, there is an intentional or designed alliteration which consists in each word beginning with *f*. There is a disposition in most nations to be pleased with alliteration, as well as with rhyme. This fondness for alliteration and rhyme is founded on the great law of attraction, assimilation, or elective affinity, which exerts so powerful an influence on the forms and combinations of language generally. An alliteration is generally lost in a translation.

Another thing to be observed is that *each word*, which is here an adverb, *embodies a whole proposition*. This embodying of a whole proposition in one word is not a process which takes place at random in reference to any member of the full proposition. The word which performs this office must have a logical prominence over the other words in the original proposition. The original or full proposition here contains an objective combination. The adverb expresses the object, and has the prominence of which we speak over the other members.

The last thing to be observed is *the entire absence of any connective*. The omission of the conjunction concentrates the attention of the mind on the separate thoughts, which thus acquire a prominence or greater logical value.

The combination is apparently trimembral. A little attention, however, will show that the two first propositions stand to each other in a copulative relation, and that these two stand to the third in a causal relation.

Thus, the whole sentiment, if fully drawn out, may be expressed thus: *si fortiter agamus, et si fideliter agamus, feliciter agemus*, a worthy thought—a Christianization of pagan lore.

*Ite, juvenes, agite fortiter, agite fideliter, feliciter agite.*

J. W. G.

## The Adventures of Peleg Washington Spriggins, Undergraduate.

SPRIGGINS is romantic. His face which beams with a poetic fire ; his eyes in a "fine frenzy rolling ;" his long locks flung carelessly back from his high forehead ; his wide turn-down collar—all bespeak the imaginative temperament.

Spriggins is a lover of the fair sex. He believes that they are likewise intensely appreciative of his merits. It is absolutely impossible for them to escape the deluge of quotation, anecdote, and studied wit, with which he overwhelms every one with whom he converses. He admires Byron, and patronizes Shakspeare, extols Alexander Smith, and terms Tennyson vague. He generally carries on such conversation so satisfactorily that the ladies say, "What a well-read man Mr. Spriggins is!" and always after avoid his company.

But Spriggins' peculiar *forte* is that kind of talk which some people irreverently call "bosh." His recipe is something as follows :

30 parts Love,  
20 parts Poetry,  
20 parts Sentiment,  
15 parts Flattery,  
15 parts Gas,

the whole infused with the smallest possible portion of sense. N. B.—"Administer according to the age and habits of the patient." Other people change the proportions somewhat. Some adding more flattery, and taking away the poetry ; others using more sentiment or love, and putting the gas out—of the recipe. But the above is the "real original Spriggins' Mixture."

It is not regarding the N. B. that injures him in the estimation of some persons. They cannot bear the indiscriminate doses which he gives, regardless of circumstances. Yet the deluded Spriggins fancies they welcome the potion, because they make no demonstration of dislike.

Spriggins one evening called on Miss Cribbs.—

Pardon a digression while I relate the peculiarly romantic manner in which they became acquainted. Spriggins went into the cemetery one day to muse on the vanity of human life and the worthlessness of its

aspirations. So deeply engaged was he in meditation, that, ere he was aware, the sun had gone down, and on arriving at the gate he found it shut. He was a prisoner. Stone and iron forbade his exit. This, however, he deemed no great affliction, when he saw a fair form hastily coming up the walk. She would bear him company. Romantic situation !

"It seems, Miss," said Spriggins, politely doffing his beaver, "that we are 'barred from the living world by iron and stone.'"

"Sir ?" said she, seemingly doubtful as to his meaning.

"I mean the gate is shut," said he briefly.

"Yea, Sir," answered she, bashfully.

By this time two or three ragged little boys had gathered round the gate, grinning and gazing through the bars, as they would at the monkeys in a menagerie.

"Young man," said Spriggins, addressing a freckle-faced boy with a dilapidated pair of trowsers, "do you know where the keeper of the gate resides ?"

"Somewhere round here, I guess," replied he, with a peculiar grin, "I don't 'xactly know what house. Hullo, Bill !" shouted he to a boy in the distance. "Come here ! here's a man and gal in the graveyard, and they wants to get out. Do you know where the feller lives what's got the key ?"

"No, I don't," said Bill, as he came up to the place together with one or two men whom the shouting had attracted.

There was now quite a little crowd assembled. They seemed to enjoy the joke highly. More so than Spriggins, who continued to institute vain inquiries as to the whereabouts of the gate-keeper. Finally, some one suggested the idea of a ladder, and under the promise of a sixpence some of the boys went in search of one. They returned, however, in a short time, saying that none could be found.

What was to be done ? Spriggins never lost sight of that true dignity which it was his duty to maintain, but alternately comforted the fair damsel, and suggested expedients of escape. At last some one thought of boards and barrels. A temporary scaffolding was erected, and they were freed from their romantic yet awkward captivity.

Spriggins accompanied the young lady home. She thanked him earnestly, and asked him to call. He was overjoyed at this truly happy termination of his adventure, and went to his room with a light spirit. The next day he performed two deeds worthy of his heart and head. He sought out the freckled-faced boy with the dilapidated trowsers, and

gave him twenty-five cents; and also wrote and sent the following sonnet to Miss Cribbs, the lady whom he had rescued :

SONNET TO ONE WHO WILL KNOW.

Last eve I walked within the graveyard old,  
Passing away the lovely twilight hours;  
I saw the springing of the dewy flowers  
From out the richness of their mother mould.  
I saw the setting of the glorious sun,  
Mantled about with deep-empurpled clouds:  
And unheard came the feet of darkness on,  
Which nightly all the swooning earth enshrouds.  
But yet more fair than summer in its prime,  
More beautiful than sunset, calmly sweet,  
Was that fair being, who, with timid feet,  
Rose where the arch the iron gate o'ershoots,  
Known from an angel only by her gaiter boots!

This effort of genius completely captivated Miss Cribbs. Spriggins was ever welcome to her house. True, as she told her confidants, there were some little peculiarities in his manner; but then he was so talented, and could write such *beau-tiful* poetry!

This call of Spriggins, from which I digressed, was one of those customary ones which his friendship for Miss C. caused him to make. As our hero walked gayly towards her residence he had no presentiment that anything unusual was about to happen; yet upon this call was depending Spriggins' happiness. So near are we to fate before we feel her power. But let me not anticipate.

Imagine him arrived at the house of the lady, that the usual compliments have been interchanged; then, of course, comes the discussion of the affairs of their acquaintances. They talk over Miss Such-a-one's flirtation with Mr. Thingum-bob, how she laughs at him behind his back, and flatters him when present; how particularly attentive Mr. X. is to Miss Y.; that she thinks him the handsomest gentleman she ever saw, while he perfectly worships her.

"For my part," said Miss Cribbs spitefully, "I can't see what he finds attractive in her; a little silly thing—always laughing and giggling. Some people call her handsome, just because she has pretty features. I like to see expression."

"I saw them out riding on horseback to-day," said Spriggins. "She is a very graceful rider."

"There is nothing," said Miss Cribbs, "that I like so well as a good horseback ride. I used to ride a great deal in the country, where I could go without ceremony. But in the city one does not like to ride alone, and I have no one to attend me, or I should ride very often. My pony needs more exercise than he gets."

I never have made up my mind as to whether Miss Cribbs intended this last speech as a hint to Spriggins or not. I am inclined to think she did. At any rate, he took it as such, and said—

"I should be most happy to accompany you any time that you might wish to ride."

"Whenever you could make it convenient—next Wednesday afternoon?" said she, inquiringly.

"As well then as any time," replied he.

So it was settled that they take a horseback ride the next Wednesday afternoon.

Ah, Spriggins, truly said you, "as well then as any time." You knew that you were altogether ignorant of the art of equitation, save some faint reminiscences of childhood days, when you mounted behind the farm-boy, Jack, on old Tom. You knew that for ten years you had not bestrode a horse's back. Why allow your politeness to lead you astray?

But Spriggins was enamored of Miss Cribbs. It is allowable for persons in love to make fools of themselves. If she had told him to climb the flag-staff on the Green, and, when he reached the top, stand on his head, I believe he would have attempted it. The offering of his services as *cavalier a cheval* implied an equal amount of temerity.

The eventful Wednesday afternoon arrived.

Spriggins had taken the precaution to ride out the evening before that he might test his knowledge of horsemanship. He succeeded very well in managing his horse. He sent for Hazard's Manual of Horsemanship, and "crammed" all the rules. He felt a sort of trembling confidence in his success.

But when he went for his horse, the hostler informed him that the one he had the evening before was engaged.

"But we've just got a new one:" said the hostler, "splendid saddle-horse; reg'lar two-forty if you whip her up, and just as gentle as a kitten. She's been in Disbrow's riding school all winter."

"She's quiet, you say?" asked Spriggins.

"As a lamb," replied the hostler. "Disbrow kept her 'specially for females as were consumptively inclined. But since the girls have given

## Memorabilia Valensia.

### JUNIOR EXHIBITION

Came off on Monday, April 9th, one day earlier than usual. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, in the afternoon, a fair audience was assembled, while the pleasant evening brought together, at an early hour, a rare selection of New Haven worth and beauty.

A noticeable feature in the performances of the speakers was their improved style of delivery. This was owing to the commendable efforts of our new instructor in elocution, Professor Bailey. His method of instruction is somewhat novel, but, upon the whole, we think correct. A fundamental principle with him is *to adapt the delivery to the specific sentiment of the piece*. The inculcation of this principle is elevating the standard of excellence in speaking, and its tendency is to introduce the Student of Oratory at once to the study of nature. The opinion has been too prevalent that every production—a philosophical essay even—should be spoken with the thrilling power appropriate only to a revolutionary harangue. If men can *think* and *feel* like Patrick Henry, in all conscience let them adopt his fervid manner. But if their thoughts are cast in the mould of the dry, abstract thinker, let them beware lest they remind us of the

“ ——— Tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing ———”

Professor B. has another aim equally important and fundamental—to *develop each speaker's peculiar power*. This is the training that every young speaker needs. He should know wherein his strength lies, and thus he will be enabled to bring himself out to the “utmost he can come to.” It is the extreme of folly to attempt to make a class of a hundred students pattern after their teacher or any distinguished speaker, with the slightest hope of success. The variety of nature is infinite. No Webster can be dwarfed down to the twang and tone of an auctioneer. And no man whose phlegmatic temperament fits him only for the function of a town-cryer can be made to assume the spirit-stirring enthusiasm of a Preston. And it requires, on the part of the elocutionist, the highest discrimination to detect in the crude efforts of the unpracticed declaimer his forte. But when he points out his faulty mannerisms—shows him wherein he can best succeed, and cheerfully and patiently aids him to cultivate his most befitting and expressive style, he does all that the elocutionist can do, and vastly more than many accomplish. We are happy to add that Professor B's method of instruction meets with the hearty approbation of the College world.

The following is a list of the speakers and their subjects:

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

##### AFTERNOON.

1. Latin Oration, “De Horatio Coclite stationem ad pontem sublicium agente,”  
by TIMOTHY KEELER WILCOX, *New Haven*.

2. Dissertation, "Ideal of an American Citizen," by WILLIAM ALDRICH BUSHEE, *Worcester, Mass.*
3. Oration, "Venice," by CHARLES MANN, *Utica, N. Y.*
4. Oration, "The True Man," by SENECA McNEIL KEELER, *Ridgefield.*
5. Oration, "Lycurgus as a Lawgiver," by JAMES LYMAN RACKLEFF, *New Haven.*
6. Dissertation, "Kossuth and Liberty," by EDWARD ORSON COWLES, *North Haven.*
7. Oration, "Cultivated Intellect in Public Life," by NELSON BARTHOLOMEW, *Hardwick, Mass.*
8. Dissertation, "The Mob," by EDWARD ALFRED SMITH, *New York City.*
9. Dissertation, "The Dreamer and the Worker," by CHARLES TAYLOR CATLIN, *Brooklyn, L. I.*
10. Oration, "Men, not Principles," by SAMUEL FAY WOODS, *Barre, Mass.*
11. Oration, "The Salem Witchcraft," by HENRY EDWARDS PARDEE, *Trumbull.*
12. Oration, "The Author in the Heart of the Reader," by BENJAMIN DRAKE MAGRUDER, *Jackson, La.*
13. Philosophical Oration, "Conflict of Thought with Authority," by EDWARD CORNELIUS TOWN, *Batavia, Ill.*

## EVENING.

1. Greek Oration, "Οἱ Μεσσηνιοὶ, ἐπὶ Ἐπαμεινώνδους καταγόμενοι, ἐν Ἰδῶνι Ἀριστομένην ἐγκωμιάζουσιν," by WILLIAM HARVEY WILLSON CAMPBELL, *Chelsea, Mass.*
2. Oration, "Longings for Excellence as a motive to Action," by HENRY BILLINGS BROWN, *Stonington.*
3. Dissertation, "The True Basis of Peace for Europe," by EDWARD ASHLEY WALKER, *New Haven.*
4. Oration, "The Moorish Dominion in Spain," by LEWIS RICHARD PACKARD, *Philadelphia, Pa.*
5. Dissertation, "The Heroic in Action," by ISAAC CLARK, *South Coventry.*
6. Dissertation, "The Hudson and its Legends," by CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DE FEW, *Peekskill, N. Y.*
7. Poem, "The Last King of Atlantis," by THERON BROWN, *Westford.*
8. Dissertation, "The Influence of Christianity on the Progress of Liberty," by HASBROUCK DU BOIS, *Fishkill, N. Y.*
9. Philosophical Oration, "The Hero Statesman," by LEVY LEONARD PAINE, *East Randolph, Mass.*
10. Oration, "Shrines and their Uses," by GEORGE CHESTER ROBINSON, *Wellsboro', Pa.*
11. Philosophical Oration, "A Plea for the Literature of Sentiment," by PHINEAS WOLCOTT CALKINS, *Corning, N. Y.*

## SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

At the regular Election, April 4th, the following officers were chosen:

LINONIA.

President.

STERNE CHITTENDEN,

BROTHERS.

CHARLES M. TYLER.

*Vice-President.*

L. D. BREWSTER,

W. R. WOODBRIDGE.

*Secretary.*

A. COIT,

E. F. WILLIAMS.

*Vice-Secretary.*

D. C. EATON,

H. M. DUTTON.

At a regular meeting of the Linonian Society, May 16th, an Oration was delivered before the two Societies, by J. H. ANKETELL, of the Senior Class. Subject—"Action and Repose."

## THE NAVY LIST.

The Yale Navy is again afloat with some additions and improvements. We are glad to observe the renewal of the United Organization to inspire unanimity of feeling and action. Of all seekers after health and pleasure we envy most these "Paramours of Ocean's fairest daughters." Another Regatta is expected during Commencement week.

The following is a report of the boats with their Officers and Crews :

N. WILLIS BUMSTREAD, *Commodore.*MATTHIAS H. ARNOT, *First Fleet Captain.*JAMES C. MCGREGOR, *Second Fleet Captain.*WM. B. WILSON, *Secretary.*ALFRED L. EDWARDS, *Treasurer.*

## THULIA. SIX OARS.

Class of 1856. Built by James, of Brooklyn, in 1853. *Flags*, at bow, streamer with name in gilt letters ; at stern, American ensign. *Uniform*, light grey shirts, with red shield on breast, trimmed with white.

L. R. PACKARD, *Captain* ; J. D. CHAMPLIN, *First Lieutenant* ; A. W. HARRIOTT, *Second Lieutenant* ; S. E. MORSE, *Purser*.

J. M. BROWN, G. W. BUEHLER, J. O. DENNISTON, C. M. DEPEW, L. L. DUNBAR, F. FELLOWES, T. P. HALL, F. S. HOPPIN, B. D. MAGRUDER, C. MANN, J. MONTEITH, F. H. PECK.

## UNDINE. EIGHT OARS.

Class of 1856. Built in New Haven, by Brooks and Thatcher, in 1852. *Flags*, at bow, blue with letter "U" surrounded by stars ; at stern, American ensign. *Lights*, larboard, blue ; starboard, red. *Uniform*, white shirts with blue facings, with letter "U" and "56" on breast. White pants.

M. H. ARNOT, *Captain* ; E. A. EAKIN, *First Lieutenant* ; R. C. DUNBAR, *Second Lieutenant* ; DONALD SHAW, *Purser* ; G. A. LEMEE, *Clerk*.

R. M. BAKER, A. DICKINSON, W. T. KITTREDGE, J. W. SWAYNE, R. L. BRANDON, S. CONDITT, H. M. MCINTIRE, L. C. FISCHER, S. L. PINNEO.

## ALIDA. SIX OARS.

Class of 1857. Built in New York in 1854. *Flags*, at bow, blue with name



inscribed; at stern, American ensign. *Uniform*, blue shirts, with American shield, letter "A" and figures "57" on the breast. White pants.

CHARLES S. BLACKMAN, *Captain*; ALFRED L. EDWARDS, *First Lieutenant*; GEO. M. WOODRUFF, *Second Lieutenant*; H. S. HUNTINGTON, *Purser*.

E. W. Blake, L. Bradner, J. S. Burnet, F. E. Butler, J. B. Cone, J. C. Day, S. D. Doar, D. S. Dodge, D. C. Eaton, S. H. Hyde, J. C. Jackson, H. E. Pratt, S. O. Seymour, A. H. Strong, E. M. Wood.

#### NAUTILUS. SIX OARS.

Class of 1857. Built by James, of Brooklyn, in 1854. *Flags*, at bow, white jack with red border, with letter "N" in blue; at stern, American ensign. *Uniform*, green shirts, with orange shield, collars and cuffs. Letter "N" and figures "57" on breast. Pants white.

W. BOYD WILSON, *Captain*; SAMUEL SCOVILLE, *First Lieutenant*; A. T. GALT, *Second Lieutenant*; ALFRED HAND, *Purser*.

R. H. Brown, S. F. Douglas, E. J. Evans, H. L. Foules, J. P. Green, L. D. Hodge, J. M. Holmes, N. C. Perkins, D. G. Porter, L. E. Profflet, H. M. Seely, W. K. Southwick, M. Tyler.

#### ATALANTA. SIX OARS.

Class of 1858. Built at New York in 1851. Bought of the Class of 1855. Painted light yellow, with a vermillion stripe; inside, peach blossom. *Uniform*, white shirt, blue collar, shield and cuffs; black belt and white pants. Boat 80 feet in length; crew limited to 16.

THATCHER M. ADAMS, *Captain*; MATTHEW CHALMERS, *First Lieutenant*; MARTIN S. EICHELBERGER, *Second Lieutenant*; GEORGE M. BOYNTON, *Purser*.

William N. Armstrong, Addison L. Clarke, Sanford H. Cobb, Nathan C. Folger, Henry A. Grant, Frederick C. Hewitt, Edward C. Porter, Normand Smith, Addison Van Name, Thomas G. Fallock, Moses M. Greenwood.

#### NEREID. SIX OARS.

Class of 1858. Built by James, of Brooklyn, in 1855. Cushioned, flags of silk. Boat 40 feet in length; chocolate color, with scarlet stripe. *Uniform*, blue shirt with scarlet shield, inscribed "Yale, '58, Nereid;" collars and cuffs scarlet; trimmings white. Pants white.

WILLIAM P. BACON, *Captain*; G. E. DUNHAM, *First Lieutenant*; WILLIAM D. MORGAN, *Second Lieutenant*; L. H. Pierce, *Purser*.

E. F. Blake, D. G. Brinton, R. H. Cutter, G. M. Franklin, L. Howe, L. Janin, C. S. Kellogg, R. Moore, R. Morris, A. W. Nicoll, T. A. Perkins, H. Royer, E. R. Stevens, F. W. Stevens, G. W. Trow, C. H. Woodruff.

#### ROWENA. FOUR OARS.

Class of 1858. Built by Darling, in New York, in 1854. Painted, outside, a dark green, with gold stripe; inside, rose color and dark blue. *Uniform*, tarpaulin hat; blue shirt with white shield, collar and cuffs; shield on the breast having the name "Rowena" and figures "58" in blue. White pants. *Flags*, at the bow, blue, with white trimmings, bearing the name and an anchor; at the stern, national colors.

WILLIAM A. MAGILL, *Captain*; THEO. W. TWINING, *First Lieutenant*; VOLNEY ANDERSON, *Second Lieutenant*; CHANNING RICHARDS, *Purser*.

Lane W. Brandon, Charles Buckingham, Jephtha Garrard, Thomas S. Hodson, I. C. Napier.

TRANSIT. SIX OARS.

Engineer Department. Built by Darling, of New York, in 1854. *Flags*, at bow, a tricolor jack; at stern, American ensign. *Uniform*, red shirts with blue facing, oars in white, crossing on lower part of breast; star in white on each side. White pants.

JAMES C. MCGREGOR, *Captain*; ROBERT STONE, *Lieutenant*; GEORGE F. FULLER, *Treasurer*; JAMES POMPELLE, *Secretary*.

W. Billings, E. A. Curtis, H. Stoddard, J. W. Terry, L. Williams, W. H. Carmalt, A. T. Mosman, A. Terry, M. Watson, G. Wingfield.

### Editor's Table.

A RAP on the door. There was nothing so very strange in that. Knuckles almost numberless had belabored the pannels since they had first taken their place as a screen against the common gaze. Yet we immediately fell to wondering who it was that had thus telegraphed his presence to us. Could it be one of those itinerant sons of Italy, whose exquisite productions have drawn so many shillings from our pockets, and so many hearty stares from our eyes—those humble worshipers at the shrine of departed genius—those peripatetic apostles of beauty who carry into palace and hovel, the refining and etherializing influence of art ycleped image venders? Was it the philanthropic retailer of fruit, the irregular path of whose peregrinations brings him often to the door? Our fingers instinctively found their way to our pocket. The knock was repeated, and the door slowly opened. Nobody appeared. A mysterious sense of dread came over us. A dim undefined apprehension of evil seized upon us. We gazed earnestly at the door. Still nobody appeared. We advanced cautiously towards the threshold. Now by this time the vague sensations of horror which had been creeping into our brains had wrought us up to an intense excitement, not unmixed with a determination to “do and dare.” We could have faced a hydra or a dun. We met a small boy. This specimen of juvenility was barefooted, and held in his hand the remnants of the crown and brim of a palm-leaf hat. The balance of his habiliments mounted to two pieces of list which served a double purpose, namely—to sustain about the waist, what might have been once the remnants of a moderate sized man’s inexpressibles, so that the serrated lower extremities should not become too familiar with the ancles below—and to hold together two or three cotton rags which fell from his shoulders, and which otherwise would certainly have sailed off in the wind. Near his mouth was an irregular daub of

an unnatural and unbecoming hue, denoting that the wretched youngster had fallen a victim to the wiles of some molasses-candy peddler. As we were saying, we felt prepared to meet almost any kind of monster imaginable. We should have demanded his business in the tones of a Stentor. As it was, we said "humph!" The youngster advanced with some timidity, and put into our hands a parcel, enveloped in brown paper, and tied with a cotton string. We turned to the window to examine the address. It was—To the Editors of the Y. L. M. When we looked around, the room was vacant. The boy—the unknown and unclassic Mercurius had fled. The little rascal—how were we to know where the package came from? We were about to open it, when the thought of an "infernal machine" forced itself upon us. We laid the brown paper bundle on the table and removed the box of matches and fluid lamp. But on reflection, we made up our mind that no such contrivance would ever have been tied up in paper with a cotton string. We opened the package and were rewarded by the discovery of the following document:

*"To the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine."*

GENTLEMEN:—

I address myself to you under the firm conviction that you have a true appreciation of genius. The interests of literature—divine handicraft—will therefore occupy a locality encroaching even upon that of self-interest, in your hearts. To you then—I say—I address myself, after having been rebuffed with cruel persistence by many whose delight it should be to rescue from neglect the worshippers of the muses. I am—as you may judge—a poet—an enthusiast poet. From my birth an inspiration—a true Parnassus born frenzy has lifted up my soul to the loftiest summits of the ethereal and imaginative world. Yet the common herd have mocked at me. The out-pourings of my fervid spirit have been ridiculed. I have placed some of my most celestial aspirations, clothed in the grandest of language, in the hands of the first literary men of the country—but their souls have been cold and unsympathetic, and my productions have been returned to me with scorn. Penury now lodges in my garret. Yet above all these reverses rises my unconquerable genius, undismayed and fierce. To you then I apply. You will, I know, assist me, not as an eleemosynary, but as a down-trodden but struggling aspirant for a grand apotheosis of his radiant thoughts and divine fancies. I shall not, until another occasion, favor you with any of the coinings of my restless brain—but, since—like many others, over whose graves the world now weep—I am forced to struggle against want, I shall request you to give publicity to the accompanying advertisement.

Yours most respectfully,

A. B. K.

The undersigned announces to the public that he is prepared, at the shortest notice, to express in poetry, the impassioned language of the soul. Themes gay, serious, sentimental, sad or historical, harmonized and filled with inspiration with equal facility. Also he offers for sale his "patent self-acting Parnassian Machine." This instrument is the result of many years of restless and ambitious toil. By its assistance poems of any description may be supplied

instantaneously. Directions for its use furnished to purchasers. Pat-  
ill direct their orders to the Editors of the Y. L. M.

ARIOSTO BYRON KITTLES.

ort time after the reception of this manuscript, a porter made his appear-  
with one of the machines in question. Immediately we prepared for an

We rolled up our shirt-sleeves and following the directions pasted on  
p of the instrument, commenced operations. We first tried our hand at  
ade, and produced the following:

The vivid lightning flashes,  
The thunder sounds around,  
The rain-drops fall in splashes,  
And on the ground rebound;  
Yet neither flash nor roaring  
Maketh my heart to beat,—  
My thoughts to thee are soaring,  
Awake, my lady sweet!

Thine eyes are like the lightning,  
Beneath their tressy cloud,  
All nature ever brightening,  
Though wrapped in night's dark shroud;  
Thy frown, like silent thunder,  
When thy dark brows are bent;  
Oh smile on me from yonder  
Woodbine entwined casement.

Thy smile is like the sunlight,  
Upon the black cloud's rim;  
Thy lover vows, that *one* light  
Is all the world to him;  
O'er my heart, fairest maiden,  
Thou reignest through the rain!  
Then cheer the heavy laden,  
By smiling through thy pane!

stopped the machine, as it was evidently mixing in some remnants of a  
ous punning poem. All must notice the precision with which the meta-  
supplied to the instrument are woven in at intervals. It will be seen  
he first impression of the thunder and lightning is much more vivid than  
llowing one, and nothing can exceed the delicacy of the transition from  
erce flashes in the cloud to smiling sunlight on its rim. The double  
as in the first stanza, show clearly that the mechanism of poetry is car-  
o a high state of perfection by Mr. Kittles. We next—having wiped the  
ment and inserted willow—grave—and unconsciousness—turned the  
with the most careful deliberation and manufactured the following:

## DIRGE.

Our Cinderilla's lost—  
 The willow droopeth o'er her tomb,  
 And violets breathe a mild perfume  
 Over her dust.

Our Cinderilla's dead—  
 Over her urn the willow weeps;  
 The owl her doleful vigil keeps  
 Above her head.

Our Cinderilla's gone—  
 O'er her grave now sighs the willow;  
 The stars look down upon her pillow,  
 And crystal tears will still distill o—  
 Ver her uncon—(scious)—

The cause of the rhythmical aberrations in the concluding verse, is that some part of the machinery became disordered and refused to perform its proper office. We mistrust our inexperience was the cause. But there can be no doubt of the final triumph of Mr. Kittles' invention; and we earnestly implore college poets of all sorts, to avail themselves of its invaluable aid. How many hours of labor will it save you, and how many quarts of oil! You can have epics, odes or epithalamiums, as you desire. If you wish a palpable imitation, throw Alexander Smith—his poems, of course—into the feeding box, and you can have the old article in a new form. You may immortalize yourself without labor.

Brains will be superseded by rhyming dictionaries in the golden age of poesy which is sure to follow this sublime contrivance. The poetic frenzy will be supplied by lubricants. Walk up competitors for the "American Epic Prize!" Into glory instantan can you grind yourselves!

"What a singular habit!" We raised our head to see what called forth this remark. We were entering one of our large cities, and saw a notice painted on a fence, to the effect that all the inhabitants of the locality were in the habit of imbibing So-and-So's "Worm Syrup"! We looked at the speaker. He was a bland gentleman, with light hair, and evidently a stranger. Credulous man! we soliloquized. He, doubtless, expects to find the people given over to medicine-bibing. He anticipates meeting an ambulance in every street, and being dogged by physicians in troops. Already he begins to smell drugs, and hear the thumping of the pestle. Yet, after all, will he not rather suspect this strange potating to pertain more strictly to the habits of social life! Worm syrup on the sideboard; worm syrup at dinner. Permit me, sir, a glass of worm syrup! "What a singular habit!" The notice on the fence was not so very far from the truth. Yankees do have a weakness for patent medicine. It is one of their peculiar institutions. They take pride in it, one and all, from the urchin who gulps down his first pill, to the octogenarian, who takes his final pull at the bottle, and tumbles into his grave. A highly respectable institution it is too. Do you see that magnificent structure of freestone! The finest mansion in the

street, is it not? It is founded on medicine bottles. Enter and look around you. You don't perceive the odor of anything peculiar, do you? Probably not. Neither do you see the family coat of arms—a bottle of cordial explodant, and a diploma case vacant? No! Gold fills the nostrils and blinds the eyes effectually. But the whole establishment pertains to the institution. Glorious result of the singular habit! How it adorns our avenues with elegant structures, and rears up for us a “best society,” “warranted to keep for any length of time, in any climate, without souring”! But this is only digression. We were intending to recommend to our readers a remedy for the headache, which, though it may induce a recurrence of the disease, will rarely fail of effecting a cure. Cornicle—a friend of ours, with several weaknesses and many virtues—had succeeded in enticing us away into Windham Co., for the purpose of gazing upon the beauties with which he averred nature had adorned and peopled that district of country. We had spent two or three days in exceedingly agreeable explorations, when Cornicle became possessed of a desire to exhibit me his skill as a charioteer. An intense admiration of his own driving is one of his weaknesses. Perfectly satisfied with himself and the world is Cornicle, perched up behind two specimens of excited horseflesh, and armed with a long whip. Ask a favor of Cornicle after dinner or after a successful drive! Well, having ransacked the town, we captured two animals primitively white beyond doubt, but at that time variegated with a hue, which, for all we know, might have been deduced from wet straw. A suitable chariot was provided, and away we went. There were four of us in all.—What was said and done we are not exactly prepared to say. We recollect speculating on dark eyes and hair. It appears to us that there were a great many remarks made about the beauties of the Spring, and that we tried to admire them all, but we always looked out at one side of the carriage, and there dark eyes and hair were continually in our way. We visited a mineral spring, and Cornicle declared the waters excellent, and imbibed most alarmingly of them. We think vanity must have been the cause, for the water tasted much as we should imagine ditch water would, when drawn into a rusty dipper. Yet his draughts were long and frequent. We scaled several fences and climbed to the top of a hill—there were two of us—expecting to be repaid by a glorious view of something. We found ourselves in a potatoe patch, which encircled a very unromantic cottage, with hats in the window sashes. A yellow haired woman was staring out of the door. What a shocking taste the *old heathen* did have with respect to hair. We didn't find any glorious view, and descended. We were soon rolling away to the crack of Cornicle's whip. There's an indistinct recollection in our mind at present, of throbs, and pain, and burning temples; of gentle words: of chuckles from Cornicle and from under a little bonnet, on the front seat, trimmed with green ribbons; of the sudden blackness of our hair, though we could not account for the pieces of straw that intervened between it and our head, and then of dashing up to the door of that old tavern, with the same jolly Bacchus for a sign, whose acquaintance the readers of one of our first magazines have already formed. There, in the front room, we lay upon a lounge, with quite a comfortable sense of being the object of general sympathy, and an exquisite trustfulness in the black eyes that lighted up that part of the room. For the eyes acted as careful overseers

of a delicate hand that brought cooling and relief in its gentle touch. What the mixture was with which it laved our forehead, we don't know—we think it wasn't black—we think we heard the creak of a windlass before it was brought in, and a rustling in the cupboard—but we were blissfully careless. One ingredient was omitted—but then, so short an acquaintance as we had with our fair nurses, and besides we were a little timid. We were soon on the way home. Our temples had ceased throbbing, but still we were considered an invalid, and felt a little like one. Our arm was continually getting into the wrong place. The dark eyes were considerate however, and found so many things of interest in the stars, that our unfortunate arm was overlooked. The hours slipped away, and Cornicle cracked his whip for the last time to his unspeakable sorrow. We dreamed that night that our locks had grown long, and black, and silky, and that the pieces of straw had all been removed. Then we dreamed of black eyes—our's we thought were black, and we saw a tall young man with his fists doubled up, walking away from us—and we acted most absurdly in our visions, till Cornicle pulled our nose the next morning. The last we saw of the Windham Co. girls was a mere glimpse—a fleeting vision of dark hair, and a new pair of lilac-colored gloves. Windham for ever!

The view of men and things that presents itself to our eyes at the present time is by no means strange or startling. Spring has been prudish—but thereye is growing finely they say, and we had a remarkably fine chase after wild flowers in the woods the other day. We didn't bring any home with us. The social atmosphere is genial—particularly on Chapel Street. Seniors appear a little abstracted however, and somewhat indifferent to the Spring styles of millinery. We suspect they are beginning to think of the sensation they are to create in the world. Poor fellows! Before they have been long out of the college shell, they will be glad to pick their way in again. We heard them from our sanctum this evening giving vent to their "phelinx" in harmony. The favorite melody appeared to be a sacred one, and the sad strain as it drifted down among the trees, accompanied by the disconsolate toots of some uncivilized instrument brought solemnity upon our soul. We felt melancholy, but the "Derby Ram" soon restored our equanimity. We have a great many things to say to you, gentle reader, but we spare you the infliction for the present. We beg pardon for our garrulity, and commend ourself and effort to your good nature and forbearance.

VALE!

The Three Advertisements, by  $\Phi$ .  $\Gamma$ ., a piece of much merit, came in too late for publication, but will appear in the next number. Several other good pieces are upon our table, but an unexpected influx of matter precludes their present appearance.

**CORRECTION.**—The twelfth day of September, 1718, was *Friday*, not *Saturday*, as was stated on page 200 of the April number of this Magazine, but this error does not affect the conclusion that the Commencement anniversary of that year at New Haven was held on the *tenth* of that month.

E. C. H.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '56.

G. F. BAILEY,

W. H. W. CAMPBELL,

J. M. BROWN,

H. DU BOIS,

L. C. FISCHER.

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“Characteristics.”

THE above is the title of an article in the essays of Thomas Carlyle, which, though purporting to notice some contemporary works, is, in substance, the exposition of a peculiar doctrine of the writer. This doctrine the author terms the “Unconsciousness of all healthy vital action in Man.” Laying down the general proposition, that “the healthy know not of their health, but only the sick,” which is the physician’s aphorism, he applies it equally to all mental and moral action. He claims that as no knowledge of the human system would have been demanded had it always been sound, but that all men would have remained in blissful ignorance of their bodily structure, so, too, the perfection of the mind and moral nature lies in their unconscious action.

The perfect state of man, under such a system, would be as follows. He would not be conscious of his bodily health, for he has never experienced disease. However strong the pulse beat, or the nerves tingle with health, the perfect man knows not of his health, for he has no memory of disorder with which to compare it. So, too, the healthy mind grows up in its intellect by no painful experience of laborious thought. Reason and imagination wake up to a pleasant life of action,



unconscious of any past struggles for freedom. The intellect is unconscious in such a state, for its own experience of perfection is its whole history. Thus with the moral nature. The perfect man finds himself a worshipping being, with religious emotions springing fresh from his soul; but he is not conscious of his moral nature, for his whole history has been a pure life. Such is Carlyle's perfect man, as derived from his theory of "unconsciousness." Such is his Man of Eden. And his doctrine, while confined to the Man of Eden, is a harmless and beautiful one.

But our author stops not here. He claims that his principle of "unconsciousness" is the test of the healthy man in actual life; and the result of his theory, as applied to the actual man, he sums up in the proposition, "inquiry is the beginning of disease." Such is Carlyle's theory. Before proceeding to his application of this theory to the various phenomena of mind and morals, we must state our entire dissent from his doctrine.

At the outset, his analogy between the mind and body, will hold sufficiently neither in the case of the "Man of Eden," nor of the actual man.

The perfect man, (as we have described above,) may be as unconscious of his mental and moral perfection in one sense, as of his bodily health. In other words, in both cases there will be no knowledge of imperfection with which to compare either. But there is another sense in which the perfect mind is conscious, where the perfect body is not, nor can be; and this difference results from their different natures, which renders a complete analogy impossible. Thus man can be conscious of no bodily action which produces health. Not so with his mental or moral operations. Let him be animated with a train of thoughts, or ravished with a glow of imagination, though in this case he can trace back neither feeling to their final causes, yet the trains of thought and imagination remain; and it is with these that philosophy has, or pretends to have, to do. Of these he must be conscious, whether he will or no. If a man thinks, he goes through a process of which he cannot but be conscious, and which, when studied out, constitutes his mind's philosophy. So too with moral action. The religious man must be conscious of his emotions, and it is only these emotions analyzed and comprehended that constitute moral philosophy. We, therefore, object to our author's proposition that "inquiry is the beginning of disease," even in the case of the perfect man. We have no reason to suppose, as our author does, that "had man remained in Eden there would have been no metaphysics." It would not indeed have been necessary to clear perception of

intellect that he should have studied his own consciousness; yet, a perfect mind could hardly have avoided it. We, at least, have reason to believe that the perfect mind of Eden would have found the highest exercise of its powers in the contemplation of itself; while we cannot see with Carlyle that such inquiry would have been the beginning of disease. Our author is wrong in his analogy, then, because it is impossible for man's inward life to be unconscious of its operations, while his body is and must be unconscious of its own; and thus his theory of "unconsciousness" will not apply to mental and moral operations in a sense which will subserve his argument, that "inquiry is the beginning of disease." Much less will his theory apply to the actual man; for all human education is founded on laws derived directly from a study of consciousness. All moral growth proceeds from the cultivation of moral sentiment, the knowledge of whose existence is derived from consciousness. We know indeed our author only claims that as man approaches perfection, does his vital action become unconscious of itself. But even here we do not see that intellect will forget its own laws, though it may unconsciously follow them in its exercise. Man certainly never forgets the education that has reared him.

We must confess ourselves totally unable to make Carlyle's theory consistent in any sense. In the case of the perfect man, the body and mind may be unconscious of their health, only because there is no opposite to give the term a meaning. But this doctrine has no application to the actual man. And in any other sense there is no such thing as unconsciousness in mental or moral operations.

But to obtain more light on his theory we will now turn our attention to some of the author's applications of it. And, first, we notice his opinion of reasoning or logic; in reference to which he says, "the healthy understanding is not the logical or argumentative, but the intuitive; for the end of understanding is not to prove and find reasons, but to know and believe." He here seems to suppose that the logician reasons by a different faculty from other men; the standard old foggy opinion of logic. He must either mean this, or else, according to his doctrine, that the logician has really found that he has a reasoning faculty, and is in an "unhealthy conscious state." He, of course, means the latter, for the former has nothing to do with his theory.

Now, we would like to know the difference, in respect to consciousness, between the perfect logician and all other reasoners. Each must certainly be conscious of his reasoning faculty. Men are not born reasoners—nor grow up to it unconsciously. They grow up to it grad-

ually; they improve by successive steps. And why? Because they derive light from past processes. Finally, indeed, they strike the point of an argument unconsciously, but it is only habit. But the logician uses forms forsooth, and is therefore mechanical. Beware of him, or he will deaden your free spirit with the clogs of earth. Flee him, or he will formalize your soul, and the flashing light of intuition will but glimmer in the distance. Thus plaintive does Carlyle seem to talk when he bids us beware of the logician. He would teach us, indeed, that "the end of understanding is not to prove and find reasons, but to know and believe." This is the old expediency of learning to swim before going into water. Know and believe but follow no train of reasoning, lest your inspiration forsake you for dabbling in "wherefores." Thus Carlyle reduces us to impossibilities. He would have a perfect end, while scouting the means. The only apology that he gives for such a paradox is summed up in this sentence—"Manufacture is intelligible but trivial—creation is great and cannot be understood." Just as if the formal reasoner could understand the mystery of intuition better than the informal one. Because men have found the outward expression, and base rules upon it, we see not that intuition will yield less of her creations than before. Carlyle ranks the debater in the lowest order of thinkers, with no reason according to his theory. For, as we have just said, the reasoner is just as unconscious of the mystery of intuition as the poet or artist, who, he says, are the true thinkers. There may be objections to logic; men may place too much reliance upon it; but Carlyle has not found it guilty, at least of his indictment.

Equally unapplicable to his theory, is his distinction between the orator and the rhetorician. "The orator persuades and carries all with him, he knows not how; the rhetorician can prove that he ought to have persuaded. The one is unconscious as if he had no system; the other knows that he has a system." Thus Carlyle renders unnecessary the science of Rhetoric by one stroke of a quibble. The orator may be unconscious in two senses. He may be so perfect that his very perfection is an unconscious habit; he may be unconscious of those remote causes, which make oratory of magic influence, as the reasoner and poet are unconscious of the mysteries of intuition and imagination. But when he denies an intelligible philosophy of oratory, or admitting this, denies the utility or possibility of realizing it in practice, he makes Demosthenes and Chatham to have been misguided men, a conclusion which the result of their labors seems amply to refute. The natural is certainly always superior to the artificial; but we could never criticize the

latter, were we not amply conscious of the former. The artificial can never be objected to, while it is striving for the natural. And the true rhetorician, if we understand Whateley aright, does not give rules to orators, but derives his rules from orators.

We speak finally of Carlyle's application of his doctrine to the moral conduct of men. Here, too, he says man must be "unconscious," and he expresses his own exhortation in the words of a higher authority—"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." We should say here that our author's principle works well against spiritual pride, while he is the same as ever guilty of his old quibble. It is quite essential for a religious mind to be humble, but we should doubt very much the genuineness of that religion which is unconscious of the standard of right and wrong; for our author's principles amount to this in the case of the actual man. For though religion may become almost an unconscious habit, it can become so only through a long reign of both conscience and consciousness; and a habit of religion can neither destroy past memory, nor do away, in this world, with the necessity of deciding between right and wrong. Our author, in his hurry to get the religious in a blissful state of unconsciousness, would divest them of even conscience. He confounds spiritual pride with a necessary consciousness, and here lies his quibble.

Our author next endeavors to apply his doctrine to society, with as little success, we think. We shall not follow him there, as his opinions change not their hue with a wider application.

We shall conclude our notice of his essay with his curious opinion on metaphysics and evidences of Christianity. And here we notice more particularly the chief thought that runs through the essay, and which is its whole inspiration. It is expressed at the outset—"inquiry is the beginning of disease." Carlyle loves action—genuine, soul-inspired action. He cares not what is its philosophy or end. He is fond of the heroic ages. He loves martyrs better than their principles. But ages of heroism pass and must pass away; for their type of humanity is too strong and coarse; they represent but half of man, and that under unnatural stimulation. Then comes reaction, the rebellion of nature, and men disenchanted of dreams and their spell, must build up their humanity on a truer inspiration. Then comes inquiry. This, too, has its extremes. This sometimes refuses to acknowledge the limits of nature, and spends its energy in vain speculation. Losing its hold of positive faith in principles, it wanders in chaos, where hope has no promises. Such is the mad inquiry which Carlyle would shun. Hence he depre-

cates the existence of metaphysics as a science, and would have no "evidences of Christianity" sought out and written. He is afraid lest Christianity shall dissipate itself in metaphysics. That there is always danger that religious speculation and theological discussion shall weaken the practical Christianity of an age, few will deny. That there is great danger that speculation shall transcend its limits, every one admits. Such dangers are conditions of moral discipline. But it follows not that no "evidences of Christianity" are to be sought out; for faith is founded on reason, and Christianity, as a doctrine, must have its philosophy.

But our author's opinion of metaphysics is the most singular thing in the essay. He considers the pursuit of such a science as "an attempt of the mind to rise above the mind," and compares it with the attempt of the athlete to lift himself. He seems to suppose that the metaphysician must necessarily pry into the mysteries of the soul; and then certainly his comparison would be right. But metaphysics is properly nothing but facts derived from consciousness, and their philosophy observed by reason. It seeks not for ultimate but immediate causes. But Carlyle only views it in the light of "forming a theory of the universe," and he justly shrinks from the consequences. But futile is his attempt to stop the rational inquiry of the soul into its own being; for the human mind was formed to know; and Carlyle's wild lament over mad philosophy, infidel ravings, and schoolmen follies, will never frighten it from this sublime aim of its existence.

Such is Carlyle's essay on "Characteristics." His main doctrine he has failed to make even plausible, or at best, has only succeeded in making but partial and half-meaning applications. Yet, if he has failed in his doctrine, he has succeeded in writing a manly and eloquent essay. There run through it thoughts which thrill and amaze by their sublime energy of spirit. Nor has he failed in point of the highest truth. He has paid a high tribute to manly action and heroic faith, which overshadows with its truthfulness a hundred false theories. He has portrayed in beauty and strength the living force of human character, which may flourish, though creeds are false, but which creeds of themselves can never build up. He has written the essential truth of humanity; and as you read, you feel its spell, and are almost ashamed to complain or even think of his theory. It is eminently a poetical essay. It shows deep insight into those living energies which make up the sublimity of action; and we finish reading no other production with more faith in humanity than Carlyle's "Characteristics."

## The Three Advertisements.

By F. G.

"Cessat voluntas ; Non alia bibam  
Mercede. Quæ te cunque domat Venus  
Non erubescendis adurit  
Ignibus ingenioque semper  
Amore peccas."

HORACE.

As flies th' inconstant sun o'er Larmon's hill,  
So pass along my troubled soul by night,  
When hung in Selma's hall the harp is still  
And notes of bard no more my heart delight,  
The tales of old—and all my sense excite  
To thrill respondent at the voice of years  
Long fled, before me rolling back their flight  
With all their deeds ; my feeble spirit hears—

The passing mem'ries grasps and sings away her tears.

OSSIAN.

READER, do you ever dream ? If so you can sympathize with me who am absolutely haunted with nocturnal marvels and magnificent somnalia. Yet I pray you, do not think that all these visitors are unwelcome. Though they come with a startling splendor and surprise, some are beautiful—beautiful in their terribleness, as a mountain cataract fringed with gay stalactites of crystal, and a smile of scenic enchantment is about them like the grandeur of Vesuvius blazing over the Bay of Naples on some summer midnight when the heavens are bending around it in all their deep, blue peace, and the starry calm is on the sea. No—let me dream—for oftentimes my visions bring living pictures as they pass, and when I see how homelike and how familiar many of them show, I know they are not chimeras of madness nor bugbears of disease. I call them teachers of things to be, which drop into my soul their sweet wisdom by night, and inspire my reason with so strong a hope of their fulfillment, that I would rather starve than cease to expect it.

Reader, are you a prophet ? If so, you can have no sympathy with me who am no prophet, yet you can aid, perchance, to interpret those freaks of dreams by which Memory and Faith are made to come together and bring all their harlequin train to mind—by which the style of Time is preconceived, and "Behold it shall be" is lost in "Now it came to pass."

Methought it was the evening of a charming summer's day in the

year 1903!—A year of peace and plenty, and the fruits and corn of it, and the beasts and birds of it, and the air and sunshine of it, seemed a great deal happier and better than ever before.

Upon the verandah of a commodious mansion in the suburbs of one of the seaport cities of New England, sat three old men enjoying the delicious sunset, and talking of the times of their youth. The portliest of the three, a hale and jocund Judge in spectacles, was Niles Brotherby, the proprietor of that fine homestead, and the venerable pair who appeared to be guests, were Thomas Crumer and Philo Blynn, his old classmates and bosom friends. Nearly half a century had passed since their last meeting—where in the pride and hope of their first manhood, they bade each other “God speed,” and told how much they meant to achieve. Now they were done with all this, and, met at last in the twilight of life with gray heads and honorable titles, they sat down together to recount what they had done and suffered. “I presume you both recollect,” said Judge Brotherby, “the three matrimonial advertisements with which we amused ourselves in our College days?” “Indeed we do,” replied his companions, “and,” continued Blynn, “I have particular reasons for remembering *one* of them.” “Perhaps we all have,” returned the Judge, smiling with more meaning than he chose to express. Crumer nodded affirmatively. “Come, Blynn,” said he, “you shall give us the whole story.” “I will relate my part of it on condition that you tell me yours when I have done,” answered the willing doctor. This was agreed to, and he forthwith commenced the following narration:

Sometime in the Spring of 185—, there appeared in the columns of the Old Tribune, then in the height of its own and its founder's glory, a notice to the following effect:

“A young New Englander, of high standing and good character, who has nearly completed his course of education, and is soon to enter a profession, wishes to marry a girl of attractive person and elegant manners, possessing a moderate fortune, and not over nineteen years of age.”

Address “Philo,” Box No. 112, — P. O. — —.

You will readily recall this, and indeed much more of the first chapter of this adventure of mine is well known to you already; but you will allow me, for the sake of the connection, to touch upon it before I proceed with the after particulars.

“By all means, dear Blynn, go back to the starting place,” said the Judge.

Well, as I was saying, this advertisement appeared, and replies to it poured in from all quarters. I chose from among them, as you re-

up tight lacing, he don't have much use for her. So, he sold her to us. We call her Fanny Ellsler, she's such a gay one."

On such recommendations Spriggins took the horse. Deluded young man!

They started off in grand style, Mrs. Cribbs waving her hand to them as they went from the gate, all the servants gathering at the kitchen windows to see their departure, and Peleg Washington Spriggins having an internal consciousness that he was quite superb. Who will blame him? If there is anything that lifts a man out of sublunary cares, and petty troubles, it is a horseback ride with a beautiful girl for company. And Miss Cribbs looked really beautiful in her riding habit. She was a fine equestrian, and her horse seemed to love the sound of his mistress' voice, for he would prick up his ears every time she addressed him the slightest word of caution.

Spriggins was by no means confident, although elated. There were misgivings, a dread lest something might happen, fears which sent a thrill through his heart, every time his horse made any demonstration of uneasiness. This nervousness communicated itself to the animal, which seemed to feel that the one who held the rein was not quite at home on her back. So she began to caper a little, and shake herself, as if preparing for a race.

"Whoa, Fanny!" ejaculated Spriggins, as the perspiration started at the bare idea of her running.

"Your horse seems inclined to a faster gait," said Miss Cribbs. "Suppose we whip up a little."

"Not now," gasped Spriggins. "Wait till we get out of town."

But before they had proceeded so far as that, the first of Spriggins' misfortunes occurred. Miss Cribbs wished to ride by the Colleges. Now though he hardly dared to venture such a proceeding, yet it would add so much to his reputation as a ladies' man, to be seen riding with such a showy girl, that Spriggins assented. But just as they arrived in front of the College Chapel, Fanny Essler, by some strange freak of fancy, seemed to imagine herself once more in Disbrow's riding school, and, acting on the strength of this imagination, she commenced describing a series of revolutions in a circle of some twenty feet in diameter; nor could Spriggins' exhortations and frantic twitches on the rein make her go in a direct line.

"What is the matter with your horse," asked Miss Cribbs hurriedly, and sharply, for she found they were furnishing amusement to a crowd of students gathered in front of the Colleges.



"I don't know," replied Spriggins, faintly.

"Use your whip," said Miss Cribbs, authoritatively.

He obeyed the rash advice. But no sooner did Fanny feel the whip, than like Gilpin,

"Away went Spriggins out of breath,  
And sore against his will"—

greatly to the delight of all the students, and to the mortification of Miss Cribbs. She in vain endeavored to keep up with him, while the ridiculousness of the scene was increased by some impertinent youth in North Middle, who shouted from the window, "A race! two to one on Spriggins."

Meanwhile our hero sped on his rapid way through College Street, flying two feet into the air at every step of his horse. He expected every moment to be thrown off; so he clung with the tenacity of desperation, grasping the pommel of the saddle in one hand, while the other held the rein. Down the street he went, his coat tails streaming in the wind, his long hair floating on the breeze. The boys stopped, stared and hurrahed; and, as Miss Cribbs came cantering after, one of them said,

"Bless me, Bill, if them 'ere aint the same man and woman as was caught in the graveyard. P'raps if I stop his horse he'll give me another quarter."

Accordingly the freckled-faced boy with dilapidated trowsers ran after Spriggins, waving a torn remnant of a hat, and shouting "Whoa! Whoa!" at the top of his voice. Whether Fanny heeded this injunction, or thought it best of her own accord to slacken her pace, is not certainly known. At any rate, near the entrance of Tutor's Lane, she subsided into a walk so suddenly, as to throw Spriggins nearly over her head. Miss Cribbs soon came up, glowing with mortification and excitement.

"Mr. Spriggins," said she, "can't you manage your horse? If you cannot, I think we had better return."

"I think I shall have no further difficulty," replied he, humbly. "I don't see what was the matter."

"Well," said she, "if you think you can manage your horse I would like to finish the ride. But pray don't subject me to any more such ridiculous scenes." Then thinking she had spoken rather harshly, she added, "But one cannot help such things sometimes, especially with a strange horse."

"I think I shall have no further difficulty, as I said before, but," he added, a little touched by what she had said, "if you wish it we will return."

"If you please," answered she, "we will ride on. I have all confidence in your ability. Pardon my hasty words." And the mollified Spriggins rode on. But better, far better, would it have been if he had returned. Is it asked why? For the following reason.

They had not gone far in Tutor's Lane before Spriggins' horse manifested symptoms of uneasiness. She would "shy out" toward every grassy plot they passed. He could listen to none of his fair companion's conversation, so busily was he occupied in keeping his horse in the road. At last Miss Cribbs noticed his perplexity, and said inquiringly,

"Your horse appears to trouble you again?"

"Yes, I think we must go back," said he, "I can't get along with her."

"I am sorry that you succeed no better," answered she. "I think we may as well turn back immediately."

But no sooner did Fanny feel the rein pulled to turn her around, than, darting out on one side of the road, she proceeded to put in execution the feat that she had been contemplating,—that of rolling. Roll she would, though Spriggins shouted and twitched as before. He dared not use his whip for fear of another flight, so to escape breaking his leg he jumped from the horse and let her roll.

Miss Cribbs looked vexed and yet tried to conceal her vexation by laughing nervously.

"I am glad there is no one looking on," said she. "Catch your horse as soon as you can, Mr. Spriggins, and let us ride home."

But when Fanny had finished her rolling she began to feed. No sooner did Spriggins approach her with the intention of capture, than she threw up her head, kicked up her heels, and trotted off to another place. Again and again was the process repeated with the like result. Each time, however, they came nearer the city. At last Miss Cribbs lost all patience.

"Mr. Spriggins," said she, "never ask a lady to ride with you again till you have learned to ride yourself. I shall return alone. Good bye." So saying she rode away, leaving Spriggins in loneliness and despair.

He made one or two more endeavors to catch his horse, but they were unsuccessful. He then went after some assistance, and soon met the two boys before mentioned. With their assistance he soon captured the straying Fanny.

Spriggins gave the boy with the dilapidated trowsers twenty-five

cents for riding her to the livery stable, while Peleg Washington Spriggins himself walked home in a state of mind better imagined than described.

He met Miss Cribbs in the street next day, and she gave him a most decided cut.

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### Midnight.

I WALK in the moonlight misty,  
In the dim and deserted street,  
Hushed is the sound of voices,  
And the busy tramp of feet.

The wind of the summer midnight,  
Floating among the leaves,  
Seems like the saddened murmur  
Of a heart which wearily grieves.

The low sweet waves of its sighing,  
Breaking above my head,  
Awaken a sad remembrance  
Of the loved and early dead,—

The light of whose angel presence,  
Through the midnight dim appears,  
Their radiant wings, like rainbows  
Gleam through the gathering tears.

Through tears which gather as dew-drops  
In the silence of midnight hours,  
And draw from their unseen sources  
Sweet strength for the fainting flowers.

“Oh Death! thine own,” I murmur,  
“Are the aged, the worn with strife;  
Why shake the buds and blossoms  
From our beautiful Tree of Life!”

### Respect for the Dead.

THE dead are sleeping everywhere. The care-worn wanderer, and the infant that has seen its single summer's sun, though they rest in the same slumber, rest not together. The grave allows not even the luxury of communication to its prisoners. As each enters the narrow house alone, he dwells alone forever. Each separate inhabitant of the buried world owns his peculiar resting place. The countless throng of the departed have peopled every recess of the earth, yet no two sleep together. The churchyard bones lie *near* each other, yet they are all *apart*. And in sea, and snow, and desert,—on mountain top and beneath green churchyard turf sleep on the dead, yet sleep *alone*.

And for this lone and silent sleep men have a due, though ofttimes unconscious reverence. They have said from their inmost hearts, from an impulse too deep and too near the life for reason's probing, that for the dead there should be a resting place. They have felt that earth, the mother of us all, was but receiving us back to the bosom that nourished us, when she opened her arms to receive her children. They have deemed it sacrilege to refuse the last rites to the departed, and fancied that to impious neglect, their shades appeared in forms of terror from wandering on the "Night's Plutonian shore." They have not agreed in a cold uniformity of observance, but in forms strange, and sad, and beautiful they have expressed the universal feeling of the heart. The Dane of old whose spirit partook of the fierceness and grandeur of his fancied gods, sought *his* grave in the sea. In the thickest of the fight, and as he *knows*, the *fatal* fight, he cries :

"Thou Danish path of fame and might,  
Oh, gloomy sea!  
Receive thy friend, who for the right,  
Dares danger face in death's despite,  
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,  
Oh, gloomy sea!  
And lead me on though storms may rave,  
Through strife and victory, to my grave,  
With thee!

And many a sailor, who has made its billows his home, and its tumult his delight, longs for no more quiet tomb than the depths of its everlasting waters.

In old times, they burned the body, and it vanished like the spirit in the clouds of funeral smoke, and turned again into that vital air which

all these sit where beauty and kindness and the seal of glorious talents and the sparkling of an eloquent eye sat once before, and what can man do but bow in reverence as he would before some ruined Grecian temple, whence the old Greek spirit had fled forever !

And when we connect with this the relation between corporeal and spiritual excellence,—all recollections that throng the brain as memory calls up the living form of the departed, sundered ties, and virtues lost for time, though to be *ours again*, crushed affection feels the change as none else can know, and grieves the grief that knows no consolation. Respect is a word which but mocks the feeling that stirs the heart of the bereaved.

To our mind there is even a nobler source to be sought than all these; far higher than innate fear, or awe of natural change, or sundering of the ties of affection. Respect for the remains of the departed may be traced to an inner light placed in the heart of man by God himself; a light that is common and powerful in every age and in every clime. Were there no life beyond the present, and if with the body the soul slept an eternal sleep, then were funeral rites and care for the dead but a solemn mockery. But if the soul has only deserted its tenement of clay, and lives yet, and shall never die, then surely is there reason for respect for the dead. It is the voice of God asserting the immortality of the soul ! When the French buried Voltaire with all the pomp and solemnity of the gay capital of the world, they thought not that they were *demonstrating* the truths *he* scorned. To the philosopher, what nobler thought—to the mourner, what more precious consolation, than that the sad honors of the dead are only declaring *their* entrance upon an immortal life !

There was a Roman Emperor who died in troublous times, leaving as his last request that he be buried beneath the channel of a river, where sacrilegious hands might never disturb his bones, and where the hoarse murmur of the rushing stream above him might sooth his eternal slumber. But modern Vandalism has found his relics, and they decorate the walls of a museum. And Cheops of Egypt, in times near the flood, built himself the greatest of the pyramids for an everlasting sepulchre. But the royal sarcophagus has been dragged from its inmost shrine, and in the hands of French antiquaries has been made to reveal the secrets of that old and mystic age. And thus crumble and fail all mighty nonuments. Respect for the dead cannot be lasting, unless there be something worthy of human remembrance.

But while it may not make our memories eternal, respect and affec-

tion may be soothed and comforted by the very services which seem to break the heart. Who that has a friend sleeping beneath the angry surges of the ocean, can forget the inconsolable affliction that followed the disappearance of hope's last glimmer! How more quiet and subdued the sadness, when the dead go to their long home in the bright days of flowery spring, or in the golden autumn of the year, and sleep beneath the green, still sod! What low and solemn chantings of the summer wind, what music of leaves that rustle, do the peaceful precincts of the grave utter, to him who seeks its mournful consolations.

And so the adornment and beautifying of the grave has come to be a true test of popular refinement. The cemetery with shorn turf and the silent beauty of its pure white stones speaks inwardly of more than affectionate remembrance. It is the voice of the people's heart, of their true, living character. An immoral and dissolute nation cannot pay heartfelt homage to the dead, nor scatter roses at the tomb of buried affection. It has no foundation within them. It is the offspring only of a pure morality,—of an immortal trust. It is only the Christian who can exclaim with Wordsworth:

"Oh, joy! that in these embers,  
Is something that shall live!  
That nature yet remembers  
What was fugitive!"

Sacred then be the grave! Far from the noise and tumult of the town, in shady covert, and surrounded by all that is beautiful in nature, let the dead sleep on!—Sleep unconscious of sorrow,—forever free from pain, waiting patiently that great day, when "the dead shall be raised."

A. H. S.

t, a letter on pink paper from a little fun-loving maiden of the Bay State," with the *nom de plume* of "Ellie;" and you remember modestly she described herself to me, and in what a quiet, unpre-  
ug way she answered all my questions, and how I negotiated with  
r an exchange of daguerreotypes, and she promised to send me  
if I would set the example, and then a long interval of silence  
d, and we broke the ice again, and I sent her a packet with my  
e in it, and waited months before I could prevail on her to return  
ompliment; and what coy excuses she made, till at last she over-  
her maidenly scruples so far as to intrust me with the promised  
. 'Twas on the opening of an uncommonly bland Spring, that I  
ed her portrait, and I was so exhilarated that I rushed home, and  
out no less than six quatrains of laudatory rhymes for her. I can  
; them even now:

A star is on the mellow dawn,  
That tints the earliest day of Spring;  
A smile is on the frosty lawn  
Where sweet the frolic West winds sing.—  
So, starlike, in a heaven as fair,  
A strange, bright eye has risen on me—  
A strange, bright smile more rich and rare  
Than Springtime's primrose purity,  
From cheeks and lips is beaming where  
Young health and endless morning be.  
And Spring and morning, star and smile,  
And fairy lips and cheeks and eyes,  
I'll make my dear associates while  
Their light shall wake—their symbols rise:  
And can I lose their memory! Nay.  
They will be half my dreams the rather,  
And often as the vernal day  
Comes wafting up its winsome weather,  
I'll gaze upon thy face and say,  
"The Spring and 'Ellie' came together."

u remember it all, Tom, and you too, Nels. And how Tom would  
are my present with a certain little treasure of his own which he  
d in his sinister vest pocket, and called his "snuff-box"—(though  
the intimate relation it frequently bore to his lips you would  
thought it contained "patchouly" rather than "Scotch")—and  
we would hold them up in the sunshine together and discuss  
merits and bet on the originals. Ah, Tom, we didn't know much  
the last half of the nineteenth century then, nor much about

the manhood of Brotherby, Crumer and Blynn. Well, I found out Ellie's name, you know, long before she told it me or knew anything about mine, but in order not to vex her or appear unfair, kept my information to myself until I had sent her my card, and she had communicated her name to me, with the accompanying hint that it might, possibly, not be *new*! 'Twas in the prime of Summer that I went up to North Woodfield to see her. Carlton was with me. (What an old hero he was. You recollect his tragedy of "Hamilton," Tom, which we saw acted at the splendid new theatre, "Star Temple," in Cincinnati, eighteen years ago.) He was to deliver a Poem in the village, per appointment, and well do I remember how capitally he performed his part there. Being acquainted himself in Woodfield, he introduced me, and once got me cornered where I could not help making a speech.

There happened to be something of a crowd within hearing of my voice, and "Ellie" was among them! I saw her—I *knew* her, and outdid myself in Herculean efforts to make a favorable impression. By the help of immense quotations and (luckily "crammed") anecdotes, I think I succeeded.

That night I arranged with Carlton (who knew Ellie's family) to get me an introduction to my fair correspondent. He was to go to the house and propose a walk about sunset to a little grove just back of North Woodfield Centre, with herself and sister. There was no fear of any unwillingness on the part of the girls, for you know what a splendid looking fellow Carl was—with an eye like an eagle's, a beard like an Arch-Druid, and a head like Jupiter tonans, and then aside from all that, what New England village maid would not be proud to be escorted by a Senior of — College? Well, Carlton was to be walking thus and so by such a spot, and I was to make it accidental to be not far from that spot on a solitary walk of my own, just at the dusk of twilight. It was some minutes past seven when I saw the three moving up the road towards the grove. I lost no time, but succeeded in approaching them within speaking distance without being observed, just as they were passing the specified rendezvous. The road turned off there from its direct course with a sudden bend, and as soon as they had rounded it, Carl stopped to call his companions' attention to the extraordinary beauty of the sky, and admire the general scenery of the place. On the right of the way rose a steep ledge up which a pass barely wide enough to admit two, wound deviously among the rocks, and widened into a romantic foot-path leading to the forementioned grove by a much shorter route than the main road. To secure the advantage of this last fact, as well as to



obtain a better prospect, the party determined to climb this path, and enjoy the frolic of a ramble across lots. Carl agreed to assist the girls up the ledge one at a time, and it so happened (of course) that he left Ellie behind and waited upon her sister first. This was my cue, and I walked around the bend without much delay, with a fine speech all prepared and at my tongue's end. The maiden had stooped to pick some wild flowers when I caught sight of her, and she did not immediately perceive me. Her straw flat had fallen very prettily and negligently back and certain curls had taken the opportunity to play "hide and seek" with the evening breezes.

I saw a color in her cheeks, and heard her hum a tune, and I really thought her *very interesting*. My time had come to speak, and pitching my voice to as delicious a contralto as I could command, I called "Ellie!" She started and saw me, but she did not scream nor faint. I took off my hat and drew near, with a deferential bow, but I was recognized—there could be no doubt of that, and though there might have been some little confusion on the damsel's part, still she did not refuse to answer me when I asked pardon for my seeming intrusion.

"You are quite excusable, *Philo*," said she, giving me her hand; "I have been wondering why you did not come to see me. We are certainly not to blame for anticipating a formal introduction, inasmuch as we have seen each others' *faces* before," and she smiled *such* a smile that I actually tingled all over.

I don't know why it was, and in fact I was almost ashamed of myself for the effect it had upon me, but somehow or other I cannot help feeling singular when I get into the sunshine of such pleasant looks as some young ladies can put on without taking any pains. Well, I scarcely need say that the greetings satisfied my highest expectations, and when we joined the rest of the party there were no strangers in it long. That night we separated in the character we had taken in some of our later letters—as *cousins*, and Carlton and myself went back to College the next day.

I saw Ellie twice, you recollect, between that time and our graduation, and we kept up a running talk all the time by mail, till it got to be quite a habit to us. After taking my degree I spent a year in home-travel, and then sat down to Hebrew.

I had three objects in view when I traveled through the States—viz, to become acquainted with our great country, and to replenish my pockets, and get up a reputation (which I considered of great importance to me just then) by delivering lectures in the various towns

and villages through which I should pass. I told my destination in my letters to Woodfield, but could not, of course, give any definite information of my daily whereabouts during the year, so that I gave up thought of a regular correspondence while my projected travels lasted, hinting however that, a twelve-month thence, nothing serious preventing, I should be happy to be "cousin Philo" again. The year rolled round at last, and I found myself threading the gravel-walks which led to Ellie's home. Owing to a cause which I shall speak of anon, I felt no particular impatience to see her, but I thought of her as an old friend, who had a claim on my regard for the romantic interest that invested her, and to whom I was under obligations for the pleasure she had afforded me, and so more from a sense of duty and honor than from anything else, I rung the bell, and called for "Louise Platte." She came, looking better than I had ever seen her, and wearing that same smile which had made me feel queerly two years before. We didn't "meet as lovers meet" by any means, but *cousins* have a way sometimes to make themselves free and agreeable, you are aware, and *we* were not of a sort to miss the advantage which the prerogatives of that relationship (real or pretended) gave us, I assure you. I looked at Louise and she looked at me. I called her "Ellie" and she called me "Philo." Then, when I came to ask myself what I was about, I found an odd sort of sensation lurking within me exactly as if I had loved that girl once—away back in some long ago time, I couldn't tell when; and after her sister told me how she had missed my letters for the past year, and how seriously she had felt the interruption of our correspondence, and she contradicted it so poorly with blushes that belied her words all the time, my heart more than half repented of its apostasy, and came back with all its old partiality to the girls of Yankee land. The fact was, I had conceived a passion for a young Spaniard in New Orleans during my absence, and I thought myself utterly and irremediably charmed. Her name was Caroline de Arza, and she was the most perfect model of beauty, without exception, that I ever saw before or since, outside the galleries of the Vatican. She sung like a linnet, and had doubloons enough, I suppose, to buy half the City of Boston. I managed to make the acquaintance of Donna Caroline, and when I left the South I had permission to correspond with her, and a head as full of her as Pandora's box was of plagues; but now—(how it should be so I couldn't say)—now I found myself undergoing a change. My pretty delusion melted off like frost work, and for the first time I looked at the matter philosophically. The result was, I grew positively ashamed of my

alien love, and saw in it only a conspiracy of passion and sentiment to make a fool of me. I never wrote to her again, nor heard from her afterwards. I remained at Woodfield a week, staying much of the time at Col. Platte's, the father of Louise, for being now very well acquainted with him and his family, and liking their affable and pleasant demeanor to me, I felt more at home there than anywhere else. You would naturally suppose that Louise and myself grew intimate. Well, we *did*, and gossip said we were engaged, but we had never said anything to each other about it, and I, certainly, had not fallen in love. We always met and parted with cousinly kisses, but, surely, they had no very profound meaning. True, I made an inward juration after shaking off the chains of that Southern sorceress, that if I ever made a girl my wife she should be a *Yankee girl*, but then I was not ready yet to *love* such a one as she ought to be loved, and there was no probability that I should be ready till I had quieted my twin-tyrants, *cacoethes scribendi* and *cupido peregrinandi*, so I went home and got ready for a two years' spell of study. My life at the Seminary was quiet and unmarked by any considerable events. Learning what I *could*, studying as much as I *must*, reading *all I had time to* and writing *more* than I had time to, I passed two years of the most leisurely, genial and peaceful retirement I ever knew, and that too in the midst of scenes that were ever lovely, and friends who were ever kind, but no sooner had I graduated here than all my passion for foreign travel came over me with irresistible force. In less than six months from the day I took my second degree, New England and Philo Blynn, A. M., were ready to part company. Ellie had spent some considerable portion of the interval, while I was pursuing my professional studies, in three distant cities of the West, and I had received but few letters from her in the time, but she had come home a short time before I was to start for Europe, and I went up to Woodfield to see her and say "good bye." She was a good cousin—for a make-believe one—this same Ellie—and I didn't wonder that she expressed a good deal of solicitude for my safety, and said she was sorry to have me go. Our parting was tender enough, I suppose, considering all things. She might have shed a tear or two. Indeed they told me so years afterwards, but I didn't notice it then. Perhaps *my* eyes were wet too. They almost always are when I am taking a long leave of my friends, still nothing struck me as peculiar either about Ellie or myself when we parted. I might have been uncommonly dull at the time. Some are. But I remember that she kissed me, and I hurried away from the house without daring to look back. I don't know why,

but some how I didn't want to look back. I did not propose to her. Had no idea that she expected me to. Besides I hadn't *fallen in love* yet, and I supposed that to be necessary.

Well, I embarked for Europe with Ellie's kiss burning upon my lips. I will not say that the memory of it caused me no uncomfortable thoughts, and that a pretty good share of my sea-sickness did not proceed from other sources than the rocking of the vessel. However, I got over the sea-sickness, and being yet young and enthusiastic, began soon to think less of the past. True, I could not destroy the impress of that parting kiss, nor did I care to. It was rather pleasant than otherwise, and the ever-present sense of it became a sort of companionship to me. I landed at Liverpool, and set out to travel over Old England and Scotland, and the provinces of the Continent.

A year's wandering metamorphosed my feelings so far that at the end of that period I found myself free to take every new impression, and ready for all varieties of adventure. While stopping at Geneva, I became acquainted with a beautiful Swiss girl, named Beatrice Vallamar. Beatrice was a very wonder, as well for the brilliancy of her wit and her rare literary accomplishments, as for her personal beauty and musical skill, and I fell incontinently in love with her. Laugh at me if you will, but situated as I was, a pilgrim from the free land of the West, and consequently in favor with her father, with a passion for the beautiful amounting almost to madness, surrounded by the Eden-like enchantments of Geneva and its lovely lake, and smiled upon by a young maiden to whose charms the cestus of Venus could not have added a tittle, so help me "angels and ministers of grace," I couldn't help it. Once entangled, however, I made no attempt to break away, and for three long months of the Summer and Autumn of 1861 I lived one cloudless and uninterrupted poet's dream. Aspasia herself could never have conversed more charmingly and cleverly than this fair Swiss. Besides the Italian, French, and German, she talked my own language with ease, and with that voice of her's she could make me weep simply by singing to her lute the "Switzer's Song of Home" in her native tongue. When I told her I loved her, she laughed, (she knew it already;) but when I talked of taking my departure, she would grow serious and change the theme. If I praised her home and country, she would ask me why I could not stay in Switzerland, and not return to my native land any more; but when I described America in raptures of patriotism, and asked her if she would not go with me there, she hung her head and was silent. At last she promised to be my wife, and in total forgetfulness of every-

thing else, I hastened to consummate the marriage before I crossed the Alps, so as to take Beatrice to Italy with me. Time flew on rosy wings, but, alas, it only hastened the visitation of a judgment which I did not—*could* not expect! In consequence of an untimely exposure, Beatrice caught a raging fever, and after little more than a week of suffering passed away in all her beauty, like the twilight of her own valleys which she had loved so well. I did not stay in Geneva longer than to see the last sorrowful rites paid, and the form of my lost idol deposited in the tomb of her fathers.

I was wild. Manfred-like I went and wandered distractedly among the gorges of the Alps, till some shepherds found me and gave me food. After a few days, however, a party of muleteers came along up the Briançon pass, and I crossed over with them down to the fertile fields of Sardinia. I passed on to the Eternal City, and mused and mourned among her ruins till they seemed to lend a grandeur to my grief, and I felt my soul enlarge and strengthen for new and better endurance. I entered the Vatican, and gazing about me amidst its wilderness of marble gods, I almost intoxicated myself into a momentary forgetfulness; but it was soon over. I visited Pompeii and Herculaneum, but all the manifold astonishments of their living graves did not bring me to myself.

At last I went to Virgil's tomb and sat down and wept there. My time had come to weep, and I had tears enough to spare, for through all the interval that had passed since Beatrice's death, not a drop had moistened my eyes. I had felt the great floods of emotion come welling up and up, and struggling for discharge in vain, till my very heart-strings strained with the pressure, and threatened to give away.

But now the time had come, and I abandoned myself to a paroxysm of woe. It did not last long. It *could* not. Disappointed passion and impatient will still waged fierce conflict with my better nature; but they soon fatigued themselves to rest, and when they had ceased, I arose calm and in my right mind. Having been awakened by my sudden adversity from a too sweet delusion to a too bitter truth, I had for days been a comparative stranger to reason. In a fortunate hour a melting mood came on, and I was saved. Reflection followed, and I saw that all was best as it was. I saw how blind my passion had been, how reckless and improvident my dream of happiness, how selfish my desires, and how absurd my choice. I felt that I had wooed the Swiss girl as a child would risk his life for a flower of extraordinary beauty only to wear it on his bosom, and show it to his friends as a sparkling prize.

The higher question what a wife should be had not been weighed in the whole transaction. I saw that I must not expect life to be all a romance, and most religiously did I lay to heart these two lessons for the young which I had been so terribly taught: "Never *fall* in love, nor deem that necessary to subsequent happiness;" and again, "Never travel in foreign countries till you have taken you a *wife*, or have at least *engaged* one, for there will be scorpions in your footsteps and thorns in your pillow, if, instead of leaving your hearts at home for safe keeping, you take them with you for the *romance* of the thing."

And there by the tomb of Rome's best bard I became a man again. The poison of my error and the pain of my calamity had passed away in its first bitterness, and I learned to suffer and be wise. But there lingers yet, my comrades, that strange living recollection which instructive sorrow always leaves.

"It haunts me still, though many years have fled  
Like some wild melody——"

and oftentimes when my old brain is tired with thinking, unseen hands touch the chords of Memory with mistaken kindness to soothe me, and

"I hear a voice I would not hear,  
A voice that now might well be still."

But it lingers only as an instruction, and my consolation is that I have profited by it. Write the name of Beatrice Vallamar in that dark chamber of my heart, where no human eyes ever look in to question, or tones of the living ever wake a response.

But to my story. Hopeful and resigned I turned from Maro's grave, and after a few days' longer tarry left the shores of Italy forever. I spent nearly a year in visiting Greece and the Holy Land, and returned home a stronger and I trust a better man. My roving disposition had been satisfied, and my youthful folly rebuked by the varied experiences of twenty-nine months in foreign lands.

I was now thirty years old, and I felt myself qualified to choose a wife with some degree of discretion; but being well schooled by the lessons of the Past, I resolved *never to fall in love again*.

I had communicated with my relatives in America, and sent messages to Ellie four or five times while in London by the Submarine Telegraph, and once on my return thither from Palestine, just before I took the Boston Steamer for home.

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Let us now change the scene to a little village of New England, neatly

adorned with two church spires, a school house, and several rows of shade trees.

It is near sun down, and all alone in that little school house, seated at her desk, the pale but pretty school mistress is writing—writing as if she was making her will. The neighbors say she has been pining away for the last two years from some cause or other; but, a fig for their rumors. We are not bound to believe a word of it. She has recently buried a very dear friend; and then too she has been shut up all day with a gang of noisy children, and is fatigued. What school mistress would not be, pray?

A man passes by the windows, but she does not see him. He turns the corner and walks softly towards the door. It is no other than Philo Blynn, your humble narrator.

Having learned of Ellie's whereabouts since my arrival in America, I had determined to surprise her by suddenly discovering myself before she was aware I had returned, and accordingly, coming up one fine afternoon to this village where she was teaching, I not only succeeded in finding the school house, but walked to her very door and looked in and saw her just as I have described to you before she perceived me, or dreamed of my being within a thousand miles of her. After surveying the unsuspecting girl long enough to satisfy myself as to her identity, I crossed the threshold and called her by name.

She sprang to her feet in an instant, and her cheeks flushed as if with some sudden transport, but the surprise was too abrupt.

The blood ran back to her heart as quickly as it came, and left her as pale as before. Perceiving her weakness I threw my arms around her, and supported her to a seat where I had the satisfaction of seeing her soon revive, and smile that same inimitable smile that had so often in years gone by, thrilled me with a silent, mysterious happiness. I gave back that kiss of hers which I had carried with me through two grand divisions of the globe, and she at length spoke; yes, she grew eloquent. There was abundance to be said, and she knew how to say it so that we had no lack of words, as long as the interview lasted, to express what was in our minds, I assure you. We talked of—but no matter what we talked of. Poets and novelists have sung and said enough about lover's meetings to exhaust the subject. Let their

“ —sighs be soft and smiles be sweet,  
And pulses musically beat,

And hands and lips and glances thrill  
With meaning power, — — —  
And hearts converse when tongues are still," &c.

I have no wish to hazard my powers of description upon them. The twilight began to deepen, and the kine were heard lowing as they came from the pastures. The loaded humblebee went humming by with his "mellow, breezy bass," and the cazonette of a whippowil from a distant coppice, gave warning that it was time to go. I quitted the school-house with Louise and accompanied her to her residence. We were engaged.

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Three months more had passed and the early fruit was ripe, and the holidays had come to all the schools. And what then? It was night, and

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

I thought I was present at a high festival in North Woodfield at the house of Col. Platte. There were jolly old uncles with gold-headed canes, and bustling aunts, and little romping nephews and nieces, and some half a dozen congratulating neighbors mingled in with father, mother, sisters and brothers, to promote the flow of soul and help one another feel glad. In the middle of the group there appeared a maiden dressed in white, leaning on the arm of a young man whom I knew, and a very venerable person with a snowy 'kerchief came towards that fair maiden in white, leaning on the arm of that young man whom I knew, and — — Then a mist gathered over my vision, and I heard a voice like the whisper of a harp breathing close to my ear, "Philo, dear, look at the sun rising." "Whose son?" I inquired drowsily, rubbing my eyes and turning over upon my pillow to see.

My dream was a precious certainty. I was a married man.



## TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

*The Fate of the Reformation in France:*

## ITS CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

BY WILLIAM C. WYMAN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE Protestant Reformation, when fully developed, had two eras in the history of its aims. The Ideal of the first era was to dispossess the human mind of old errors, and to introduce in their stead a new principle of truth. The Ideal of the second era was to give unity of purpose and a permanence of character to that principle, by expanding it into a system.

The world will forsake old errors, when to the consciousness of a need of Reform is added the desire, strong and universal, that Reform should come. A Reformation will thus give utterance to the inmost yearnings of the age.

To realize the Ideal of the second era, two conditions are requisite. The principle of truth, which a system may embody, cannot fail to prove acceptable wherever the need of it be felt. Yet the reforming power of that principle will greatly depend upon the character of the system which gives the truth its practical expression. To be successful then, so far as success depends upon itself, a system which purposes to reform a nation, must, in a measure, take its character from, and adapt its precepts to, the natural, healthy tone of the national mind. In a word, it will first obey the law of Adaptation, which has regard to the diversities of the moral universe, as well as of the physical.

And again, a system to succeed must know its own limits. It should strive with the single purpose of fulfilling its own peculiar mission. It should not be ambitious of speedily securing all reforms, but wait patiently for the future to develop all its consequences. The privilege of rearing such a system belongs to the great and wise Reformer.

It is a plain lesson of History, that the failure of the French Reformation may be justly regarded as the failure of a system. Not only does such an inference follow from the fact, that Calvin was the greatest system-builder of the age, but there exists a strong presumption that the form of the Reformation in France would naturally comply with the

preference of the national mind for the unity and harmony of a system. The principle of religious liberty entered France, then, as a system ; as a system it fought and was conquered. Its failure may be traced to a disregard of the two conditions that were essential to its success. Calvinism failed in France because of a want of harmony between its own spirit and the habitual tone of the French mind, and because of the direct opposition of its doctrines to the character and condition of the French government.

As a man of intellect, Calvin was the first of Reformers, and eminently a French Reformer. Convinced that in the Scriptures alone could be found the source of divine truth, and in his own individual reason the only sure guide towards a knowledge of that truth, Calvin reared a system of belief, logical, symmetrical, harmonious. He went far beyond his great rival Luther in rejecting the mysteries of the Catholic Church. His aim was to vindicate the supremacy of reason in Divine revelation, as well as in the human understanding. Hence Calvinism sought the most radical reformation of the age.

It is plain that a system thus constructed would forcibly appeal to the keen, logical, discriminating mind of France. In no European nation has the reasoning faculty been clothed with mightier power than in France. No civilized country had been better fitted by nature to accept of the intellectual conclusions of Calvin than his native land. Thus the French Reformed Church always rested for its main support on the sympathies of the intelligent and educated classes. Hence sprang that deep, fervent conviction of the truth of their faith, which inspired the Protestants amid the severest persecution of modern times. Had this been all of Calvinism, the doctrines of the great Reformer would, for a season at least, have redeemed his native land.

Yet only for a season could such a dogmatism, while unqualified, endure. Logic has its worst of tyrannies ; and when a nation, mentally disposed like France, is serving such a despot, liberty will not long be waited for. While shrinking from conclusions to which Calvin had been logically led, France had but one more step to take ere the noble faith of her Reformer was wholly set aside. This reaction of the intellect was slow, but sure. Before two centuries had passed, the step was taken.

But the spirit, which dwelt in this framework of logic, was decidedly at variance with the habitual tone of the French mind. The natural temperament of Calvin, confirmed by his profound views of human nature, and by his experience in life, gave to the practical part of his sys-

tem a sternness and severity which the French nation, as a whole, could not long endure. The same austerity of morals was likewise in keeping with the logical character of the Reformation. As Calvin reasoned fearlessly in Theology, so did he reason sternly and fearlessly in Ethics. But his reasoning in Theology was that of a Frenchman, in Morality, that of a German.

His church discipline as well as his code of morals sought to purify and strengthen those elements of religious liberty already secured, and so seeking, they struck heavy blows at the existing abuses of the age. Calvin, whose mission it was to perfect the labor of others, to give unity and power to the new system of faith, strove earnestly for an immediate fruition of blessings that follow slowly yet surely from the fact of religious freedom. Hence the spirit of his Reformation was too grasping, too ambitious of a complete and immediate triumph, to be long the master of the national sympathies. The worship of Geneva was cold and unimpressive when contrasted with the gorgeous ceremonies of Rome. Novelty could not long repress the cravings, which the French have always shown, for representation and effect. Calvin's earnest desire for unity in the church imparted to his doctrines a degree of illiberality, which hindered not a little their general diffusion through the land. And though the records of the Reformed Church are adorned with innumerable examples of learning and genius united with the most profound piety, yet is it true that the great heart of France was scarcely touched by the simple, earnest, serious warnings uttered from Geneva. Hence partially resulted the apostasy of many of the Protestant military leaders, whose example, like that of Henry the Fourth, foreshadowed what the disciples of Calvin had still to suffer.

The principles of the Calvinistic Reformation were yet more decidedly at variance with the character and condition of the French government. Since the close of the fourteenth century Centralization had become the great fact in the history of France. Monarchy had finally triumphed over the nobles, the hierarchy, and the municipal towns; and when the Reformation was first introduced into France, it met with Centralization slowly yet steadily rising to its culmination in the despotism of Louis the Great. This change in the form of the government was not without its legitimate influence in moulding the political sentiments of society. The Reformation found the French people not merely subjected to a spiritual despotism, but willingly the slaves of a government that knew no law other than its own. France had not been severed like Germany into little, independent sovereignties, in some few of which the

Reformation might establish a footing ; but the country had grown as a great whole, whose national sentiment was that of unity, and whose elements of freedom were daily falling before the progress of a centralized despotism. Though monarchy had thus become supreme, yet between it and the church there existed in France a union more intimate than in any other nation of Europe. This union of Church and State greatness was a Colossus which the Reformation never overthrew.

In questioning the rightful supremacy of the Church, the French Reformers threatened the absolutism of the King. "The recognition of an ecclesiastical form differing from that of the old church included, if not a conscious, yet an actual modification in the idea of the supreme power."\* The position which the Calvinistic Church assumed, soon after its introduction into France, was such as to give the court good grounds for regarding it as aiming at a restriction upon the civil power. While the essence of the Calvinistic doctrines, disposed as they were to submit all theories, whether on spiritual or political matters, to the arbitration of reason, naturally induced the Protestants to call in question "the divine right of Kings." Calvin himself early pronounced in favor of an aristocracy. And again, the general principle that "the enfranchisement of the mind from religious despotism leads directly to inquiries into the nature of civil government,"† imparted yet more of life to all the political tendencies of the Reformation. The feeblest attempt at innovation, however silent it might have been on the subject of government, would undoubtedly have met with opposition from the Court of France ; but a system, with such obvious political aims as those of the Reformed Church, could not fail to provoke the hostility of a selfish and despotic King. It seems as if Calvin had not studied the political character of his native land any more deeply than he had its social character. No visions of such a statesman as Richelieu ever appear to have shaken the belief of the Reformer that his doctrines would ultimately triumph. No dark misgivings seem to have filled his mind, that ere long a terrible despotism would crush, as a political enemy, the system he had reared to redeem his land from a spiritual tyranny. Calvinism was, of all the forms of the Reformation, at once the most decided enemy of the old church, and, whether agreeable to the intentions of its founder or not, the bitterest opponent of the old maxims of government.

The historical development of the Reformation is plainly illustrative

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\* "Ranke's Civil Wars and Monarchy in France."

† "Bancroft."

of its tendency to antagonism with the royal power and the political sentiments of the people. The freedom of the Reformed Church from the supremacy of the King as well as of the Pope forms the basis of all the treaties that vary the terrible struggles of the religious wars. The famous edict of Nantes, though rightly regarded by the Protestants as the bulwark of their liberties, yet nourished in them a habit of insubordination, which the unity of France could not long permit. Such treaties rather deferred the settlement of the struggle than secured for France a lasting peace. And again, the nobles, who espoused the Protestant cause, sought from time to time an actual dismemberment of the kingdom, thus enlisting against their faith a natural and universal hatred.

From the political aims of the Reformation result two facts greatly influencing its fate. Where centralization has invested the King, as in France, with an almost unlimited power, there will the attitude of the Court towards a new principle of development be of the utmost consequence to the progress of that principle. Hence an important reason for the different issues of the English and French Reformations; since the one succeeded, while the other did not, in gaining an advocate in the royal power. French history presents no fact more clearly than that, during the age of monarchy, no party could prevail unless united with the King. Not only did the Reformers never effect this union, but scarcely at all did they penetrate into Paris, that great focus of French centralization.

In the earlier years of the Reformation, the Kings were its enemies, chiefly from religious motives. The intimate friendship between the Pope and the House of Valois, alliances with Catholic powers, and especially a connection by marriage with the most bigoted of Catholic families, served to maintain the King in continued hostility to the Calvinists. Yet, during this period, Catholic influence rather than the choice of the monarch directed the religious persecutions. Proverbially selfish was the policy of the French princes.

But after the edict of Nantes, and when the political character of the Reformation had been fully developed, the Kings became its decided political enemies. Richelieu crushed the Protestants as a politician and not as a bigot. Louis the Fourteenth revoked the edict of Nantes ostensibly from religious motives; but is it not plain, that he hated rather those sentiments of freedom which found their only sanctuary in the hearts of the devoted Huguenots? Louis swept away from France the last remains of a noble Reformation; yet how little did he think that

the gentle spirit of a religious liberty would be quickened by his intolerance into the avenging demon of revolution. The strong, central power of the French government, though often disposed to liberality, was still a mighty barrier to the progress of Calvinism.

The second fact conducing greatly to the failure of the Reformation, was the connection of the Reformers with political parties and struggles. Heresy had been pronounced in France a crime against the State. The Calvinists maintained, that government, while it properly should be theocratic, had not the right to enforce belief. A denial in point of theory was followed by a denial in point of fact. Persecution succeeded. The Protestants were driven by their sufferings to union and resistance as a party; to which result led also the fact, that political ideas had become so familiar to the Calvinists as to suggest to them the possibility of disarming the government of its pernicious power. Their allies, the House of Bourbon, became Protestant only in name, and from political motives simply. The princes of that family consulted their own advantage as politicians, when amid the struggles of the religious wars, they deserted the Reformers almost without exception. Religion was made their tool. In the very ranks of the Huguenots themselves existed a division directly prejudicial to the interests of their faith. Those who fought simply for religious freedom yielded to the guidance of those whose aim was a political reform. Hence resulted the rapid transfer of power from religious to political ideas. The successes of the Huguenots became political successes. The triumph of Henry the Fourth over the league was the triumph of French nationality and not of French Protestantism. The edict of Nantes might seem to usher in a day of promise for the Reformation, but the sun of its prosperity was soon to set. The Calvinists took more and more the form of a party. Exciting by their efforts the bitter enmity of the Court and the lower classes, the French Reformers lost even the possibility, which before existed, of their faith becoming national instead of sectional. The Church of Calvin stood alone, deserted by its selfish allies, its leaders fatally exposed to the corruptions of the Court, its followers overwhelmed by the wickedness of the age. Perhaps the Reformed Church may have sought the aid of faction to avert impending ruin; yet their policy was at the best a necessary evil, and ultimately suicidal.

There was still a large class in France who hated not merely the special forms of Calvinism, but even the essence of the Reformation itself. This class comprehended the Catholic Church and its supporters. While exerting among the French the same mighty power as in other nations

to suppress the spirit of free inquiry, the Church had been rendered yet more efficient by its unity throughout the kingdom, and by its intimate connection with the royal power. The Kings struck the blows which the Catholic hierarchy had planned. Soon after the rise of the Calvinistic System, the Church was armed for the work of persecution, by an internal renovation, by the introduction of the Jesuits, by the guidance of determined, unscrupulous leaders, and by unlimited assistance from abroad. Its wonderful organization was gifted with a spirit which sought, at any sacrifice, the ruin of the Protestants. The Kings might waver in their fidelity to the Catholic cause, the clergy never. That even the monarch was not exempt from the tyranny of the priest, is seen in the continued supremacy of Catherine de Medici, in the power of the League, in the compulsory abjuration of Henry the Fourth. Great and unforeseen reactions of opinion are eminently characteristic of French history; yet the French historian can record no change more wonderful than that which resulted from the efforts of the Jesuits. The principle that two religions cannot and should not exist in a single state, was enforced by French Catholicism in the most terrible persecution of modern times. The cruelties of the Duke of Guise, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Dragonnades of Louis the Fourteenth, hang a pall over the memory of devoted heroism never to be removed. Truly has the blood of the martyrs been the seed of the Church, but not where the heart of the persecutor has never relented, as in France. Yet persecution was in vain. Says Chateaubriand, "the day of St. Bartholomew made only martyrs. It gave to philosophic ideas an advantage over the religious which they have never lost."

Religious liberty thus failed of being formally admitted into France. Yet, is it not plain, that a principle so truly adapted to the needs of the age, could not by its failure be wholly shorn of its legitimate results? Apart from the usual influence which it exerted on all the nations of Europe alike, the Reformation in France was attended with results which serve not a little to render the history of that country the most wonderful history of modern times. The controversy between the Jesuits and Jansenism, though partially resulting from the independence of the Gallican Church, may yet be traced to Calvinism secretly undermining what openly it could not conquer. The writings of Bayle, Voltaire, Rousseau, and their followers, are justly held responsible for the atheism of modern France. Their hostility to religion is due to a perversion of the free spirit which Protestantism had bequeathed. Men of letters rose indignantly against the bigotry of the Catholic Church, but

they mistook the spirit of the persecutor for the spirit of Christianity. The age in which the Reformation fell was remarkable for the universal activity of thought. Freedom of inquiry on religious subjects had indeed been outwardly repressed; but its example was contagious. The common as well as the philosophic mind had felt its secret influence; and when Catholic believers might venture to apply this principle to the theories of their Church, then came a change eminently characteristic of the temper of France—a change from implicit faith to utter skepticism. Free thought had been divorced from a belief in the realities of religion. Thus the Reformation indirectly, and at variance with its natural tendencies, contributed to a Revolution in Philosophy, which brought into favor not merely infidel but democratic theories. Absolutism had lived its day in France. The free spirit of Calvinism had modified politics as well as literature and religion. It cast upon the troubled waters germs of a political emancipation such as France had long desired. The French Revolution gave an utterance to these two principles which sprang from the quickening influence of the Reformation. All that force of reason, earnestness of purpose, and a noble spirit of self-sacrifice could do, was done by the Reformation to win the heart of France. Yet atheism, with its chilling faith, and a political confusion that has terrified the world, are witnesses to the well-nigh total failure of the principle of Religious Liberty.

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#### PRIZE POEM.

### The Sphinx and the Pyramids.

BY GEORGE PRATT, EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.

#### I.

WANDERERS in the golden Orient,  
Where the sacred river flows,  
Where the purple air of summer  
Wraps the soul in sweet repose.  
See the pyramids eternal,  
Lifting up their fronts sublime,  
Far above the wastes of nature—  
Far above the wrecks of Time.



## II.

Heeding not the flight of ages,  
Heeding not the hollow tread  
Of the countless generations,  
Speeding to the dusty dead,—  
Like immortal earth-sprung giants,  
They still rise supreme and vast,  
Throwing forth upon the Present,  
Shadows of a mighty Past.

## III.

Underneath their towering grandeur,  
Clothed in dim mysterious grace,  
Gazing forth into the desert,  
Stands a calm unmoving face ;  
No sage Œdipus has ever  
Solved the secret of its rise,  
And it still in calmest silence,  
Asks this riddle of the wise.

## IV.

Yet all dimly from the stillness  
Of the cities overthrown,  
Written not on fading pages,  
But on leaves of graven stone,—  
Like some wild and wondrous story,  
Heard with doubt and strange amaze,  
Comes a record of that glory,  
Which adorned the ancient days.

## V.

Where the desert sands are flowing,  
Over ruins marred by time,  
Rose a city gorgeous, glowing  
In the light of that fair clime ;  
Palaces of princely splendor,  
Mingled with the templed fane,  
Huge embattled walls were throwing  
Massy shadows o'er the plain.

## VI.

There, with sweetest love, were gushing  
Hearts of purity and truth ;  
These great hopes of fame were flushing  
Through the earnest souls of youth  
Men grew old and died, not doubting  
But the city of their birth  
Would forever stand, a wonder  
To the nations of the earth.

## VII.

But their cherished hopes have vanished,  
Like the shadows of a dream;  
On the Father of the Waters  
Shines no city's gorgeous gleam;  
For a mighty Persian tempest  
Swept the valley of the Nile,  
Overthrowing priests and people,  
Fretted fane and pillared pile.

## VIII.

As the surging waves of ocean  
Vainly seek with sullen roar,  
To upheave the deep foundations  
Of the firm and rock-bound shore;  
So the sea of steel-clad warriors  
Smote in vain the rocky base  
Of the pyramids eternal,  
And the Sphinx's wondrous grace.

## IX.

But they stood near ruined Memphis,  
When the Persian passed away,  
When the sunlight of its glory  
Waned into the darkening day;  
Caring not for human passion,  
With its fruit of blood and tears,  
They have marked, with front unblenching,  
All the changes of the years.

## X.

On the stern old Roman Warriors,  
With their love-bewildered lords,  
On Mahomet's fiery army,  
With its flash of gleaming swords,  
On Napoleon's veteran soldiers,  
Shouting through the fearful fight,  
They looked down, unmoved, unbending,  
From their throne of silent might.

## XI.

Still they stand in solemn silence,  
Looking o'er the desert land,  
Round their feet will glow forever,  
Gleaming waves of Libyan sand;  
Underneath their welcome shadow,  
Shall the Arab pitch his tent,  
And the pilgrim's gaze of wonder,  
On their giant forms be bent.

## XII.

Ever teach they one great lesson,  
"Vain are hopes of lasting fame,—  
We have stood through all the ages,  
Yet we bear no builder's name;  
Men, whose fame will ever brighten,  
Strove not for themselves alone,  
They have lived in deeds of virtue,  
Not in piles of speechless stone."

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## TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The True, the Beautiful, and the Good, the ultimate aim  
of Philosophy.

BY CHARLES MELLEN TYLER, BOSTON, MASS.

It is an old maxim that Sciences are pyramids, the bases of which are history. True Philosophy promotes, in time, dim truths into great facts, and like the Sphinx, they gaze down the ages with calm, eternal eyes.

And now from our age, a vivid point of retrospect, the summit of this pyramid of all resultant knowledge—an age preferring the practical to theory—active sympathy to monkish dreams—sturdy enterprise to philosophic reverie—an age filled with the echoes of ancient teachers, yet rigidly heeding the distinct tones of its own common sense—an age in which Philosophy entreats to be reallied to religious faith—from this age, may we, versed in social changes, the subtle laws of mind, and the secret forces, both outward and metaphysic, that have caused the ebb and flow of civilization, trace unerringly the web of Philosophy through all its mazes, up to Truth—note the lines running into knots of error, and those keeping on in the simplicity of their starting.

We find that Philosophy, speculative or practical, has denied itself and cursed the race, when aiming not, for the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, which are one. The beautiful Greek word proves that Philosophy starts from God or Truth, for wisdom is truth, and to love wisdom is to love truth. God is truth, and truth is beauty, for as Boileau says, "nothing is beautiful but truth, and truth alone is lovely." Hence

the highest beauty in poetry and art is the strictest truth, and this is the intent of criticism. Plato deemed the Deity the archetype of all truth and beauty, or beauty itself, without mixture. Thus a vague sadness tempers the joy of the deep thinker, for the newly disclosed beauties of Science startle him from old ideals, uproot old trusted laws, calm his erring fancy; for they are shadowy hints of the Divine Beauty, and cause the soul to sally forth into new hopes, warm into vivid faith man's instincts after the True and Good, and save his intellect from error.

Truth, Beauty, and Goodness, then, are unity or God. From Him, the starting point, all Philosophy proceeds, and to Him, as the object or supplement of all science, it returns; for it aims at knowledge, and there can be no knowledge without Truth. Religion, then, is not an ally merely of Philosophy and dignified by it, but its ultimate and only end. They never conflict or embrace fallacies; their aim is one—Truth—a simple fact.

If they seem to jar, Religion has become bigotry; Philosophy, sophistry or egotism. Thus, God or His truth, is the very spirit of Philosophy. Its first wisdom is to know this fact, and everywhere, without this premise, it is false.

In its best estate, it must struggle up through the ruins of our nature, with a little downstreaming light, and when tediously extricated, can only then just look above a horizon of wrecks. Around are false philosophies, licentious arts, Ælphic impositions, and wild mythologies, "*rudis indigestaque moles*," but nowhere any eminent light. When Philosophy abjures egotism, becomes humble, it sees at length, through tears, the ray of Truth, which flickers not amid the general gloom, and exclaims in the joy of a just reunion, *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas*.

This is true Philosophy, or the soul of the world turning after God and perfectness, that unites with man's best instincts and emotions, gives force and law and faith to genius, breaks all school tyrannies, helps the disciple to correct his master, dissolves the charm and rule of old false opinion, scorns all priestly jealousies of learning and pious frauds, and rebukes that rash faith in mere authority, which led Fontenelle to say, that with six Philosophers to support him, he would make mankind believe the sun was not the source of heat.

Starting thus from Eternal Truth, what is the full mission of Philosophy? Plainly to impel the race upward, by all right, mental, and physical appliances; by inventing sure logic, sound morals, sound criticism in logic; by practical effort everywhere; by the junction of faith, reason,

experiment, and a pious dread of untruths and elaborate chimeras. Philosophy is the method of the world's soul reaching beneath, around, and upward, for Life, Truth, Beauty, and Goodness.

Philosophy has its *youth*, *manhood*, and *old age*. The soul of the race is the soul of the individual—must have the same growth, the same phases—must have Truth and Goodness, or dies. Let us trace this likeness.

As with Philosophy, so with the *individual*, there are three periods—*youth*, *manhood*, and *old age*.

The thoughts of the individual in *youth* are, without method, psychologic. It is the time of the soul's expansion, not by chill processes of logic, but by vague longings after Truth, Beauty, and Goodness—after the Infinite. "His untutored mind sees God in the clouds, or hears Him in the wind." His conclusions seem true, for they are heart-conclusions. This is the period of Youth.

In the second period, *reason*, an iconoclast, dethrones his deities, shows him he has recklessly deified not the True and Good, but what his soul wanted to be True and Good. His basis is to be laid anew, not with reference to innocent, isolated, childhood, but to the myriad stirring facts and laws of riper life. Hence he is impelled into abstraction—reason enacts new laws of conduct—no longer is he the sport of impulse. This period is critical for the man, and a period also critical for Philosophy, as we shall see—he may speculate too much, his mind proud, self-poised in this dizzy balance, is fascinated with itself, becomes egoism. Youth and old age are rarely atheistic. It is in the heyday of the intellect that danger lives. Then principles are as yet unapplied to life. This is the period of manhood.

In the third period, *experience* scatters the gnomes of erring speculation, reviews old judgments, restores to life and piety the airy intellect; and this is old age.

Now, "the first ages are the youth of the world and of Science," says Bacon. Philosophy is chronologic, not alone in the order of discovery, but in its laws of progress. As we have already intimated in its youth, it seems *Psychologic*; in its middle age, *Methodic* and *Dialectic*; in its old age, *Experimental*. In all these periods, which we will consider, it has struggled after the True and the Good, and modern science has gathered the fruits.

One remark before passing to these periods. Strangely does the mind of a writer at times harass itself, and baffle its own attempt at outward expression, until a certain logical order and symmetry and truth dawn

through, and become transfixed in the written phrase. In such a time, the mind seems both a subject and an object.

So Philosophy, in all periods, when not realizing outwardly its inner yearnings after Truth, Moral Beauty, and Goodness, has recoiled upon itself, consciously torn its own flesh, its ill humor, then started anew for the right.

Tracing, now, the analogy between Philosophy or the world's soul, and that of the individual, we find in the *Psychologic* period all human thought searched for an object of worship, embodying all the suggestions of native conscience. The dictum on Sinai, "I am the Lord your God," superseded for Judaism, the throes of new Philosophy. But elsewhere, Philosophy was a painful soul-query about a Supreme Unity, that should complete all its good aspirations, solve the problem of life—should inspire it. Confucius, the Vedas, the Zendavesta, all shot bolts far towards Deity, but they were only ejaculations, fell short, scattered, and founded Polytheism, for there was no revelation, no faith, no method.

With the later method of Socrates, might they not have found God and eternal life?

Thus the soul of antiquity, failing to reach a being supersensual, the relief from all longings after Truth, Beauty, and Goodness fell into materialism; still aimed at elaborate definitions of worship; at Philosophy, but deified reptiles, or the human form shaped in horrible conceits.

Thus, in the youth of science, the period of soul-thrill, of impulse, did gradual despair revolutionize judgment, make falsehood seem truth, deformity, beauty, and depravity, goodness. Their creeds were full of untruths; their architecture, of monstrosities, the union of human and brute features; their politics and public morals, of despotisms and horrors.

But the age of *Method*, of orderly thought succeeds. Youthful fire yields to phlegmatic manhood—impulse to reason. Mathematics and nature are studied, and then is the twilight of truth. Yet Philosophy is still Mythology only. The gods hitherto antochthons, local, no higher than their pedestals, in time become sublimated into spirit. But even then, no exemplars of Truth, they have no moral Beauty, no Goodness. Phidias gave to his Zeus, imperium grandeur, but no benevolence, a human beauty, but not a divine. His critic and his lawgiver was his heart, and it erred, for Philosophy knew not true aesthetics, and had taught him falsely.

Grecian art, when most philosophic, wrought only symbols of the earthly, not of the heavenly. Religion was only yet a graceful apotheosis

of heroes and hero-traits. Socrates and Plato, however, were busy with the science of *Method*, of logical truth, and left the gods to others.

Well, now, is Philosophy filled with prophetic hope, for it will flash truth down the ages; will onward and onward, create from the dark crudeness of mind and nature a myriad forms of eternal good and beauty. It has found the crypt-key, and snapped the bolts of science; has solved the problem of the world; has found God! the Perfect Truth! Perfect Beauty! Perfect Good! Its eye flashes along its dynasty, foresees its liturgic power, its stately march, full of momentum, truth, and hate of anarchy. In every brief eclipse it will mail itself anew, recruit its sinews. What if the Stoic's fatalism, the effeminate naturalism of the Epicurean, or the Pyrrhonist, losing sight of Truth and Good, adopt its name? steal its life-fire to kindle into faith and fame their dull, cold falsehoods? What, though the Cynic, or the Mystic, would divert with trench and fosse, its right onward flow? They only float without specific gravity on its tide, or course round and round in eternal eddies of thought. These all looked at stars, but not the pole star of science. Their Philosophies began in logical conceit, and ended in a splendid madness!

In the age of *Dialectics*, is the confluence of Christianity and Platonism. But again, Philosophy strayed from Truth and Goodness. Hearty action must follow method; philanthropy follow theory. Now ought it to have wrought true politics—just criticism and laws and art—society's moral codes.

Philosophy had its pandects, its ready engines, every munition. But its towers frowned in gloomy silence—shot no quarrel, gave no signal. The scholastic force within, bickered over formulas, thought not of onset. Philosophy lives not in ghostly reverie. Anchorites and Stylites are monsters.

It should have unmasked utilities—dignified social duties—built up honest diplomacy—founded national amities—quelled feudal hate—crushed the grim visor of tradition—flooded dark tyranny with light—to the down-trodden, given hardy muscle in place of aching nerve. But no; the Hierarch curbed its sallies; bolted the door on its wide-tending truth, or planned shrewd conduits under ground, vents for its pent benevolence. Cloister and convent, succeeded to academy and porch; cautious bigotry, to test inviting truth.

But erring Philosophy still wore a pompous guise of truth. Men wrote logical phrases, empty of all truth, all aim at good—specious, and yet so pliant is language, they were artistic and plain. The reason then, proud of this difficult freedom from material truths, soared higher and higher,

vanished at length into mystical nonsense, understood neither by itself or others.

Thus in this time of logical tournay, erring Philosophy struck its own trail, made no progress.

Before the age of Method closed Egoism had barred the helmet, and spurred to the shock against Truth—now grim and still, it rusted in its ignominious triumph.

The first period was evidently one of ignorant conscience; the second of logical conscience; the third, of logic without conscience. Politics, ethics, art, æsthetics, all were hemmed in by one fact—hierarchy.

In general, Philosophy has, up to this point, looked speculatively out upon humanity from an elegant abstraction.

Let us finally search for the ultimate aim of Physical Science in this age of *Experiment*—this old age of Philosophy.

Is it as the ardent scholar of Bacon might infer, mere human utility, a mere mechanic, temporal device, to better man's temporal life? an atheism; or is there in and around every physical fact and form, an abstract truth, beckoning to God, prophetic of Eternity; a lesson of Beauty and Goodness, as subtle and as true, as the conclusions of reason, although concealed in matter?

An old Greek writer declares that nature is a vast symbol, and mythology the complement of all genuine physiology.

God is the complement of all true Physic. Philosophy aims not at the array and disarray of material forces for man's bodily need, but to reveal those higher spiritual hints of Deity, of which matter is but an incrustation. Nature is a symbol of four principles—of Life, of Truth, of Beauty, of Goodness.

Of Life.

Every atom in the universe incessantly moves. Matter cannot move itself. It is the life, the energy of God, prevalent in every fact, never suspended.

It is a symbol of Truth.

This invisible energy, lest motion should meet arrest or conflict, has decreed fixed laws of affinity, of equilibrium, of attraction and repulsion. Motion must be insured by laws, fixed and true. Motion must be in line, curve or orbit; hence line and orbit are laws, forever sure, forever true, as mathematics, as God, and hence it is the symbol

Of Beauty.

For as Plato says, God in nature, geometrizes. Astronomy, botany, reveal nothing but symmetry. Now, if nature is viewed as an atheistic fact,



apart from every Cause or Motor, there are no laws—can be no genera, no species. But if God is felt to be behind all, then everything is orderly, everything is beautiful—it is the beauty of God.

Nature is a symbol of Goodness.

For in nature God reveals not merely his attributes, but every contrivance for man's good. By abstract laws and secret analogies does He elevate the intellect and challenge the piety of man. And now, though Philosophy has often wronged man's instincts after the True, the Beautiful, and the Good—scorned the exact order of his emotions, proved a misnomer, a fearful hypocrisy—though man has lost his first unity with God and unison with nature, and fitfully dreams, where first he calmly thought—and though error has ever clung to the intellect, marred its method, inspired conceit, built fame on heresy; yet there shall be a time when Philosophy shall be true and unsullied, and instead of a twilight, shall become a firmament, studded with the stars of hope, cheer, and immortality.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### THE WOODEN SPOON EXHIBITION

CAME off on Monday evening, June 11th. There was a fine attendance, and the exercises, we believe, gave general satisfaction. We rejoiced to see better order at the door than usual, and hope that on all future occasions there will be the same provisions. DAVID P. RICHARDSON of Rochester, N. Y., presented the Spoon; SIDNEY E. MORSE of New York City, received it.

### PRESENTATION DAY.

The exercises came off in the Chapel, on Wednesday, June 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Poem, by LYMAN D. BREWSTER, was beautiful and finely delivered. The Oration, by ADOLPHE BAILEY, was a masterly production. We think it will bear reading with any that have preceded it.

The usual exercises came off in the afternoon on the College Green. There was the annual amount of smoking jollification, wit, &c. The Class of '55 are no more as to College. We miss their familiar faces and are sorry to part with them. We wish them honor and success in life.

### THE DEFOREST PRIZE SPEAKING

Came off in the afternoon of Friday, June 15th. The successful candidate was ALEXANDER McDONALD LYON, of Erie, Pa. The Townsend Prizes were awarded to CALVIN G. CHILD, of New York City, ELISHA MULFORD, Montrose, Pa., STANLEY T. WOODWARD, of Wyoming Valley, Pa., CHARLES M. TYLER, of Boston, Mass., WILLIAM C. WYMAN, Brooklyn, L. I.

## SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

The Election for first officers came off in the Brothers in Unity, Wednesday, May 30th; in Linonia, June 6th. The result was as follows:

## LINONIA.

*President*, G. C. ROBINSON,  
*Vice-President*, J. H. WERRALL,  
*Librarian*, J. W. SWAYNE,  
*Vice Librarian*, G. TUCKER,  
*Secretary*, W. B. WILSON,  
*Vice-Secretary*, J. M. DAVIS.

## BROTHERS IN UNITY.

*President*, L. L. PAINE,  
*Vice-President*, C. MANN,  
*Librarian*, J. L. WHITNEY,  
*Vice-Librarian*, E. BARROWS,  
*Secretary*, J. B. CONE,  
*Vice-Secretary*, G. M. BOYNTON.

We shall omit the list of Prizes for want of room. They will appear in our next number.

## SENIOR APPOINTMENTS, CLASS OF '55.

*Valedictory*, JOHN E. TODD.

*Salutatory*, W. D. ALEXANDER.

*Philosophicals*, C. J. F. ALLEN, G. A. KITTRIDGE, G. TALCOTT.

## FIRST ORATIONS.

S. CHITTENDEN,  
 J. W. HARMAR,  
 J. R. JARBOE,

J. L. MILLS,  
 E. SPANIER,  
 P. H. WOODWARD.

## ORATIONS.

L. D. BREWSTER,  
 N. W. BUMSTEAD,  
 H. N. COBB,  
 F. LYMAN,  
 A. B. MILLER,  
 F. W. OSBORNE,

J. C. PARSONS,  
 H. R. SLACK,  
 C. P. STETSON,  
 G. STEWART,  
 W. WHEELER,  
 W. C. WYMAN.

H. A. YARDLEY.

## DISSERTATIONS.

S. L. BRONSON,  
 H. T. CHITTENDEN,  
 H. A. DICKINSON,  
 A. D. HUGHES,

W. L. MORRIS,  
 C. R. PALMER,  
 L. E. STANTON,  
 W. C. WHITEMORE.

## FIRST DISPUTES.

F. ALVORD,  
 J. B. ANDREWS,

J. EDGAR,  
 C. F. JOHNSON,

L. TALLMADGE.

## SECOND DISPUTES.

J. H. ANKETELL,  
 W. L. AVERY,  
 C. CHRISTIE,  
 H. W. JONES,

J. K. MASON,  
 G. POTTER,  
 C. M. TYLER,  
 W. T. WILSON,

L. A. BRADLEY.

## FIRST COLLOQUIES.

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| J. H. CASE,      | G. T. MCGHEE,    |
| E. CORNING,      | R. C. SHOEMAKER, |
| G. A. DICKERMAN, | P. F. WARNER,    |
| A. B. FITCH,     | A. T. WATERMAN.  |

## SECOND COLLOQUIES.

|                   |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| M. B. EWING,      | A. P. ROCKWELL, |
| D. L. HUNTINGTON, | F. A. SEELEY,   |
| A. J. WILLETS.    |                 |

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Editor's Table.

AN excusable lassitude pervades the Editorial corporosity, as we sit down to indite something in the shape of a talk with our readers. Excusable—we say—for the late round of suppers and initiation festivities, so happily characteristic of the third term, have naturally entailed a reaction from the pitch of enthusiasm and hilarity to which our dignity was elevated. Not that we blame the entertainments, nor the societies, who act the part of entertainers, with one whit of the resulting *ennui*—far from it. We are by far too strenuous advocates of anything jolly to derogate from the deserved popularity of such a wholesome custom as eating good suppers and drinking good—*cold water*. We uphold our secret societies even in that much decried point of conviviality. For what more conduces to good feeling between a party of fellow students than the consciousness that they are one flesh; *i. e.* have eaten of the same turkey? What more calculated to inspire feelings of consanguinity than the tingling of the same champagne through the veins of the various members of the company? We hold that the highest interests of Friendship are promoted by these much standard festivals. The whole worth of an entertainment of such a character consists in where eaten—when eaten—how eaten—and by whom eaten.

The “where eaten,” may be answered by either “at the hall,” or “at Scranton’a.” In either case a proper response—both places being set apart, the one partially and the other wholly, for such purposes. So no objection can be urged on that score. “When eaten.” In the dead hours of the night, when the noise of jocund hilarity and the flow of mirth may least disturb those whom a malignant fate debars from participating in the jollities. Can any more conclusive proof of good intention be demanded than this self-sacrifice to the feelings of others? This one point should set the matter at rest. A deference to the wishes of others so noticable should satisfy even those evil minded ones, (figuratively set forth in the fable of the “fox and grapes,”) who have used and even now are employing every conceivable means to overthrow what they must look upon with feelings akin to those of a Satan regarding paradise:—

"Base envy withers at 'another's joy,'  
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

"How eaten," may be the pertinacious inquiry of some yet unsatisfied cavalier. Why, sir, eaten and drank too in the full tide of unalloyed good feeling, and undisturbed by any harshness of envy or ill-will. And by "whom eaten." Ah, here we pause and call the "Yale Banner" to our aid. See the lists of glorious names filed in stately double columns under the flags of glorious K. Σ. Θ. or far famed A. Σ. Φ. The question is disposed of summarily and even yet more conclusively will it be answered when the names of those of '58, who shall take the guidance of the respective fraternities, shall have appeared in the next issue of that renowned periodical. We hold that college suppers of all kinds may be justified by the above mode of argument, which though imperfectly wrought out may evidently be elaborated. If then the *cause* of our want of energy is a highly laudable institution, surely the *effects* may at least be excused. We with boldness then demand the sufferance of our readers.

"O music sphere descended maid,  
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,"

said we, as the notes of an ill-used violin escaped from an open window of one of the colleges—which one we dare not say. How truly did the poet say, "Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!" On every hand Euterpe holds a sway, feebly contested by the sage Minerva, typified in the now defunct *Owl* club. Nor is the ear the only organ persecuted by this "concord of sweet sounds." The eye is caught by emblazoned intimations that "Tyroles" will hold a meeting at some place the name of which is lost in the maze of flourishes enveloping representations of chubby cupids well nigh bursting from their noisy attention to immense trumpets of a classic form. The roll of a kettle drum from the Athenæum mingles with the flute notes from north-middle; a general uproar of scrapes and whistles is wafted from the once "Brothers' Hall," and the harmonious crash needs but the banished *awfulclide* of North College to be complete. Even the harmony that should exist between instructor and student is intruded upon by the harmonious spirit, as an incident which recently came under our personal observation can abundantly testify.

We were lounging in one of the College buildings, (ambiguity is again necessary for obvious reasons,) on a chilly morning near the advent of the month of March. Naturally the glowing grate suggested glowing fancies of every description—of poetry (!) and the arts. Music is our only accomplishment, however, and the two violins and the many-keyed flute, were soon seized by three enthusiastic embryo Mozarts, and "the happy harmonies melodiously swelled" through the crannies of the ancient building. Absorbed as we were in the flow of gentle music, we noticed not that we were infringing on study hours until after repeated and neglected raps at the door, an august personage interrupted our enjoyment with, "Mr. ———, study hours, if you please." Unheeded was the warning voice. "Mr. ———," persisted the intruder, "will you have the goodness to desist; you are interrupting more diligent students in the prosecution of their literary exercises." Although we were loth to give up our diversion, and even though one of the trio showed a disposition to *argue the point*

and prove from the immutable principles of the philosophy of taste that one who could be interrupted in study or any pursuit by the "passion-stilling" strains of our instruments, was "fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils," faculty authority prevailed, and the interloper was dismissed with apologies, followed (as soon as he had shut the door) by a volley of benedictions. Alas, for fancied security! The injured party heard the words of wrath, and shortly after, *one*, at least, of our number suffered the penalty of his imprudence.

A friend of ours who rejoices in the soubriquet of the Sachem, entered our Sanctum a short time ago with an air of the profoundest mystery. In his hand he clutched a curious object which he triumphantly extended to us, bidding us guess what it was. We will remark by the way that the Sachem has a passion, completely Pickwickian, for antiquities. Any person entering the locality which he designates as his wigwam, will discern this fact. The ancient tomahawk and scalping knife which adorn the wall, are only emblematic of this idiosyncrasy, for his trade is not murderous. He smokes the calumet of peace as long as his constitution will *submit*,—for he is not a person

That keeps his kitchen in a box,  
And roast meat in a pipe.

Well, we gazed at the object, but could not determine its species. Finally, we ventured to inquire what it had been supposed to be. He informed us that the principal conjectures had been, a padlock and an inkstand, and added benevolently, that it should decorate the sanctum if we solved the riddle. After a short inspection, we gravely pronounced it to be a rat-trap, and we verily believe that if something almost providential had not occurred to prevent, he would have completely demolished the haunt editorial. He capered; he shouted; he stood upon his head in his delight, and executed a variety of feats which might have elevated him to the highest position in any aboriginal tribe. As soon as the significant motion of a cork-screw slowly waved before his eyes had quitted him, he informed us with a semi-solemn air, that the article was an ancient lamp "which formerly swung in some old monastic cell." But we only mention this incident as introductory to another topic.

The Sachem was interrupted in his wild gymnastics by the entrance of a letter, in which he speedily buried himself. Soon we beheld two tears making their way down his cheeks. His lips convulsively twitched, as we knew by the motion of his long mustache. "What's the matter?" we cried. He only pointed out the P. S. of the letter, and sighed. We read as follows: "She is married; gone to Oregon; and has two children—twins." We gazed at the Sachem. He was working off his boots and rubbing his nose—sure signs of melancholy and despair. At length he kicked one boot out of the window, and the other into our manuscripts and shouted, "that settles it!" We thought it *would* settle something, but what the unfortunate being intended to accomplish we failed of understanding. Yet we comprehended his situation. "Was it Angelina?" we asked. "It was," gasped he. We had seen her. We recollected how she appeared two years before—a diminutive maiden in black. We knew how many sonnets the Sachem had composed in her honor. We had made a partial computation of the sighs to which he had given vent. We sympathized and waved the cork-screw. The Sachem imbibed consolation and

became calm. A long time he sat in moody silence, and then rising and drawing on his one available boot, he slowly passed out of the door. As he disappeared he uttered one expressive word—"TWINS." Here was another "crumbling of his ideal," for he had made it a point to fall in love with every maiden whom he encountered, hoping to realize his pure Ideal in some of them. The next day he greeted us with joy in his countenance, and informed us that he was engaged.

Speaking of twins reminds us of the baby-show, and we recollect a rhymed epistle which we received from the Sachem, descriptive of the event. We make a short extract.

Babies were there from every state,  
In every *state*\* of baby-hood,  
No matter what their *fortune* or fate,

\* \* \* \* \*

Babies whose size has caused many sighs  
From the weary nurses who stilled their cries ;  
Babies who Herschel-like talents display  
In searching the source of the milky-way ;  
Babies who 've learned to quietly rest,  
And breast life's troubles without the breast ;  
Babies who first saw American light—  
As Emerald emigrants, when there 's a dearth  
Of room aboard ship—three or four in a *berth*.  
They all were there in beauty so bright,  
Arrayed in their very best bib and tucker :  
Mr. Barnum provided for each one's needs,  
And gave needed succor to each little *sucker*.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have been thus far prolix, and doubtless borous, but we beg your pardon for it, kind reader, and, bidding you another temporary adieu, will close with the subjoined note from Mr. Kittles, whose new invention we noticed in our last.

June 20th.

EDITORS OF THE Y. L. M.

ESTEEMED SIRs:—I am profoundly grateful. 'Tis all I can say.

Yours, with expressions of the most lasting and never-to-be-forgotten obligation,

A. B. L.

We acknowledge the receipt of a volume of "Familiar Quotations," from Messrs. Durrie & Peck. We have only cursorily glanced at it ; but find it, as far as our observation goes, a valuable production.

\* Mr. B——, though not particular about the *patrimony* of the infants, required that their origin should be in the *State* of Matrimony.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST, 1855.

No. IX.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '56.

G. F. BAILEY,

W. H. W. CAMPBELL,

J. M. BROWN,

H. DU BOIS,

L. C. FISCHER.

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Notes on S. T. C. and his Poetry.

THE poetical works of Coleridge have of late attracted more notice among his trans-Atlantic heirs, and are bidding fair for a still wider circulation. To chance upon a readable American edition a few years ago was unusual. The most of those issued—and these could not be spared at the small fry of bibliopoles—were poorly supervised, their careless arrangement, irregular print, and inner and outer *tout-ensemble* giving quite an eyesore to the practised book connoisseur. The last edition we owe to Messrs. Little & Brown. It has all the charm that elegant paper and clear type can add to a work, and is in every way commendable, with the exception of the introductory memoir. The editor, in his compilation (for it is hardly more than this) quotes from sources by no means partial to Coleridge; and where in these passages ringing of truth unaccountably appears, he endeavors, after his cool manner, to explain it away. It is impossible, of course, to form a just conception of the great Coleridge from a wretched, one-sided account of this, and that it should be thus was no doubt the editor's intention. Fortunately, too, there is no complete and reliable biography of Coleridge extant; so that we are thrown somewhat adrift among the

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prejudices (*pro* and *con*) of De Quincy, Cottle, Hunt, &c., not forgetting that one sad volume of the weak but affectionate Gillmore.

We are left as yet to speculate whether the term "popular" will ever be applied to S. T. C.'s poetry. It wants that almost nondescript something which interests the average reader instantaneously, as in Scott, Moore, and some of the minor poets. This, perhaps, is consequent in a measure on his choice of subjects, which are not always such that the dining-out literateur can make his requisite excerpts under them, or even the love-stricken "sweet sixteen," meet with gems for those dear enchanting notes *d'amour*. Poetry, indeed, provided it abounds in couplets apt for quotation, does not always need the inspiration of genius to gain currency. Instance Boileau—a man certainly not oppressed by a superfluity of this desideratum—whose trite sayings and fancies dance to this day from the lips of his countrymen. Coleridge's subjects are, moreover, chiefly of a personal nature. We find more about himself and his friends than the rest of the world. He speaks of this in his preface—allowing himself chargeable with egotism, but of a kind unavoidable, inasmuch as his "frenzy" was generally aroused by incidents within his own experience. Such poetry—though pleasant in itself, and especially desirable when affording, as in the present case, insight into the character of a remarkable man—cannot, however, expect to meet with a wide perusal. It is well suited for private, for closet reading, but does not seem tasteful to casual readers.

Another impediment to the extension of S. T. C.'s coterie of readers is, that the poet is too often associated with the unsatisfactory and at times inexplicable Transcendentalists, who, we know, are prone to be regarded as bugbears or tantalizing will o' the wisps by the *ο πολλοι*, and their works, whatever they may be, punctiliously shunned.

Coleridge received during the course of his life many a severe check at the hands of his fastidious friends—the reviewers. The reigning critics at that time entertained a pious horror of the "Lakers," at whose head Wordsworth then stood par excellence of his new poetic theory, and of his defiance—rather indifference of criticism. The great intimacy existing between the famous author of the *Excursion* and Coleridge, naturally referred the latter to this sectional band of poets. The big, blustering reviewers hastened thereupon to lay to his charge the stereotyped faults of this school. They accuse him of baldness and affected simplicity—reasoning, doubtless, that a friendly intercourse between two poets was *prima facie* evidence of their writing similarly. Public opinion, however, had already anticipated and refuted this



charge by reproaching him with the very opposites of these defects. His earlier poems are often profuse in double epithets and willfully ornate. He was himself aware (a rare occurrence) of this faulty excess; adverting to it in his preface, he trusts that a careful revision has in a measure removed these blemishes.

It might be said extenuatingly of the critique of the Edinburgh reviewers, that it was made upon the poems of his later life—there being a marked indifference between these productions from their forerunners. The admission of this, however, would scarcely palliate the blunder; for although his poems are less highly wrought, his faults are still of the same character. This is but a single instance of the maltreatment Coleridge received at the hands of the critics. It shows them guilty either of unpardonable hastiness or extreme prejudice. How in like manner he suffered detracton in his other writings, especially through the envy of *soi-disant* friends, a brief glance at his life would serve to testify.

It was hinted about that a certain change came over his later verse. It compares well enough with that of his manhood in point of merit—we can still perceive the fine traces of the old familiar pen, and recognize the workings of the old spirit—but the tone is less hopeful, less impassioned. The wear and tear of an opium-eating life have robbed him of his wonted fervor. Instead of his former buoyancy there steals along a burden of sadness and heart-sickness. This at first appears strange, as Coleridge troubled himself but little about the outer world; when we reflect, however, upon the qualms and dejection which must arise from an habitual indulgence in opium, it is no longer surprising. His passion for the “drug” affected him also in another way. It made him so delightfully indolent, that, towards the close of his life, he but seldom wearied his muse with importunities. He would pass the best hours of the day in grand monologues to an attentive group of hearers, or in musing over old folios lazily enriching their margins with valuable notes.

Throughout all his epochs as bard, he was ever noticeable for his harmony and perfection in rhythm. He carefully studied to impart this to the most trifling of his poems. His table talk gives us a glimpse of his high estimate of this quality, when he says he can bear with any poetry—the veriest nonsense—provided it be harmonious. The ear is never offended in Coleridge. Take any of his poems at random, you will observe the same quiet, musical flow of language—line following upon line with the same soft cadence—moving, as it were, upon wheels of

his own loved opium. As we indeed apprehend, much of his poetic enthusiasm was derived from this "noble and delicious drug," at certain periods of his career. That divine fragment, the *Kubla Khan*, was probably stimulated by its subtle powers. He had been thrown by some anodyne (?) into a profound sleep, during which these lines presented or composed themselves, so to speak, in his mind. Truly a gifted man was this who could dream poetry, such as would have strained the genius of most of his contemporaries in a feeble imitation!

After repeated perusals of S. T. C.'s poems, we can pronounce them all readable—overtopping the genteel mediocrity, but falling the most of them, far below those several great effusions which have singled him out as one of the first poets of his time. He was not an equal writer. He was ordinarily too indolent to officiate in his "singing robes." Inspiration was irksome to him—he was often obliged to have recourse to his brown little demon to lull the troublesome activity of his mind. Besides, he was a compassionate man, and liked not to write too often better than his fellow poets.

The pieces on which his real fame rests are comparatively few, consisting at most of but five or six. Had these never been written he might still have been distinguished for the surpassing harmony of his numbers, but would have occupied a very inferior rank—even as low perhaps as Beattie and those tame and humdrum ones of the inspired. As it is, he maintains his footing with the best.

*Christabel*, the *Ancient Mariner*, and *Kubla Khan*, from the startling, vivid power which pervades them, have been set apart and form a distinct class of literature. There are several others of different authors which might be enumerated with them, none, however, that discover such a singular imaginative force. The poem styled a "Hymn to Mount Blanc," is generally known as an expansion of Frederica Brun's little poem on the same subject; hence, in the eyes of the critics it is another of Coleridge's sublime plagiarisms. De Quincy mentions it among others in his ungrateful task of proving Coleridge a plagiarist. He acknowledged himself indebted, we believe, to this source in the composition of this great masterpiece. The little poem alluded to may be found in the addenda to any edition of his poems, sufficient proof, surely, that the poet used no concealment in the matter. De Quincy, we think, has been somewhat unjust in his judgment of Coleridge; and since the demise of the latter, his remarks do not assume the likeness of well intended criticism. They seem rather to be the promptings of downright spleen. He is often severe and harsh, but without frank and care-

less in disguising the temper of his disparagements. He has evidently been suffering from pique since the time that Coleridge received his donative of three hundred pounds as a matter of course—a mere tribute to his genius. He was, however, pleased with Mr. De Quincy—would patronize, &c.

Moreover, such a grand opium eater as Coleridge, who disposed of it in the form of laudanum by the pint *per diem*, must ever be an object of vast envy to De Quincy. His fame being grounded as it is on a paper descriptive of his opium eating experiences, he likes no other in the field. It must seriously annoy him, therefore, that Coleridge should not only have been the greater man, but, *lamentabile dictu*, the greater opium eater.

Ere closing, let us pause a moment over Christabel, which, with the Ancient Mariner, he so loved to distinguish as the most original and happy of his efforts, and which stand unrivaled as yet, as specimens of a certain wild and singular kind of beauty. Of the two, the latter probably cost him the more labor, and seems to have been his especial favorite. It surpasses the other in finish, and by a vein of delicacy stealing throughout like a fine, soft tone of color in the petals of a flower. Written slowly, and appearing in parts after long intervals, as many other of Coleridge's works, 'twas never completed. He hesitated, indeed to continue, lest he should fail in fully realizing the plan he had in mind. Like Swift, he may be said to have wondered at the extent of his own genius, and was haunted by a suspicion that it would not sustain him in another trial. What Coleridge, however, doubted whether he could satisfactorily complete, the redoubted Tupper, recognized in England as the "tea-table poet," thought fit to attempt. It was an impious endeavor, and deservedly met with a signal failure,—deservedly, for a chef d'œuvre like this should be held sacred from the pollution of the doggerelists and a Mr. Tupper,—nay, even from the touch of the best poets.

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### Saltonstall.

WELCOME, bright Saltonstall!  
Welcome the sheen of thy waters  
Dancing and glancing merrily—  
Welcome bright Saltonstall!

Fathoms and fathoms below,  
Below the rippling crystal,  
Lies thy bed everlasting  
Spread in the mountain's grotto.

Elves of the sun descending—  
Ah! *they* tint the beautiful rainbow!  
Dip in thy lymph their brushes of golden,  
Cleanse in thy lymph their beautiful stains!  
Welcome Sun-dyed Saltonstall!

### The Three Advertisements.

By Φ. Γ.

*Boyet.* "Who is the suitor! Who is the suitor!"

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know!

*Boyet.* Aye."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Prin.* "We have received your letters full of love,  
Your favors, the ambassadors of love,  
And in our maiden counsel rated them  
At courtship——"

*Love's Labor Lost.*

THE last signals of day were settling away into the still West, when the old man finished his story, and a beautiful mantle of moonlight was on the trees before the porch where the three friends sat. Judge Brotherby had drawn his chair still nearer the speaker, and with up-turned spectacles and ear intent was drinking in his words. Crumer had reposed his feet on the balustrade, and, with his head upon his hand, was gazing away over the landscape, as if figuring to himself the scenes of the doctor's recital in the shadows of the deepening night. A pause of a few seconds succeeded after the tale was told, and both he and his friend, the Judge, reached forward, exclaiming, "Give us your hand!" "You made a genuine romance of it," said Brotherby. "Why, I would not have supposed that any of your young dreams could be so nearly realized; but now, 'i' faith, I believe you never, with all your glorious imagination, predicted an experience more striking in its details, or happy in its issue."

your wife," said Crumer, "is——?"  
 "Now what you would ask," interrupted Blynn; "but forbear to you please. I have reasons for wishing to say no more about v. But now is *your* turn, classmates. I am ready for the next  
 "Wait awhile," quoth the Judge, just as a pretty little lass out upon the portico with a beaker of lemon sherbet and a salt-rue cakes. "We will discuss topics of another sort for a few , and meanwhile," he continued, as he filled a cup apiece for and companions, "my little grand-daughter may run and ask her to come and sing us that holiday lay which Uncle Jackson is so fond of." The sprightly girl obeyed and bounded into the while the old men sat enjoying their moonlight repast together, taking to the remembrance and resurrection of ancient friendship. By the blinds of the drawing room window near them were open, and a hand by no means unskillful touched a short prelude sharp, after which a mellow female voice was heard to warble the song :

There may be joy in solitude,  
 When beauteous fancies tempt the mind,  
 But give me love's convivial mood,  
 With social tempers gay and good,  
 And I will own no better kind.  
 For if a lonely, single bliss  
 Can be as sweet as sages say,  
 How rich must be the joy of this,  
 Where *many* meet as many may,  
 To join in chasing woe away!

Then why depart, ye chosen train?  
 O, call me back my mates again!

I have my hours to weep and sigh,  
 But then I dread to mourn alone,  
 And when a weeping friend is nigh,  
 His sorrow wakes my love, and I  
 Forget and cease to feel my own.  
 I have my time for singing too,  
 But music from an only tongue  
 Hath never won and cannot woo  
 My heart like the wild notes which throng  
 The stirring strains of choral song.

Why are my minstrels silent then?  
 O, call me back my mates again!

My boyhood memories wane afar  
Like island spots in lakes of light.  
I gaze—(how sweet their phantoms are!)  
And wish away the mists that mar  
The shapes of that receding sight.  
And must my days in longing pass,  
Without one token to restore  
Those dear companion joys, alas,  
I knew in youth, but know no more!  
No! Spread the board—the bumpers pour!

While life shall linger love shall reign;  
O, call me back my mates again!

“Ha! Blynn,” ejaculated the Judge, when the song was finished, “have you fallen a-musing over your drink? What possesses you to sit so statue like and stare so abstractedly towards the drawing room? Why, you have n’t more than half emptied your glass, man?”

“Pardon me,” replied the Doctor, “it is not because your beverage is not excellent, but that air sounded familiar to me. It reminded me of some incidents of my life which I had forgotten.

“And well it might,” said Crumer, smiling; “the song sustains a pretty near relationship to you, if I recollect the name right under which it was first published. Come, Philo, when was that penned and put to music?”

“How point blank you are in your interrogatories, Tom,” returned Blynn. “I do not regard the age of that ditty as a point of much importance to men at our time of life; but to gratify you and call up for a moment its kindred recollections, I will put it at twenty-five years ago, during the winter in which C— made his master speech in the Senate, and our old friend Luke F— was Consul at the seat of war in the final struggle of the Ottomans and Muscovites. G— set the air to it. I never shall forget his Chapel “voluntaries.” Great as he has since succeeded in making himself by his devotion to his divine art, I shall never forget *them*—nor will you, nor *you*, so long as you retain sensibility enough to love sweet sounds.”

“True,” responded Professor Crumer and Judge Brotherby, “and here’s a health to his memory.”

“But,” responded Blynn, “the story, the story—which of you gives the history of advertisement No. 2?”

“The priority of time belongs to Tom,” remarked Brotherby, “but

the privilege of age to me; however, as I am the host, I believe, I must reserve to myself the honor of telling the last tale."

"Now, then, Crumer," quoth the Doctor again, "go back to the beginning, as Nels bade me do, and read us a romance in your best style." The Professor smiled incredulously. "Let me see," said he, when he had drunk off his glass, and throwing his feet over the balustrade, again began to drum with his fingers on the arms of his chair. "A young American, twenty-one years of age, of high respectability, at present engaged in literary pursuits and soon to enter on a profession, is desirous of marrying some American lady about nineteen years of age—virtuous, amiable, well educated, and inheriting a fair fortune. Communications strictly confidential. Address, post paid, "THEODORE," Box No. 804, —.

"——— LONG ISLAND, March —, 185—.

To 'THEODORE'—*Dear Sir*: Reading your advertisement, and thinking it over carefully, I conclude there can be no impropriety in writing to you, although I presume it will all be useless. I feel rather delicate about beginning a correspondence with a gentleman and a stranger, therefore I will be brief. I cannot say that I have any fortune in my own name, but my father is quite well off. I am a little under twenty. As for my amiability, I must leave it for others to judge, for I certainly should think it presuming, were I to apply the quality to myself without giving you any better authority. Perhaps you may think this is not a love-letter—but such as it is, you must excuse me knowing that it is to an entire stranger, and, mayhap, one whom I shall never see. If you should wish to answer this, direct to 'ANNIE,'

No. —, ——— Street, New York City."

Alhem. Such was the advertisement, and such the best of its many misadventures. I wrote to 'Annie,' requesting some little personal description of herself with a lock of her hair, and ended by hinting that an exchange of daguerreotypes would be agreeable. In return she sent me a very prompt and pretty letter, modestly giving all the desired information, and enclosing the lock which I asked for, very tastefully plated in the shape of the Greek letter  $\Phi$ . In that epistle furthermore she promised to transmit her portrait to me whenever I should be ready to enter in the proposed exchange myself. I sent my daguerreotype to New York, and a reply came back, couched in the prettiest terms of girlish flattery, but no picture. There were plenty of thanks and promises in it, but no picture!

The next news I got of her came through the medium of a female friend of hers, informing me that 'Annie' was ill and unable to write or draw. The letter, however, professed to be mainly the dictation of the invalid herself, and stated that she much regretted my disappointment.

ment at not receiving a return to my gift, and lamented the necessity which put it out of her power to do me due. Hoped I would take it kindly, and not let my communications be broken off by her indisposition, &c. Well, what was I to do in such a case? I never knew how to deal with sick girls, and the idea of corresponding by proxy didn't suit me. Besides I had some suspicion that I had been hoaxed, and this jealousy getting the better of my prudence, I wrote back to Annie's friend, laying forth my ideas of the matter in such strong language as to offend the well-meaning girl, and in consequence I heard no more from my invalid correspondent for several weeks. She remembered me, notwithstanding, and in course of time I received a long letter from her, explaining all the causes of her delay, and showing clearest of all by the weak and trembling hand in which it was written the truth of what I had so ungenerously questioned. I replied with many apologies, and, after a short interval, during which she quite recovered her health and natural looks, she sent me her picture, desiring that we might now consider ourselves on even terms and continue our correspondence like tried friends. We did.

Before any very long time had passed, 'Annie' concluded, from some trifling phrases of uncommon warmth in my letters, that I had fallen in love with her, and she told of it to a *confidential friend* or two as a capital joke. Women, you know, are peculiar in their partiality for "confidential friends;" and those same friends, (?) too, are almost invariably as peculiar for the perfect ease and satisfaction with which they manage to leak 'out every secret committed to them. Through their transparency in this case I found out with what an understanding my letters were being read, and, cautioned by the facts, determined to grow more guarded in my expressions and give her no more cause to smile at my susceptibility. For some time thenceforward one could have seen that we worded our communications with great care, and took heed never to commit ourselves by any avowals whatever of an amatory nature, directly or indirectly. Not a whisper of compliment too hyperbolic was allowed, not a gush of friendly feeling too fervent, nay, not a syllable of mutual gratulation, question or epithet did we for a moment indulge in, which could be construed by the keenest casuistry to transgress the limits of the Platonic laws of love. Our epistles, however, began to grow interesting. We owned it and used pleasantly to banter each other about it. Meanwhile I spent a Summer vacation, as you recollect, in 'Annie's' native city. My brother resided there, and I used frequently to pass my holiday seasons with him. I was not long, of



course, in signifying to my fair incognito the fact of my visit, and she in return was not backward in responding with a courteous welcome. Many and mysterious were the billet-doux which unseen hands dropped, day by day, into the Post Office, bearing the designations of 'Annie' and 'Theodore' upon them. But that was not all. My romantic friend intimated the name of her street to me, and even the number of her house, and I forthwith availed myself of the information to begin a regular series of starlight strolls in that direction. These I followed up till I actually caught sight of my charming correspondent, and was seen and recognized by her. She was standing by a parlor window at the time and looking directly at me. We exchanged certain signs *sub rosa*, and very well understood, and I walked innocently on, looking as unconscious to be sure as if I had seen or done nothing at all.

I had no sinister meaning when I said "*sub rosa*," for, in fact, there was a large rosebush in my nymph's front garden, very near the gate, and we silently agreed to deposit our little notes in it when the shades of night favored us, so that in this way we might carry on a romantic and clandestine conversation in the very teeth of parental jurisdiction. Nightly I passed up that street and laid my expected communication in its place, and nightly I returned and found its answer there.

We wrote in cypher, and not a word of our talk could be translated by any except ourselves even in the event of a discovery. The rosebush became our oracle—more eloquent than the talking oaks of Dodona, and we made its buds and flowers say many things for us which we would never think of putting on paper. Thus we lived in constant communication. We got used to the starlight and moonlight smile of each other's faces, told tender stories through the rose-tree leaves, and made magic service of that language of beauty and perfume which lay hidden in the blossoms, but we never spoke! Always preserving the same mysterious silence, we met unperceived by that garden-gate again and again, and caught each other's thoughts with a rapidity and cunning ease which would have made Pyramus and Thisbe happy, while our eyes were the only confessors to our acquaintance, and we felt no inclination to break off the spirit-like intercourse for the chilling conventionalisms of common etiquette. Thus matters went on till the last evening of my vacation. The great lunar light had risen in full splendor,

"And the laike and castille slepit mantled all yn moonie golde,"

as the old poets would say, and the heart of the city beat stilly after a day of heat and excitement, when I passed by Annie's house as usual and saw her promenading upon the piazza with her sister. I had given

her notice the day before that I should leave for College very soon, and that this night would be my last opportunity for an interview. I placed a note among the leaves of the rose-tree and saw her, as I went on, bound gracefully down the gravel-walk to get it. After a short interval I returned, and she stood half-way to the gate with a small paper in her hand as if waiting for me, while her sister, who had been some time in the secret, looked on from a front window. I paused a moment in my walk, and she came slowly towards me as though she wanted to speak. I drew up to the gate to meet her, and in a few seconds we were standing face to face, gazing into each other's eyes. I knew I ought to be the first to break the silence, but something held me back. It was not absolute bashfulness then, (though bashfulness, I own, was one of my early weaknesses,) but a sort of fond shrinking, like the reluctance of a child to breathe upon a bubble lest it should suddenly dissipate. I felt a kind of uneasy happiness which so enraptured me with what I *had*, that I thought not once of insisting on the full enjoyment warranted by the occasion, but with love's own economy shut up my heart to keep the present pleasure, and turned away with an exulting step and fluttering pulse. I am sure that Annie shared my embarrassment—yet we stood but an instant by the gate together. She extended her hand with the note. I reached forward and took it. A slight pressure—a hasty salutation and return—and I moved on, slowly decyphering by the shine of the moon, from the paper in my hand,

“Farewell, mysterious spirit—Dear Theodore! Well might we wonder at each other—such silent friends—such intimate strangers as we have been! When shall the end be! But farewell! May your letters be frequent till I see you again. ‘Good night, good night; parting is such sweet sorrow,’” &c.

I went back to College the next day, and remember how you scolded me for not bringing matters to a definite crisis when I had so good an opportunity. I had found out that her name was Amanda H. Wilson, and that was the principal of my vacation discoveries.

About the time that I was engaged in this oracular correspondence with my fair Long Islander, another advertisement appeared in the Daily Tribune, purporting to set forth the virtues, age, occupation, size, and general characteristics, and more especially the *matrimonial wants* of one “Dr. Jonas P. Calender”—laying particular stress on the kind of qualifications and accomplishments necessary to constitute her who should aspire to be “Mrs. Calender,” an “*eligible*” candidate therefor. No one was to apply who had not serious intentions, coupled with these proofs of “*eligibility*.”

It seems that this Jonas was an eccentric and shallow-brained journeyman barber of Cedar-street, who had been jilted some less than a dozen times, and having now grown a bachelor of thirty-five, began to feel a little apprehension lest he might, peradventure, be left at last with the sorry cheer of a single plate and single pillow.

Through the inadvertency of one of Annie's young intimates, he had heard of the success of my advertisement, and found out some of the secrets of our correspondence. So, thinking, no doubt, that he should prosper right-bravely by following my example, he sent in his notice and half dollar to the Tribune, and watched the mails for the first appearance of luck. When my eye fell on his advertisement I seized my pen, in obedience to my usual passion for fun, and wrote him an answer in a fine female hand, portraying myself as a perfect charmer in person, accomplishments and wit, and declaring myself, with as much delicacy and skill as I could command, entirely ready and willing to unite my fortune for life with just such an one as I had every reason to believe him to be. I received no return for a whole week, and began to think he had never received my letter. A reply came at length, however, containing the oddest mixture of love and business that I ever before saw or conceived of. He said that he had received an answer to his advertisement which exactly suited him, from a lady at Saratoga. Concluding she must be the "*eligible*" one whom he sought, he had gained her consent to an assignment there, and traveled all the way to see her. But, alas for his hope, on his arrival at the Springs he found her to be a young *married woman*, who, with her husband, had seen fit to amuse her leisure by making a fool of him. Chagrined out of all tolerable humor and relieved of about \$40 in cash, he returned and found my letter in the office, which set him on so good terms with himself again, that he sent me an immediate answer; and with all the frankness of one who thinks he has found a real friend, poured into my "maiden ear" (as he expressed it) the whole story of his wrongs, his easy gullability, and the *sell* that had been practiced on him. To avoid being victimized again, he added that he should expect *me* to appoint a meeting at some "*eligible*" half-way place, pay my own expenses thither—and *his besides!* Should he then be satisfied as to my "*eligibility*," after a single interview, he promised to refund costs and repair, as soon as I was willing, to some "*eligible*" priest who should make us man and wife! I deigned him a reply—but *such* a reply! I don't believe he ever recovered from the effects of its sarcasms or forgot the name of "Clara Sinclair." He never wrote to *her* again, but this was not the last of "Jonas P. Calender."

Sometime after this little affair, Annie's letters suddenly stopped. I wrote and wrote, and made inquiries, but not a line did I get in return till near the winter vacation, when a communication came in my lady's own hand, yet running in a style and strain altogether new to me. It complained of my *long-continued silence*, and asked an explanation of certain strange reports which, it seems, some unknown intermeddler, signing himself "A friend," had been filling her head with. I saw there had been foul play, and as soon as the term closed I hastened to the city, determined to ferret out the cause, if possible. I wrote a note in cypher, and dispatched it with all due caution to My Lady Amanda, *alias* Miss Wilson. It contained all the explanations which it was in my power to make, and craved a history of all the causes which had operated to produce her present mistaken impressions of myself. I soon received a private letter from her, full of expressions of surprise at the small-souled felony which the revelations of my note had opened her eyes to, and of indignation at the author of it, giving, at the same time, a full account of the proceedings of the pragmatical coxcomb, whose praiseworthy attempt to make us quarrel for his private benefit, had so signally miscarried. By degrees the mystery was unriddled, and after a thousand warm acknowledgments and mutual acquittals that brought us into a better understanding with each other than ever, we forthwith commenced in unison to devise means by which we might take extraordinary vengeance on "*Dr. Jonas P. Calender*," the author of all our trouble. It appeared that the presuming fool had, in his desperation at the issue of his advertising plans, availed himself of his knowledge of our addresses to intercept my letters, and insinuate to my unsuspecting correspondent certain suspicions against my character, hoping, no doubt, by this means, to separate us and eventually secure the "*eligible*" "*Annie*" to himself. I directed my fair coöperator how to act, and bethought myself of a stratagem to play upon him which should teach him to mind his own business ever after.

Annie had written him two or three times in answer to his strange letters, for the mere sake of ascertaining, if possible, whether there were any just grounds for the suspicions which my apparent silence had awakened. She now, at my request, addressed him a letter of thanks for his "disinterested and timely information," professing to have cast me off entirely and forever, and gently encouraging him to make advances of his own. The elated Jonas immediately wrote back, begging, as usual, a speedy assignment. Annie named the South Gate of Trinity Churchyard, at the "bewitching hour of midnight." In the meantime,

I went to a couple of policemen and engaged them to watch in ambush at the above place, telling them I had suspicion of a foul deed being premeditated there, and that I expected the chief villain in the plot would be on the spot at midnight to waylay his victims. The "stars" were there at the appointed time. Jonas was discovered skulking suspiciously about the premises, and, in spite of his prayers and protestations, conveyed to an "*eligible*" lodging in the Tombs. After a severe examination the next day before a bench of august magistrates, the terrified miscreant was released from custody on the ground that he was too much of a fool to be capable of the dignity of a responsible crime!

Well; after we had disposed of Jonas, Annie and myself thrived right wonderfully, and grew in each other's good graces so much as almost to become a mutual necessity. Our letters had more spirit and cordiality than before—their sentiments were more meaning, and the language of them was more pointed. But bear in mind, *we had never spoken to each other yet!*

Passing over the Spring vacation of our Senior year, you remember what a charge you gave me on my departure for New York, and what a vow I made to procure a *speaking acquaintance* with my fair friend, at all hazards, before I came back. I suggested to her the desirableness of such a measure, and she gladly promised to meet me at the Dusseldorf Gallery on an exhibition day, where we could mingle with the throng, and with the concurrence of her younger sister, who possessed her secret, and would accompany her there, enjoy an undisturbed interview of three or four hours, if we chose. The time arrived, but my lady was sick and did not keep her tryst. Again we agreed to meet at the Ferry, but the afternoon which we set proved to be rainy, and she did not cross. A third time we agreed to see each other in Greenwood Cemetery, but her people at home suddenly took it into their heads to go to Hoboken for a pleasure excursion on the very day of our appointment, and to avoid positive suspicion Annie was obliged to go with them. At last she told me she was going to visit a friend over in Eleventh-st. on a certain afternoon, and I must contrive to be in the same omnibus to accompany her when she returned after tea. I made several errands in the city and rode up to Eleventh-st. in time to take the down conveyance. I was in the omnibus when it started, and watched the passengers narrowly as they stepped into it from time to time, until my eye fell on *one* whose face resembled so closely a *portrait* which I carried in my pocket, that I was seized with an irresistible desire to know her. It was a young lady in a rich skirt of dark blue plaid, a talma of black velvet, white satin bonnet,

and sable furs. She caught me looking at her and blushed. There was a vacant seat opposite me, and without any seeming design she made her way straight to it and sat down, *vis-a-vis*! I felt my cheeks tingle and drew out my handkerchief to busy myself with my face. I dared not raise my eyes, but it seemed just as if she were looking directly at me. Why did n't I speak? I had already given signs of recognition, and the people in the carriage would surely notice my confused behavior! O, what a predicament for a bashful man! To be confronted by a pretty woman in a "bus" whom you never spoke to, and *have her picture in your pocket*, by some unaccountable coincidence! St. George! I could n't sit still in such a state of things—that was out of the question. I tried to feel philosophical and put a sober face on the matter, but I could n't. I stole a glimpse with one eye at the lady in the satin hat and sable furs, and saw the buttons rise and fall on her purple bodice! We were both evidently getting excited. Just then a heavy Spring-shower began to fall, and all my embarrassment vanished at the very noise, as anger or melancholy will before the sound of exquisite music. The horses quickened their pace—the wheels thundered and bounded along the pavement, and the old vehicle began to roll and give those delightful jolts which are ever so marvelously efficacious in bringing about extemporaneous acquaintances among fellow-passengers. The lady of the sable furs dropped her reticule. I picked it up and restored it, lifting my eyes to hers as I did so. She acknowledged the civility with a smile and a most kindly spoken "thank you!" It was the first word she had ever uttered to me! We called each other by name and gave the grasp of greeting, and 'Annie' (of course it was she) and 'Theodore' were at last introduced! The shower went over and the passengers began to get out. I took a seat by the side of my *new acquaintance*, and engaged her in an animated conversation which lasted all the way home. The twilight was coming on when we crossed East River, and by the time we were ready to separate it had grown too dusk for any one to recognize Annie's escort.

My thoughts, as I went home, and my dreams that night, were anything but unpleasant. A thousand agreeable fancies pirouetted about my pillow, and a confused hum of happy voices filled my ears.

"A love song I had somewhere read,  
An echo of a nameless strain  
Beat time to nothing in my head,  
From some odd corner of the brain."

Thus the spell of our airy intercourse was broken, and now we stood in matters of friendship on a level with mortals.

I had accomplished my vow, and accordingly I hastened back to College in high spirits to tell you the tale which, at your request, I have just repeated.

During the whole year after my graduation while employed in my brother's counting room, 'Annie' and myself continued to correspond on the pleasantest terms, and rarely thought of passing a week without seeing each other. I became well acquainted with her family and was regarded as a privileged visitor. The street where she resided was my favorite walk. Its name was on every third page of my diary, while the house and that rose tree before it were things committed to memory. The gardens of Gulistan did never more truly make their native region the poets' proverb than did that oracular rosebush and that house with its lovely occupant render S— Street a habitual and indelible recollection to me.

At the end of the year I parted from Amanda. She took up her abode in North Carolina, and I went to Rochester to engage in teaching. We corresponded for a few weeks regularly, and then came an inexplicable pause. As I was walking away disappointed for the third or fourth time from the Post Office, a Southern paper was put into my hand. I glanced at the matrimonial column and saw a notice of *Annie's marriage!* I was completely taken aback by this unlooked for climax, and could scarcely believe my eyes. But there it was,—“Married in Raleigh on the 26th ultimo, by Rev. Dr. Such-a-one, *Miss Amanda H. Wilson* to Mr.—Mr.—” no matter who. I can't recall anything save the fact and the way it affected me. My friends and neighbors observed that I was unusually sober for awhile, and strove to divine the cause. They never found it out, however, and in due time my natural elasticity of disposition enabled me to assume my wonted cheerfulness.

Three years rolled on, and still I taught languages and read lectures in Western New York, troubling myself as little (perhaps) as a man of twenty-five can about affairs of courtship or details of love.

In the course of an Autumn vacation I went on a visit to the Empire City, and attended a magnificent concert at Castle Garden, to witness the first cisatlantic appearance of a new foreign prima donna. While there I saw before me a lady in a blue mantilla, who strongly reminded me by her form and movements (for I could not see her face) of my *ci devant* friend—Miss Wilson. I kept my eyes riveted upon her, and in

the course of the evening, while the prima donna was singing with great beauty that little lay of Moore,

"Peace, peace to him that's gone,"

I saw her slip a locket from her girdle, and after gazing in it for a moment, raise it to her lips—shut it up again, and conceal it in her hand. I borrowed a glass from a neighbor, and had barely time to get a single glimpse of—*my portrait!* It was enough. I saw sufficient indications afterwards to convince me that 'Annie' was before me. Little did she dream that the original of that portrait was so near her. But how should she still be in possession of my picture? Was it possible that a *married lady* could think as much of me as *she* appeared to? A sudden suspicion flashed across my mind. Still I was puzzled, and considering that patience was the best unriddler of mysteries, I resolved to behave with caution. In a few minutes the prima donna came out with "Lost Rosabel."

"They have given thee to another,  
And my heart is lonely now," &c.

The melody of the songstress' voice and the touching simplicity of the air had an overpowering effect on the hearers, and I determined to take advantage of the time to *prove* the lady in the blue mantilla who held my miniature in her hand. Hastily copying down upon a card, in my old cypher, the refrain of the song,

"O, was it well to leave me!  
Thou couldst not so deceive me!  
Long and sorely shall I grieve thee,  
Lost, lost Rosabel!"

and subjoining my address, I leaned forward during the confusion of applause that followed its second repetition and dropped the writing unperceived into her lap. She started when her eye caught the cypher, and I knew that she recognized it. After glancing a moment at the card, she turned her head nervously and saw me sitting behind her. I knew her face instantly, but shall never forget the look of terrified surprise it assumed when our eyes met that evening.

I seized my hat and made my way out of the parterres as rapidly as the dense throng would allow, and jumping into the nearest cab drove without delay to my lodgings. Next day I received the following note:

DEAR THEODORE:—For more than three long years I have been taught to believe you dead. You can scarcely imagine the shock your sudden appearance gave me last night. Meet me to-day at eleven in the ladies' parlor of the



Astor. We shall not be likely to be disturbed there. Excuse my apparent forwardness ; but we used to be intimate, and I have a pledge which tells me we can still understand each other. Time *has* been when I have said more.

“Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoken ; but, farewell complement.”

need none of it now. I have many questions to ask you, Theodore. Don't fail to call in time, if you still take any interest in “ANNIE.”

I went as requested and found her waiting. She was astonished when told her what had caused my long silence, and gave an unqualified denial to the report of her marriage in Raleigh. Said she was single and free as in the days of her girlhood ; and related to me how, at the time she specified, an account had reached her by a Monroe County paper, of a young man found dead below the falls of Genesee, whose name it was impossible to ascertain, but whom, from his personal description and the fact that a letter was found on his person, written in a female hand, and addressed to ‘Theodore,’ she had identified with me. Why *I* never happened to spy that falsehood is a mystery to me. The matrimonial notice which deceived me came out, it seems, about the same time, and the cessation of my letters consequent upon it, strengthened in Annie's mind the painful conviction of my fate, which had been forced upon her by the public news. We had been made the victims of a villainous trick. Who the author of it was I never knew, but as I not believed him incapable of so much cunning in the management of a cheat, I should not have hesitated for a moment to ascribe it to our quondam acquaintance, Dr. Jonas P. Calender.

All the anxiety of suspense and patience was, nevertheless, now over, and we experienced a felicity of rest so new and so overflowing, after the painful mistake and wearisome longings of more than three years, that in order to perpetuate it we would almost have been willing to suffer them once again.

I could not have asked for more happiness than I enjoyed with Amanda Wilson after this restoration of our old relationships. Her father had removed with his family to the South shortly after our separation, but he was now traveling on a tour of health, and had stopped at the Astor for a short visit among the scenes of his former business. My ‘Annie’ was an heiress ; but her parents were my friends, and I had no very long courtship to prosecute in order to win me the favor of all. I was sure that *one* looked upon me with kindness—with affection, and after a few brief preliminaries she proved the correctness of my confidence by giving me her hand at the altar. I subsequently joined the

party of her relatives and we all went together on a trip to the White Mountains. Returning thence I went with my bride to the Carolinas, where I resided until the call came to go and assume the Professorship of Greek in the Western University, which has since been my home.

Such is the history of one matrimonial advertisement and the correspondence it provoked. Originated in sport and carried out in thoughtlessness, it finally grew, by repeated interruptions and renewals to be a sober suit on the one hand and a cordial avowal on the other. I made my choice and have been happy. My friends tell me I deserved to be.

Should any curious soul inquire if I am ambitious and desire to perpetuate my name, I would point him to a youthful scholar-pair of the class of 1804 in our ancient Alma Mater, and say "*non omnis moriar*."

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### TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

## The Use made by Roman Christian Art, of Scripture Characters, with a Consideration of its Value to Christianity

BY E. MULFORD, MONTROSE, PENN.

THAT is a false theory, which, based upon a study of art, in its present degenerate condition, makes it consist in mere imitation. The old Painter, as the fiction goes, painted a tree so that the birds would try to light upon its branches; but the Parthenon and the Phidian Jupiter were something essentially different from that. One may represent a flower or tree or landscape, so accurately, as to cheat the senses, but the mighty moral lessons and spiritual teachings which are written on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, are something far higher and better.

If art had consisted in a cunning mimicry of nature, the wise and good men of past time would never have busied themselves about it. The mighty intellects, who have left their monuments in the temple, and the cathedral, and the sculptured marble, and have traced thoughts of immortal beauty upon the canvas, would never have given their lives to

it. Egypt would not have inscribed in that the record of her sombre and mysterious religion, nor Greece so splendid a representative of the nation's mind. The theory is but a paltry excuse, in which the age must needs clothe its nakedness; for art rests its claims upon other and higher grounds.

It is a mode of utterance, adapted to the expression of the saddest and profoundest emotions of our nature. Its value at any time, depends not upon its execution, not upon the cunning of the hand, and the accuracy of the eye, but upon the value of what it may express.

Whenever it has attained its highest perfection, it has grown out of the religious affection, and its subject has been sacred—either connected with religious associations, or calculated to inspire feelings of reverence, in the mind of the workman. The nature of Greek Architecture and Greek Sculpture in ancient times, and of Gothic Architecture and Roman Painting in modern, is a proof of this. And if, at any time, these conditions have failed to be realized, if the inspiring principle of art has been lacking, and its true mission lost sight of, it has immediately perished. Then it has degenerated into a cold mannerism. All its life and spirit have gone out, and it has shone like the lost archangel, but with a “faded splendor wan.” Even such a man as Wilkie dated the decline of modern art, from the time when it ceased to be governed by religious purpose. It was when schools of criticism took the place of the old religious associations, when the fire went out upon the altar, and “men brought to the foot of the cross their systems, and not their sorrow.”

The conditions from which art springs, would seem to indicate, that it is in its nature a moral alphabet. Employing a lofty and profound symbolism, it leads us away from ourselves, in the contemplation of serene beauty, up to the Throne of the Infinite. Michael Angelo, whose lordly intellect comprehended more than has any other its true character, gathering into one abstraction its whole philosophy, has said, that, “the true work of art is an image of the divine perfections.”

The Poet repeats the truth when he says:

“As all nature's thousand changes  
But one changeless God proclaim;  
So in art's wide Kingdom ranges  
One sole meaning still the same.”

Nor is its symbolism one wholly of man's devising. For there is a power inherent, in certain material forms and combinations, to represent moral qualities. There are laid in the elements of nature, some divine

resemblances. Here rests the symbolism of art. It is true, that in its earliest stage we may often trace one which is merely mental or conventional, for men love thus to represent what it is difficult for the mind clearly to grasp, but in its fulness it always educes this mysterious power. As the Greek Sculptor employed first a rude symbolism which he had borrowed from the Egyptian, so the Christian Painter began with one simply conventional, traces of which may still be seen in the rough etchings upon the walls of the Catacombs, and gradually developed that style which presents to us its fairest models, in the works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It was then that paintings were produced, which have given to Roman Christian Art all its eminence, and proved that under Christianity may spring works far nobler and higher than ever "pagan chisel" wrought. The workmen of that period were mighty intellects,—men whose genius seemed lit with a spark of Promethean fire. In all the ranges of literature we can find no conceptions grander than those which they wrought upon the canvases, and often, even poetry seems to falter where art might boldly tread. We think, with admiring wonder, upon the representation of Michael, the archangel, in Milton, with "brow intent and visage all inflamed ;" but it is dimmed and pale when compared with the Michael of Perugino, who seems girt with the divine strength and beautiful in the majesty of truth. And where may we find a parallel for the Madonna of Raphael, with that face of tender beauty, such as comes to us sometimes in the dreams of childhood ; or for the Prophet of Michael Angelo, who stands as the oracle of omnipotence, burdened with that mighty vision which breaks from the unveiled future.

Time has indeed dimmed their brightness, and softened their tone, and ages imbued with different ideas, have passed in procession before them. But their influence is still potent. Still there comes from them the same persuasive eloquence,—still the same calm, earnest voice. Everywhere does history attest the power of art, so that its condition has often furnished the cause and index to the progress of a people. The Greek believed that the forms of his art,—the temple and the statue,—stamped on the popular mind the impress of their own harmonious development. And no great intellect, giving utterance by such forms as these to his deepest emotions, especially appealing to the imaginations of men, and reaching beyond, to the "deep foundations in which our nature is laid," has ever left the world as he found it. Surely it becomes us to pause and consider whether the age, in its splendid material development, is not overlooking a mighty moral agency, and to

study well the value of these works in the past and the condition which governs their influence.

The work in the Roman School of Christian Art, was a work of faith and devotion. It was inspired by a holy purpose, and was a record of the piety of the workman. In it were shrined his highest and best affections. To him, something more than a simple sense of beauty, something better than a clear conception of truth, was thought necessary. He could not turn back to old classic reproductions, when religion had placed such splendid ideals in his own mind and in his own heart. The same spirit which animates the highest walks of religious literature, became the inspiring principle of these works, and, indeed, we might better expect a noble Christian literature, from irreligious men, than a noble Christian Art, just as the intellect can be guided more easily at will into any channel than the feelings. Therefore, throughout all the art of this period, we may trace a continual aspiration. Everywhere, we may see the workings of high religious purpose. There is evidence of it, when the great master of all art wrote under the works of his pencil, *Soli Deo gloria*; and even Perugino placed in his hand, in his own portrait, a scroll, as if proclaiming his mission, inscribed *Time Deum*. And when, to-day, we would trace the piety of the middle age, we look not to the policies of its states, or the condition of its church; not to its literature or its schools; but to its works of art. It is seen in the cathedral, rising like some great hymn of adoration, struck by a master hand. It is witnessed in every form and figure in those solemn paintings, which seem to fill even the cathedral itself with their majestic utterance.

And there is a law which governs the influence of all art, that one of its products shall have power to produce in the minds of others, in a greater or less degree, the same emotions which inspired or directed the workman. It is upon this that the religious influence of these works chiefly depends.

But beside their direct moral appeal, they were valuable in creating an affectionate imagination. They made this faculty the servitor of religious thought, and the power with which it may be employed in a development of man's religious character, all history attests. They placed before it ideals, which were glorified in the purpose by which they were formed. They filled it with images which would come back in the still hours of thought, and brought up conceptions which were hallowed by the choicest associations. For these were not by the men of the middle ages, to be approached with the cold eye of criticism, but

around them dim legends of beauty clustered, of those who had gathered from them new hope, and found inspirations leading them to a higher life.

They also contributed to extend a knowledge of Christianity. When its great facts and ideas were not as now everywhere diffused, they became the chief channel for their communication. The invention of printing, (which has undoubtedly operated in no slight degree to produce the decline in art,) is of a later period, and these became, in fact, the literature of the unlearned. But little knowledge could be derived by the people from the long disputes of the school-men, to which it would have been sad, indeed, if they had been left. And from the proud scholasticism of the age which gave no answer to their aspirations and longings, they would gladly turn to these works. They spoke to all, for no previous education is necessary to give force to their appeal. They were everywhere multiplied. They were printed upon banners—they were traced amid the illuminations of the window—they were carved upon cathedral walls. They gave conceptions such as are beyond the reach of ordinary minds, and embodied such visions of truth as are only revealed to genius, lifted on the wings of faith and love.

Their influence was especially potent in their adaptation to the age from which they emanated. If, since the Reformation, the European mind has been characterized by the predominance of the rational or scientific faculty, it was previously by the depth of its feeling and the boldness of its imagination. It is to these that art, in a great degree, makes its appeal. In a period which was gloomy and drear, their influence, moreover, was inspiring and cheerful. They did not contribute to produce a dread and sombre superstition, for they emanated from the bosom of the people, and all which in that age is sunny and gladdening centres about its art. Even around the dark stones of the Cathedral, were woven trceries of joyous beauty.

They were also of value in their reflex influence upon the workman. The mind is always greatly moulded by the design to which it is directed. The conceptions which he traced upon the canvas, had been wrought out in his own mind, with worshipful affection. He toiled.

"gaining, as he gave,  
The life he imaged."

The greatest Painter of all time was of his age, the greatest moralist. Before the threatening lesson which was written in that grand conception of the Judgment upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, both Pope

and Prelate were awed. The pulpit and the forum were silent, but there came from thence a rebuke which they could not repress.

But the great masters of Christian Art belong to the past. Strange and varied influences, which are woven into the whole framework of modern history, have caused its decline. Yet, may we not trust that there is something better in store? We must remember that under Christianity, inspiration has gone out to Milton and Dante, to Mozart and Beethoven, to Raphael and Michael Angelo.

The future is not all dark. The stern and grand imagination, the deep and potent religious feeling, which characterize every act in Puritan history, rising from the cold iconoclasm of the past, shall yet produce forms of art, made splendid by a noble purpose, and radiant with the indwelling of truth.

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#### TOWNSEND PRIZE POEM.

### The Use made by Roman Christian Art, of Scripture Characters.

BY CALVIN G. CHILD, NEW YORK CITY.

As, wheft adown the rocky, barren crags,  
A tiny streamlet drags its little length,  
And toiling onward, as it grows in strength,  
Nestles and rests amid the reeds and flags;

Yet when the raindrops bring their tribute mite,  
To store the garners of the idle stream,  
Leaving its shady nook, its quiet dream,  
It steals amid the grass glist'ning in light,

And rippling on, along its careless course,  
It soon moves stilly from its rocky bed,  
And 'mid the ledges, like a silver thread,  
It winds the fountain of a river's source;

Then on, still ever onward, to the sea,  
Unconscious whither, as it hurries by,  
It ever dashes oceanward to die,  
Calmly fulfilling its on destiny;

So, when with trembling hope and heavy heart,  
The mind toils feebly in the race of life,  
With those who jostle by, in eager strife,  
To gain the highest place or noblest part ;

And when new conflicts rouse the hidden night,  
Which to itself was all unknown before,  
It boldly presses onward, more and more,  
Until it plunges 'mid the fiercest fight.

And, as the river struggles toward the sea,  
To lose itself amid its fellow streams,  
So all our earnest toil and idle dreams  
Join in the Ocean of Eternity.

Yet when the tide flows inward every day,  
The river, as it seeks its former bed,  
Runs upward toward its fountain head,  
And toward its craggy home, a little way.

So when our thoughts run up the stream of time,  
The mouldered towers and crumbling walls of yore,  
Which stand far up the stream, along the shore,  
Are present to us noble and sublime.

The grand old castles stand within our gaze,  
Their builders gain the one reward they sought,  
The mighty meed for which they bravely wrought,  
Immortal honors in the future days.

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As at the shrine of some blest saint, rid of his weight of care,  
The pilgrim, ere he seeks his home, lingers for one more prayer—  
So, rising from the eastern hills, steals the first ray of light  
And lingers ere its fellow-beams burst on the quiet night.  
It lingers—and the clustering fogs, which rest o'er brook and rill,  
In misty volumes, struggle up along the slanting hill.  
That murmuring voice which woos the stars hushes itself to rest,  
While its bright loves grow pale and wan and sink into the west.  
A distant hum of stirring sounds like drum beats far away,  
Swells outward from the city-walls, the first faint sound of day,—  
And through the lattice gleam the lights, dim in the coming dawn,  
While from the heights, with ruddy glare, the watch-fires hail the morn,  
The gray dawn glides athwart the sky, while, in a golden glow,  
The sun breaks out above the hills, smiles on the vales below,  
Chases away the morning dews, then up the vaulted arch,  
Flick'ing the quiet blue with gold, speeds on his daily march.



Thus rose the sun at Athens.—Upon his lonely way  
A single form, with hurrying step, passed in the early day—  
From the Acropolis he came, down by the sacred tree,  
Down by the stately Odeon, and onward toward the sea.  
Then, turning by the southern gate, out from the walls above,  
He paused before the sacred house of the Olympian Jove.

He brought his offering for the day—he breathed his morning prayer,  
While the white clouds rose up amid the incense-perfumed air;—  
Then, having to his country's gods his daily duty done,  
Back to his home he traced his steps, hailing the cheering sun.

'Twas morning in Laconia. Before the altar stair  
The dim dawn showed a warrior, bowed down in earnest prayer—  
His heavy helm was laid aside, and on his bended knee,  
Unflinching, with steady will, he heard the god's decree.

Soldier, go forth for Sparta, go!  
Deal for her cause one other blow,  
Lead forth again a noble band,  
To drive the foe from Grecian land:  
Soldier, go forth, and Sparta shall be free,  
This glorious honor waits her but by thee.

Soldier, go forth for Sparta, when  
You struggle in the narrow glen,  
When Persian sword, and Persian spear,  
Presses upon you, have no fear.  
The gods decree it, Sparta shall be free,  
And this great boon awaits her but through thee.

Soldier, go forth for Sparta, go!  
When in the strife thou meet'st the foe,  
Thou shalt gain glory, deathless fame,  
A rich reward, immortal name;  
For, through thy valor, Sparta shall be free,  
Her honor triumph—but Death waits for thee.

He rose and breathed one heart-sent prayer to the great gods on high,  
"Grant life, grant strength to Sparta! then Leonidas can die!"  
Then from the temple he strode forth, with firm and heavy tread,  
To build across Thermopylæ a wall of Spartan dead.

The sun looked down on Thessaly, smiled in the fertile plain,  
And breathed his morning blessing upon the waving grain,  
The merry harvesters came forth, in careless joy and mirth,  
To claim the yearly tribute, which is yielded by the earth.

*They* feel no grief, no sorrow, but from the Palace walls  
 A mourning moan arises, and through the lofty halls  
 Soft footfalls faintly cross the floor, while hushed, sad voices say—  
 This is Alcestis' day of doom—Death lingers for his prey—  
 And, in the darkened chamber, dies that noble-minded wife,  
 Who dooms herself to death's dread clasp, to grant her husband life.

Oh! tear away the curtain! let me once more behold  
 The glorious day, the god of light, decked in his robes of gold!  
 See! how the rising vapors melt 'neath his glimmering beam,  
 And thus, as I approach to death, my former terrors seem.  
 I feared him once, but as the time draws near for me to go,  
 And as my home must soon be changed to those dark realms below,  
 I feel a new firm strength within, the mighty strength of love,  
 And as I pass, I know my prayer will reach the gods above—  
 A silent tear, one sad regret, for Life is dear to me.  
 And now farewell my joys! my hopes! Death come, I wait for thee.

Then through the palace door slow crossed a silent, dark clad guest,  
 Who came, who lingered, passed away, unbidden, unrequest—  
 He came alone, breathed through the house one single blighting breath,  
 And then went forth a victor, for Alcestis walked with Death.

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Across the sea the sinking sun slanted his lingering light,  
 And stayed a moment on the wave to wish the world Good Night;  
 The tired children, from their tasks trudged back to merry play,  
 The wearied workman sauntered home, as waned the closing day,  
 The shadow's dusk, like spectres dim, lengthened across the road,  
 And, from the field, the patient beasts drew home the creaking load.  
 To land from sea the vapors rose, while the chill evening breeze  
 Blew gently, as the sun went down, stirring the silent trees  
 And wafting faintly to the shore the boatmen's parting hymn.  
 The gray clouds, fringed with crimson hues, paled in the gloaming dim,  
 And, as with stealthy glance, the stars peered coyly from the west,  
 The white-robed moon, with silver step, stole from her daily rest.

As tripped away, with fleeting feet, the evening's fading hours,  
 The sounds of careless joy and mirth arose from Gaza's towers—  
 For Israel's mighty man of strength was there to make them sport,  
 Led by a little lad among the pillars of the court;  
 And, as he darkly groped about, he clasped the columns 'round,  
 And trusting in his God for strength, bowed with them to the ground.  
 From those crushed towers arose no more the shouts of revelry,  
 But shrieking, wailing words of woe and groans of agony;  
 God heard his prayer, avenged his wrongs, "For they were numbered more  
 Who fell with him in death, than all his strength had slain before."

O'er Shiloh's walls the eventide had closed in shadows dark,  
 The lamp, within the house of God, still burned before the ark,  
 While Hannah's son, the infant priest, by her own lending blest,  
 Through with his evening sacrifice, had sought his peaceful rest.  
 He slept—three times he heard his name, three times the child awoke,  
 And said to Eli, "Here am I," but 'twas not Eli spoke ;—  
 "Go back to rest, and if again thou hearkenest to the word,  
 Come not to me, but simply say, thy servant hears, O Lord."  
 Thus spoke the man of God. The child turned to his cot once more,  
 And heard the voice calling his name, as it had called before ;  
 Then, bowing down on bended knees, with mingled hopes and fears,  
 Clasping his infant hands, he cried, "Speak, Lord, thy servant hears."  
 He knelt, a child, beside his couch where oft his foot had trod,  
 He rose, that spot was holy ground, he was the called of God.

'Twas evening, at the holy hour of lingering twilight time  
 Naomi turned from Moab's plains, to seek her native clime ;  
 Dear friends were by her, and from them in sorrow she must part,  
 And journeying with them on her path, she spoke with heavy heart—

"Return, my daughters, leave me now, why will ye longer stay !  
 Go back to Moab, I alone will tread my lonely way—  
 Call me Naomi never more, call me but Mara hence,  
 I came to Moab full of joy, I go back empty thence."

They wept, and sadly bade farewell, then, with reluctant will,  
 Orpah towards Moab turned her face, but Ruth clave to her still.  
 She looked not from her, but still on, with trembling step and slow,  
 Clung to her side and gently said, "Intreat me not to go—  
 'Mid all the cares which o'er thy brow lined every thread of gray,  
 I shared with thee thy bitter woes, I mourned each weary day.  
 With thee I stood, with thee I fell, I 'neath thy burden bow—  
 And must I who have borne so much, be severed from thee now !  
 I will go with thee, where thou lodge, e'en there will also I,  
 And where thy spirit leaves its clay, in that spot will I die,  
 Whatever land thou dwellest in, thy people shall be mine,  
 And as we bow our hearts in prayer, my God shall then be thine."

She ceased—and both went on one way, Naomi and her Ruth,  
 The mother old with care and toil, the daughter strong in youth—  
 They went together on their way—close by the mother's side,  
 Shielding from trouble's storm and wind, nestled that angel guide ;  
 They went together on their way, Naomi bowed with grief,  
 Ruth, like a gentle gleam of hope, bringing a sweet relief—  
 They went together on their way, touched with the chastening rod,  
 But chastened that the heathen Ruth might be the blest of God.  
 Four generations, and her son was Israel's Psalmist king,  
 From David's line that Saviour came, whose glories angels sing.

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The sun's rays lingered, as in pride, upon the chiseled stone,  
And 'round the marble brow of Jove a crowning glory shone—  
Before the bust the sculptor stood, scanning with glowing thought,  
The breathing lip, the frowning brow, which his own hand had wrought—

“ 'Twas at such shrine that city proud,  
Which ruled the sea in terror, bowed—  
From such as thou came that decree  
Which glorified Thermopylæ—  
And, trusting in thee as she prayed,  
Alcestis her dread fate obeyed—  
Each, through the power of thy rod,  
Served, feared and trusted thee their god.”—

He paused, for tiny, trembling feet pattered along the floor,  
And 'neath the sculptured, marble form, a child looked up in awe,  
Who gazed in wonder, and as down the glance of strength and pride  
Looked sternly in his infant face, he ran in fright and cried.

Beneath that form a maiden stood and breathed a votive vow,  
Then glanced with fear at the dark frown of that majestic brow ;  
Stayed but a moment, then away from that stern gaze she fled,  
And hurried from the life-like stone, in silent awe and dread.

Beneath that form an aged man, with faltering footsteps trod,  
And muttered, as he tottered by, “ 'Tis very like a god”—  
And then he whispered to himself the sculptor's well known name,  
And sighed, as sadly on he passed, “ How sweet a thing is fama.”

Down from that wondrous marble god a single sunbeam stole,  
Kindling a flame of haughty pride within the artist's soul,  
And then no more a golden crown over the statue shone,  
For sable clouds, in sombre shade, shrouded the sun's bright zone

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The stream of Time flows darkly from the past,  
And as we glance along the sullen wave,  
Here rests a shadow, solemn like the grave,  
And here and there a light is o'er it cast.

Between the age-crowned deeds of ancient time,  
And those which newly cluster on the bank,  
It winds 'mid tangled trees and sedges dark,  
In turbid torrents through the sluggish slime.

Far down this chasm shines a single ray,  
Which pierces through the solid wall of gloom,  
And glistens o'er this dim historic tomb,  
Showing along the bank the Truth and Way.

And as we trace that silver gleam of light,  
 It bursts upon us from Gethsemane,  
 A beam of hope from holy Calvary,  
 A sun of Life to banish lasting night.

The mellow sunbeams peered among the broad Cathedral aisles,  
 Then gently stole upon their way, wreathing the gloom with smiles,  
 Sprinkled with gold each shady nook, and wove a shining woof,  
 Stretching across from arch to arch, under the fretted roof;  
 And then, before the altar piece, in silence streaming down,  
 With trembling hands, they humbly twined a golden, gleaming crown;  
 And floating o'er the chancel arch, in radiance soft and mild,  
 Hallowed a painting resting there—the Virgin and her Child.

Hard by the painting stood the one whose hand, whose head, whose heart,  
 Toiling with friendly unity, labored in Holy Art.  
 The head had planned the mighty deed, the hand had traced the whole,  
 But 'twas the heart, the heart alone, which breathed the living soul—  
 He thought, and as he thought, he spoke, in accents soft and low,  
 While the bright sunlight all around scattered a golden glow.

“In answer to the Hebrew's prayer  
 We see our God his might declare—  
 The prophet-infant's waking word  
 Shows us the presence of the Lord.  
 And when Ruth blesses and is blest,  
 Goodness and love are manifest—  
 As, by His strength to crush His foe,  
 The power of our God we know.  
 As, in his glory and his love,  
 We hope to join with him above—  
 So, in the Cross, the groans, the tears,  
 The mercy of our God appears.”

He ceased. Before the painting stood a little merry child,  
 Who gazed awhile, with wondering look, then clapped his hands and smiled,  
 And in his artless infant way with heart o'erfilled with joy,  
 Stretched out his rosy, chubby arms to clasp that baby boy.

Before that painting paused a maid, and upward toward the skies,  
 Followed the tender, trustful gaze of those pure prayerful eyes—  
 And, as she saw the Holy Babe that lowly manger share,  
 With thankful heart, 'mid tears of joy, she blessed her God in prayer.

Before the painting lingered long a silver-haired old man,  
 Musing upon the gift of grace, in God's redeeming plan,  
 And, as adown his furrowed face the still light softly crept,  
 It glistened on a falling tear—the Christian pilgrim wept.

Down from that hallowed painting, a single sunbeam stole,  
Kindling a light of hopeful love within the painter's soul—  
And, as a greater glory around that infant shone,  
The heavens parted, and he saw the Saviour on the throne.

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As a grand forest proudly rears its head,  
With verdure clad, up to the bending sky,  
Forgetting that its leaves will fade and die,  
Like those which nestle 'neath our loitering tread ;

So that great power of those old gods of yore,  
Which boldly vaunted of its peerless might,  
Shrouded in gloom, like shadows of the night,  
Passes and fades away to rise no more.

But, as the brook winds on its humble way,  
Cheering the flowers, which line its mossy brink,  
And the dun cattle, as they stoop to drink,  
Scattering blessings where its waters stray ;

So from the lowly life of the Great Son  
We glean a lesson in the Christian Art,  
Bidding us toil in life, with trusting heart,  
Strong in the faith, by which the fight is won.

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### A Day's Travel in Syria.

Now, Reader, jump on a donkey, or a horse, or a mule if you prefer that animal, and take a ride with me on Mt. Lebanon. We will start from Beirût, lying under Jebel Serumôr, one of the three highest peaks of that range, at whose summit banks of snow are always in view from that city ; in the opposite direction lies the Mediterranean, and on a clear day the Island of Cyprus may be defined on the horizon. I have given you time to mount your animal, and now drive through the Southern gate of the city, and after looking back at the weak, miserable walls which surround it, canter with me Easterly, toward the foot of Lebanon. You see the streets, or walks rather, are narrow, yet we will take the widest one there is, and I think we'll find room enough. Just on your right, as you leave the city, you pass by the small yet beautiful Frank burying-ground, sacred by the ashes of those who died in the

midst of their Missionary labors. As you drive on, you will see any number of beggars—halt, maimed, or blind, or all of these—sitting at the side of the road, who, as you approach, will begin to jabber a lot of blessings and good wishes to you in Arabic, of which probably the only word you will understand will be the oft repeated and never failing exclamation for all occasions to the Arab, “Y’ Allah,” (O God.) If you contribute a “buckshish”—a present—the blessings flow twice as fast as before, and will follow you until you are out of hearing.

After you have cantered quarter of a mile, you will come to a Khan—an Arab inn—in fact you find these scattered along on most of the roads in Syria, and large ones in the cities. Here may be obtained Arab refreshments for the inner man, and a resting place for the night if you wish; but should you occupy this, you would probably have more bed-fellows than you had bargained for in the shape of fleas, a spry and harmless sort of an animal, which gives you an opportunity of enjoying yourself in the manner that Socrates proposed to Gorgias, viz, “scratching a part of the body which itches.” I, by the way, have served a sort of apprenticeship in catching and killing these animals, and it requires, I assure you, no little skill; and if you don’t know how, woe be to your stay in Syria. Other little itch-exciting animals which accompany these fleas in considerable numbers I will not mention, as their names are obnoxious. By the way, around the Khans are always plenty of Arabs sitting à la Turk, and smoking of course. If there happen to be any of distinction there, you will be invited to take a pipe and some coffee or sherbet.

As you ride along you will notice the absence of forest trees; you will see, however, palm trees, with the prickly pear and the cypress, and in the orchard, mulberry and apricots, but no towering oak or wide-spreading elm, to relieve the scene. Yet, if your stay in Syria is of any length, you will soon become accustomed to the small trees, and after riding over the scorched plains in the Southern regions, will be glad of any kind of a shade tree, however small.

But we are getting along too slow, so hurry up with me as long as we are on the plain, for we shall not be able to go with much speed when on the mountains. We meet, perhaps, some Bedouin Arabs on their full blooded steeds, and brandishing their long spears, or a number of loaded mules from Damascus, (for I am taking you, reader, on the Damascus road;) it may be, you pass by some veiled women, and, now, if you want to make them mad, and desire to hear more curses and Y’ Allahs than any Frank tongue could rattle off in the same time, just look back

after you have passed the women, and their veils are thrown aside—for if there is no man near to see them, they do not keep the veil about the face—and take a good look at their homely faces, (for they are very seldom pretty;) their veils, it is true, are quickly drawn over their faces, but they will have been seen by you, and that, in their eyes, is a grievous thing. But while they are scolding, we will drive off.

We have had time enough now to get to the foot of the mountain, which is an hour's ride from Beirût, all distances in Syria being measured by the time required to travel them. Now you must stop cantering, and urge your horse no faster than a walk the rest of the way, and I assure you, you'll think it fast enough before you are through. Now we begin to climb; at one time going up a steep staircase mountain, and then down one equally steep; now on the verge of a precipice, on the point of concluding that you are over and a "gone man," and the next minute, coming to the wise conclusion that you are not. The paths we make our way over are wretched, as no care is taken of them; you would hardly be able to go on foot, but your animal is sure footed. But the road is so bad, and we go so slow, that you are getting a little cross, so we will stop at the next village we pass through, to rest and take some lunch—I brought some along with me, because you would not be able to eat anything found in the villages, except the figs and grapes. As soon as you stop, all the village will "turn out" to see you—the men and women will be dressed, though perhaps there will be no excess of clothing on the women; as to the children, some few of the older ones will have something on, the rest of them, nothing. You will notice that some of the women have horns on their heads, from fourteen inches to two feet long, from the summit of which hangs a veil, which they will draw about the face, so that only one eye is seen; the horns are made of gold, silver, or tin, according to the wealth of the person, and some are compelled to make them of dough and straw, upon which, at night, the rats feast themselves, while the persons are asleep, for the horns are never taken from the head when once on. Indeed, the Arabs consider it unnecessary labor to undress themselves upon retiring, so that, in many instances, the clothes are kept upon the body without removal, until they fall off from mere exhaustion and inability to cling to a faithful employer. You will also notice that no water is wasted in cleansing the persons of these mountain Arabs, in fact, in this lies the secret, in a good measure, of the sore eyes among this people. Take one of those children staring at you, with both eyes disgustingly sore, and you could not persuade him to wash them with water, upon the assurance that they would be immediately cured.



But eat your lunch quickly, and let us ride on to Bhamdûn, for there you must spend the night. You will probably meet with nothing of interest the rest of the way, and five hours from the time we left Beirût, we shall come to that village. In the first place, we will look round for a place to pitch our tent upon. Then as soon as our mules come with our baggage we'll help to pitch the tent, and leave the muleteers to take care of all the animals, and the cook to buy wood, water, and milk, and get dinner ready. Meantime, we will stroll through the little village—seeing and being seen. The houses here you will notice are much better than in most of the mountain villages, being made of stone instead of mud; no windows, of course, but holes near the top of the wall to let some light in, and a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. The walls are plastered with mud, and the roof is made of the same article. You are invited in by the men; at most of the houses we are offered a pipe and some coffee, but you have no time, and so pass on, with a *keter hiracum*—(thank you.) There is a big-tailed sheep, and that little girl who is feeding him with grape-leaves does nothing else but gather them for this sheep, and put them into its mouth; in this manner they are stuffed all the time, and become exceedingly fat; their tails sometimes weigh above forty pounds.

At that house on the right you see two fine looking horses, with ornamented saddles, and near the door of the house, two well dressed Arabs are smoking. These men are sent by the Sheikh of the village to collect a debt of the owner of the house upon complaint of his creditor; they will live upon the debtor, ordering him to cook the choicest things for them, (and he fears to disobey,) and compelling him to take good care of their horses until payment is made; a day or two will probably suffice to get the debt paid. If you now will step a little ways out of the village, to a place where the mules which have come from Damascus are spending the night, you will see some half a dozen men holding a little donkey over a fire; upon inquiry you will find that it has the cramp in its belly, and this process is for the sake of curing it. Your righteous indignation will probably boil at this cruelty at first, but after you have been in Syria a little time, you will come to the conclusion that the Arabs have queer ways about a good many things, and it won't do any good for you to worry about them.

But by this time Slayman, our cook, will have the dinner ready, so let us go back to the tent and eat. After dinner we will sit by the tent talking with the men, plenty of whom will be about, ready to talk as long as you please. At about eight in the evening, the bell on the Greek Church begins to ring, and soon that on the Maronite follows;

pretty soon there comes a tremendous noise from all parts of the village. Going out, you see the roofs of the houses covered with men, women, and children, each one beating some tin pan or other noisy instrument; looking up, you see that there is an eclipse of the moon coming on, and you are gravely informed that a large whale is eating up the moon, and that they are trying to frighten him away. You remain out enjoying the fun until the eclipse passes over, and the people retire within their houses, satisfied at the success of their noisy and laborious efforts. You return to the tent moralizing on the superstition of the ignorant mountain Arabs, and on the necessity of some persons undertaking the task of their instruction, but coming to the conclusion that you are not the man to do it.

Before you retire, you perform your evening duty of careful self-examination, not spiritual however, but physical, consisting in examining every article of clothing you have on for fleas, and killing those of said fleas which you are so fortunate as to catch—this labor is necessary to the obtaining of a night's sleep. Then, making up our beds on the ground in the tent, seeing that our horses have been provided for, we go to sleep. At another time, reader, perhaps we will take a trip to Damascus, but for the present I leave you at Bhamdûn, and you will have enough to do for some time wandering round, picking up fossil shell-fish and eating grapes and figs.

JURIUS.

### "Where, Oh! where are the Boanerges?"

Much is said and written about the "Collegian's topics for writing." People, who attend our exhibitions, complain that students choose for their orations and their disquisitions subjects with which, in the very nature of things, they can have but little acquaintance. Once and awhile one among ourselves becomes saturated with the sentiments of these outsiders, and shows, by an elaborate article in the Yale Lit., the impropriety of writing like statesmen, politicians and men of the world generally. His views are, for the most part, correct and founded upon good reasoning. For a college is a little world by itself, shut in by insuperable barriers from the rest of mankind. It has its own distinct customs and laws and manners. Everything about it, therefore, should be peculiar and unlike what we meet with among the public at large.

Especially and above all things ought our *literature* to reflect the mind and heart of the student; delineating only and exclusively what of the intellectual, the moral and the social exists within College walls. It should be kept free from foreign influences. Men, whose feelings, if not absolutely averse from, are yet not by any strong ties connected with our Alma Mater, should be forbidden to intrude their views into our midst.

Hence it is urged that we should select our subjects from the classics which we every day read, and from the scenes with which we are every day surrounded. Such, in fact, has been partially accomplished. For some time past our Magazine has been confined more than formerly to ourselves and our own pursuits. But there are many features in our organization which the pens of our authors have not as yet described. They have overstepped the boundary of the province—have dug the mines, plucked the fruit, and cultivated the soil along its borders; but beyond are regions where their feet have never trod. In the interior there are fields, broad and rich, which no plough has ever turned up.

Yes; behind the exterior of College life topics may be found, so many and so various as to preclude altogether the necessity of searching after material in the outer world. But while we reject extraneous matter, we cannot prevent ourselves, living as we do in the heart of a stormy nation, from catching some of that nation's spirit. Though walled in, we yet inhale to some extent the enthusiasm which prevails about us. Peeping over the fence of our confinement and seeing the multitude as it runs to and fro, we become instinctively and by the force of sympathy thrilled with the same maniac frenzy which animates our fellow-men. At this juncture, for instance, our country is agitated by the slavery question. For more than a year it has been in a glow of excitement from one end to the other. Parties are deserting their ancient landmarks, and without regard to former prejudices arranging themselves for or against slavery. Ultraism exerts all its power and shows all its malignity on both sides. Abolitionists rage and old fogies grumble. Conservatism has been shaken on its throne and now contends, in deadly strife, with Young America. Loud calls are made all over the land for a new order of things. The Genius of Reform presides everywhere—rules and reigns in all hearts. It has crept not only into our politics, but into our literature. We see it in Whittier, in Whipple, in Giles. The feeling of resistance to error which it begets, is manifest in the harangues of our popular orators and in the addresses of our public lecturers.

But this war of words, between those who demand change and those

who wish things to remain as they are, may be carried to such excess as to assume the character—and hence deserve the name—of distemper. Under such a form has it spread itself among retired Collegians. Here it has certainly done no good. During the outbreaks of party animosity students have read the papers and have swallowed editorial wrath. In the measure of Douglas they have found a theme for discussion with the tongue, and for treatment with the pen. Debates on the Nebraska Bill have roused the Literary Societies by calling forth fiery speeches, and encouraged the more regular members by drawing out, for one or two evenings, an unusually large attendance. In the division room, also, have the dangers of our country and the wrongs of the black man been pictured. Oh memorable 1855 ! "This," coming Yalensians will say, "was the glorious old year in which Juniors dared stand before Professors and under many different heads, but with statesmanlike sagacity, dispose most successfully of the question—whether the New England Clergymen ought to have protested ?"

But to agitate sectional differences like these, amidst the retirement of a literary institution, is wrong—decidedly wrong. It gives expression to feelings which should be suppressed. It divides and classifies individuals, between whom, coming from all parts of the United States for one common purpose, no line of separation ought to exist. It makes him of the far South look upon him of the far North as an enemy. It begets alienation between the Western man and the Eastern man. If you *doubt* this last statement, reader, I'll whisper something in your ear by way of parenthesis. Somewhere "round College," I'll not say exactly where or when, there was a discussion on Squatter Sovereignty. A New Englander was relieving *himself*—and, by continually approaching to a close, his audience—of a most painfully brilliant speech. He remarked, among other things, that the people of the territories, because they not only had no knowledge of the principles of government, but were absolute rowdies, were unfit for self-rule. Thereupon a sturdy son of the West stood up and ————— seemed somewhat displeased.

But from the external atmosphere, when thus broken into undulations by the snorts of human passions, it is not always unhealthy for us to quaff. When we see the masses in commotion and hear men crying with angry vehemence, on the one side, "Let old things pass away and all things become new ;" on the other, "Let old things be old things still, and no new things thought of," we can participate in the excitement, and by it, when skillfully directed, be benefited. Let the dirty world spit forth its rage to its heart's content—to us it is allowed to lick

off a portion of the foam, and, using it rightly, to profit ourselves. But we must eat the fire, without considering how it originated. We must allow the flame to burn and purify us, but stop not to inquire who kindled it. The horse, as he stands shut up in his stable, hearing without the shouts of the crowd and the noise of fife and drum, elevates his ears, cocks his tail and prances most frantically; but he has no conception of the nature of those feelings which, existing in the bosoms of the crowd, influence it to raise its hurrahs, play its fife and beat its drum. He feels the eloquence of the distant hubbub, though ignorant of its character. In the same way ought we to appropriate to ourselves the heated temper of the world. If the land has become frantic on the question of slavery, it is our duty to steal some of the frantiness, while we forget all about the slavery. We should become impregnated with the spirit, but take no account of the subject-matter, which that spirit vivifies. We should gather inspiration from the ideas of Reform, Reform, Reform, which float around us, exercising, at the same time, no pains to find out what abuse among outsiders is to be corrected. We should, in short, borrow from the nation its enthusiasm, but, instead of expending that enthusiasm in the discussion of national problems, baptize with it our own politics and our own literature. If we do not, we suffer ourselves to lag behind the age. Because we are a distinct and separate community, we are not, for that reason, to permit other communities to go ahead of us. When all creation—except us—is excited about its affairs, let us be excited about ours. Excitement is the soul of all existence. Let things sink into a calm quiet and decay will inevitably follow. Revolutions are needful in the course of every people's history. As in the Reformation, they call forth energies hitherto dormant. They breathe the breath of life into authorship, and seldom fail to renovate the state.

Here in our own midst we have abundant room for the exercise of a reformatory power. Here is a system of wire-pulling and electioneering, as hideous as any which darkens the avenues to American halls of legislation. Here is a slavery—subjection to secret societies—no less galling than that of the South. Here the issue of Presidential elections is always suspended, as by a delicate hair, on the voice of one or two otherwise weak and puny associations. Here in every case of honoring, where the tribute, paid to talent and good-heartedness, should be unanimous, or where, if division exist, it should result only from difference of opinion in regard to individual merit, faction rears its ugly form, upsetting the calmness of judgment, calling out the virulence of prejudice, and making College a perfect Pandora-box. There are errors,

also, in our style of writing, which deserve to be warred against. The code of morals, too, might furnish food for some sober minded reformer to make a dinner upon.

But the object of this article is not merely to bellow against the enormity of our sins. These have been alluded to in a shy and modest way over and over again. The idea, designed to be made most prominent, is that of raising a clamor, real and earnest, against deep-rooted evils. To waft among the dry bones of this, our little world, a breeze of desire after reform, to stir up the minds and hearts of these undergraduates to the importance of some great change, to smother all minor differences and separate ourselves into two parties, the one Conservatives, the other Young Americans, to do battle, when thus separated, with intellectual weapons and passionate interest, but in the absence of hatred and ill-will—would give to affairs such an impetus as should be felt for many generations. It would have the same effect as the voice of Luther during the darkness of the Middle Ages—as the appearance of Washington amidst the wreck of human liberties.

The efforts, put forth a short time since, to abolish a portion of the Prize Debates in our Literary Societies, accomplished enough to show that rebellion against established, but injurious, customs, is beneficial even in College. Never were our Debating Halls better filled—never were better speeches made in them. Questions which, like this, concern us immediately and directly are much more profitable for discussion than those which relate to the welfare of state and the destiny of nations. The latter are subjects which the immature mind is unable to handle with any degree of advantage or satisfaction. The former, having reference to the speaker himself and his own possessions, enlist in their consideration his whole soul. They tinge his cheeks with a glow of enthusiasm. They bring into play that warm feeling, which makes a debate eloquent, as well as argumentative.

Nor would it be necessary to confine this spirit of Reform to the Brothers and Linonia. It may penetrate beneath the tightly-stuffed breastplates of our authors. It may give vigor and vivacity to the pages of the Yale Lit. Attacks upon principles in our politics, style or social relations, may provoke from lovers of the old forms fiery refutations, and thus set in motion a controversial ball, which will hit the shins or the calves—according to the relative position of the individual—of all the students within these musty walls. This ball, Mr. Editor, by the peculiar interest which it would create, would swell enormously your subscription list.

## Memorabilia Yalensia.

### REGATTA.

A Regatta took place at Springfield, on July the 4th. The boats entered were as follows: Nereid, 6 oars; Transit, 6 oars; Thulia, 6 oars; Atlanta, 8 oars; Rowena, 4 oars. The distance raced was three miles, and the time, according to the Judges, of starting, 5h. 16m. 48s.

Nereid passed the Judges' stand, 5h. 39m. 46s.

Transit " " " 5 42 15

Atlanta " " " 5 43 5

Thulia " " " 5 43 50

Rowena " " " 5 47 30

The 1st Prize, a Silver Goblet and Salver, was awarded to the Nereid; the 2d, a Telescope, to the Transit; and the 3d, a pair of Colors, to the Atlanta.

### PRIZES AWARDED.

#### *Class of '55.*

Clark Scholarship, G. A. Kittredge.

Berkley Scholarships, { N. W. Bumstead,  
W. Wheeler.

#### *Class of '58.*

Woolsey Scholarship, A. Van Name.

Clark Prize to the second in merit, G. B. McLellan.

#### *Class of '55.*

Astronomical Prizes, { W. D. Alexander,  
G. Potter,  
G. Talcott.

#### *Prizes for Latin of 2d Term—Class of '56.*

1st, L. L. Paine,

2d, D. J. Brewer, W. J. Harris.

#### *Prizes for English Composition—Class of '57.*

##### 1st Division.

##### 2d Division.

##### 3d Division.

1st Prize, A. H. Strong,

{ N. C. Perkins,  
M. Tyler,

{ H. S. Huntington,  
C. Northrop.

2d Prize, { A. L. Edwards,  
N. D. Wells,

G. A. Nolen,

J. C. Day.

3d Prize, { G. S. Grey,  
W. Smith,

{ H. S. DeForest,  
S. J. Douglass,

J. T. Croxton.

#### *Prizes for Declamation—Class of '57.*

##### 1st Division.

##### 2d Division.

##### 3d Division.

1st Prize, A. H. Strong,

{ J. M. Holmes,  
J. C. Jackson,

{ D. G. Porter,  
E. L. Savary,

2d Prize, E. L. Heermance,

{ E. D. Estillette,  
H. P. McCoy,

{ J. T. Croxton,  
J. C. Day.

3d Prize, S. Scoville,

{ G. Pratt,  
M. Tyler,

{ J. Marshall,  
H. C. Pratt.

#### *Prize Poem—Class of '57.—George Pratt.*

## Editor's Table.

"Indolent, indolent."—SOMEBODY.

'Tis with grievous reluctance we lay our meerschaum aside, don the jester's cap, and attempt a somewhat in the humorous vein. Our bells will send forth but a feeble drowsyish sound at best, and lull us rather into our former dull *insouciant* state. We feel that the season of indolence, beloved of smokers and loungers, is full upon us. The world without seems heavy-eyed, or plunged into delicious repose. The very flies emit a fainter hum as they hang in almost motionless circles in the shade. It is impossible to do anything that smacks of toil. We can smoke—"only this, and nothing more." Even the active editor has failed of his wonted energy, and extends his "lazy length" yawningly, in our elegant pink-colored *fauteuil*—ever and anon waving off a busy, curious fly with his jeweled finger, or soothing himself into deeper rest with a low, stertorous lullaby. Between his lips there glows a fragrant Havana—the only thing of real life for miles (we refer, of course, to the expansive properties of this hot weather) about our room. As the weed burns low he unconsciously sighs and recalls to our mind the plaintive song of Moore—"the humorous, witty, exquisite Moore,"—thus entitled—

### TO A CIGAR STUMP.

Go then—'tis vain to hover more  
 Around a joy that's dead ;  
 'Tis vain to suck more at a stump  
 With all its Spanish fled. —  
 Farewell—this loss another time  
 Might move me to the quick ;  
 But how delightful now to know  
 I got *thee* first on tick.

Farewell—upon the pavement moist  
 Thy wasted form I cast.  
 Farewell—thou sadly gleaming stump,  
 Still fragrant to the last.  
 Go—go—thy charms surrender now  
 To some young urchin's sigh,  
 Some one who, less fastidious,  
 May be more blessed than I.

Moore, when he threw off this nonpareil, must have been an earnest devotee of the "naked weed." The piece comes warm from the heart. You admire the purity of its sentiment—applaud the brilliancy of its esprit—are touched by the fond regret with which he parts with its wasted form ; but cannot sufficiently give vent to your emotions at his kind and charitable intent in the relinquish-



ing thereof. Truly, 'tis the plaint of an accomplished—a sincere smoker. Afterwards—for the sake of economy, or from a change in his affections—he, with much better taste than Byron, transferred his devotion to another idol—being seized with a strong *penchant* for the pipe. He had found the cigar too light and coquettish a mistress. Its smoke was too unsubstantial—too gay—flirting off too quickly on the arms of the air. The pipe, however, transmitted the smoke to his lips in a rich and solid stream. Soft and cream-like, it hung lazily over the bowl, and curtailed from his eyes all the bustle and vexations of life. He could there build a thousand pleasant air-castles in his comforted mind, and for a moment believe in them. Further, the poet queerly apostrophizes the smoke of the pipe as “Music seen and tasted,” since, like the burden of a familiar song, it induces a sort of dreamy delight, in which old scenes steal quietly into the mind—in fine, as he cheerfully remarks, “You see yourself through all the past.” Moreover, the pipe changeth not with the weather. It adapts itself to all seasons. Be it summer or winter, when you will, it is equally acceptable. We would not be imagined, however, as depreciating the cigar. It is everything when the pipe is absent—beside the latter alone its glory is seen to dwindle. As the poet opines—

There is not a rich Havana  
With sweetness like to thee.—  
Like juleps in a desert  
Is thy fragrance to me.

We think the stanza exceptionable, on account of the use of the word “juleps,” which seemeth not of the proper mint. True—it adds strength to the simile—for “juleps” and “a desert” are eminently antithetical; but at the same time it reduces the verse to the level of a Bacchanalian catch. This reminds us that the poetry of the grape is in a sad decline—quite out of fashion. The Maine Law has thrown a huge pall thereon—

King Bacchus is dead—King Bacchus is dead,  
Lament, oh! ye toppers, the crystal tear shed;  
For he to whom water e'er was a bane,  
Perished, alas! in the *blue, blue Maine*.

Let us not, however, be accounted among his deplorers. We confess no sympathy with him. Even temperance beverages have no seduction for us. We can resist the blandishments of “Shank” with tolerable firmness—

Oh, take away that Shank, though beaming  
Like amber, soft and clear,  
Twelve glasses have I taken,  
And am feeling rath'rish queer.

The second couplet is spoken, *sot-to voce*. Though we join heartily in the condemnation of the old system, we cannot disabuse ourselves of the belief that there is much poetry adorning the old sin, “like sunshine about an old

ruin." It was once thought also to be brave and manly. What a charming rake Harry Fielding did appear with his ruffles bedabbled with claret, and his generous, roystering countenance. What a number of men, brilliant even in these weaknesses, throng the years intervening between him and Sheridan—men whom we so admire that we are apt to look fondly upon their venial sins. What fine songs, glees, &c., in laud of Bacchus, exist to us from the time of the earlier dramatists, of such beauty and kind hilarity. In Shakespeare we have an exquisite *bonne bouche* of a round, "Cup us till the world go round,"—the mere reading of which sets our nowle afire as if we had quaffed of a "flagon of fat Canary"—our very pen seems maudlin and staggers about. We hasten to draw an inference, which is, *en breve*, that the glory with which these men have invested the wine topic has much to do in the creation of a wine-bibber—has been influential in the drawing of many a cork. The romance about the "Rosy" will check in a degree the progress of the law, and—so endeth our homily on the weed and the wine-cup.

We are, perforce, hasty and brief in our *bagatelle* this month—being desirous that the "Lit." should make its issue before the most of its readers have left on their "long vacation" tours. Ourselves also would fain depart. We are becoming nervous. The rattle of the cars is in our ears. We will e'en therefore bid the reader farewell. That he may roll in rose leaves and enjoy every other reasonable sublunary bliss, is the ardent wish of the indolent Editor.

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#### NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

THE Annual Premium of this Magazine is now open for competition. A Gold Medal, of the value of twenty-five dollars, will be awarded to the author of the best Essay, sent to this Magazine, under the following conditions: The writer must be an undergraduate member of this Institution, and a subscriber to the Magazine. Every Essay designed to compete for the premium, must not exceed eight pages of the Magazine in length, and must be sent to the undersigned through the Post Office, on or before the fifth Wednesday of next term, (Oct. 14th,) accompanied by a sealed envelope, containing the name of the writer, and inscribed by an assumed name. The envelope will be returned unopened, except in the case of the successful competitor.

The board of decision consists of two graduates of this College, elected by the Editors, and the Chairman of the Board of Editors.

L. C. FISCHER,

*Chairman of the Board of Editors.*

JK  
JW



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